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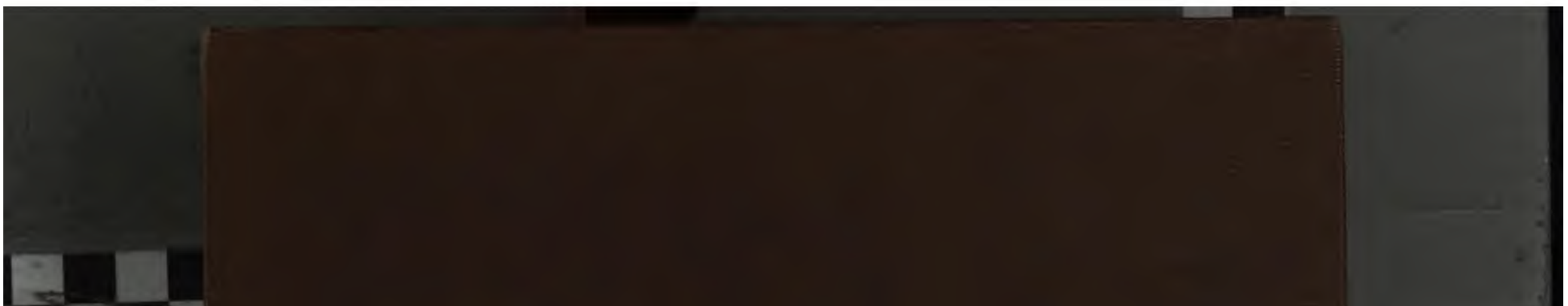
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THE

DRAMATIC WORKS AND POEMS

OF

SHIRLEY.



THE

DRAMATIC WORKS AND POEMS

OF

JAMES SHIRLEY,

NOW FIRST COLLECTED;

WITH NOTES

BY THE LATE WILLIAM GIFFORD, Esq.

AND

ADDITIONAL NOTES, AND SOME ACCOUNT OF SHIRLEY AND HIS WRITINGS,

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

CONTAINING

THE GENTLEMAN OF VENICE.
THE POLITICIAN.
THE IMPOSTURE.
THE CARDINAL.
THE SISTERS.
THE COURT SECRET.

LONDON:
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THE

GENTLEMAN OF VENICE.

THE GENTLEMAN OF VENICE.] This play was licensed in October, 1639; but not printed till 1655. Langbaine conjectures that the "intrigue" between Florelli, Cornari, and Claudiana, is borrowed from a novel in Gayton's *Festivous Notes on Don Quixote*, B. iv. ch. 6, 7, 8. The title of the old copy is, "*The Gentleman of Venice, a Tragi-Comedie Presented at the Private house in Salisbury Court by her Majesties Servants. Written by James Shirley.*"



TO

THE HONOURABLE

SIR THOMAS NIGHTINGALE, BART.

SIR,

THE poem that approacheth to kiss your hand, had once a singular grace and lustre from the scene, when it enjoyed the life of action; nor did it want the best hands to applaud it in the theatre; but nothing of these is considerable, to the honour it may receive now from your confirmation and acceptance.

I must acknowledge many years have passed since it did vagire in cunis, *and when it had gotten strength, and legs to walk, travelling without direction, it lost itself, till it was recovered after much inquisition, and now, upon the first return home, hath made this fortunate address, and application to your patronage, in which my ambition is satisfied.*

I know this nation hath been fruitful in names of eminent honour. But in these times, there be more lords than noblemen; and while you are pleased to smile upon this piece, I most cheerfully throw myself and it upon your protection, whose single worth to me is beyond all the boasted greatness and voluminous titles of our age.

Be pleased to read what is presented you, at an hour you will dedicate to recreation; and preserve the author in your memory, whose highest desires are to make good the character of,

Sir,

the most humble among those that honour you.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

Contarini, *duke of* Venice.
Cornari, *a gentleman of* Venice.[1]
Florelli, *the English gentleman.*[2]
Malipiero, *nephew to* Cornari.[3]
Giovanni, *supposed son of* Roberto.[4]
Thomazo, *the supposed son of the Duke.*[5]
Marino, Candiano, } *courtiers of honour.*
Roberto, *the Duke's gardener.*[6]
Bernardo, Marcello, } *companions of* Malipiero.
Georgio, *servant of* Roberto.
Senators, Gentlemen.
Bravos, Attendants, Servants, Officers.

Bellaura, *the Duke's niece.*[7]
Claudiana, *wife to* Cornari.[8]
Ursula, *wife to* Roberto.[9]
Rosabella, *a courtezan.*

SCENE, Venice.

* The old copy has the following, " small characters of the persons :"

[1] Of a great fortune, but having no child, contrives to have an heir from his wife; and against the nature and custom of the Italian, endears an English gentleman to her affection and society.

[2] Of a noble extraction and person, much honoured for his parts, by which he gained much reputation in the academies.

[3] A man of a violent spirit, and hated by his uncle for his debaucheries.

[4] Whose noble mind could not be suppressed in his low condition, and in love with Bellaura.

[5] Whom no precepts nor education at court could form into honourable desires, or employments.

[6] An humorous jolly old man.

[7] Whom Giovanni passionately affected.

[8] A lady of excellent beauty, ingratiated by her husband to Florelli, the English gentleman.

[9] A froward woman, and who much doated upon Thomazo, her nurse-child.

THE

GENTLEMAN OF VENICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street, before Cornari's *House.*

Enter MALIPIERO, *and knocks at the door.*

Enter Servant.

Mal. Where is my uncle, sirrah?
Serv. Not within.
Mal. Come hither, tell me truth.
Serv. He's gone abroad.
Mal. He has commanded your officious rogueship
To deny him to me. [*Kicks him.*
Serv. What do you mean, sir?
Mal. To speak with my uncle, sirrah; and these kicks
Shall fetch him hither.
Serv. Help! [*Runs in.*
Mal. Your howling will
Be his cue to appear.

Enter CORNARI.

Cor. What insolence is this?
Mal. No insolence; I did but correct your knave,
Because I would not lose my labour, sir:
I came to speak with you.
Cor. Shall I not be safe
Within my house? Hence!
Mal. I have not done yet.

Cor. You were best assault me too.
Mal. I must borrow money,
And that some call a striking; but you are
My very loving uncle, and do know
How necessary it is your nephew should not
Want, for your honour.
Cor. Hence! I disclaim,
And throw thee from my blood; thou art a bastard.
Mal. Indeed you do lie, uncle; and 'tis love,
And reverence bids me say so. It would cost
Dear, should the proudest gentleman of Venice
Have call'd my mother whore; but you shall only
By the disburse of fifty ducats, take
My anger off; and I'll be still your nephew,
And drink your health, and my good aunt's.
Cor. Drink thy
Confusion!
Mal. Heaven forbid your heir should so
Forget himself, and lose the benefit
Of such a fair estate as you have, uncle!
Shall I have gold for present use?
Cor. Not a zecchine.
Mal. Consider but what company I keep.
Cor. Things that lie like consumptions on their family,
And will in time eat up their very name;
A knot of fools and knaves.
Mal. Take heed, be temperate;
A hundred ducats else will hardly satisfy.
The duke's own son, signior Thomazo, will not
Blush to be drunk, sir, in my company.
Cor. He is corrupted
Amongst diseases like thyself, become
His father's shame and sorrow, and hath no
Inheritance of his noble nature.
Mal. You
Were best call him [a] bastard too!—The money
I modestly demanded, and that quickly,

And quietly, before I talk aloud;
I may be heard to the palace else.
Cor. Thou heard!
Were treason talk'd, I believe thy testimony
Would hold no credit against the hangman;—but
I lose too precious time in dialogue with thee:
To be short, therefore, know—
Mal. Very well, to the point.
Cor. I will consume all my estate myself.
Mal. You do not know the ways without instruction.
Cor. I will be instructed then.
Mal. I do like that;
Let's join societies, and I'll be satisfied:
Let me have part in the consuming of
The money, that does mould, for want of sunbeams,
Within your musty coffers, I'll release you.
You have no swaggering face; but I can teach
Your very looks to make a noise; and if
You cannot drink or game, we'll have devices:
You may have whores; I, that but live in hope
After your death, keep twelve in pension;
They wear my livery; I'll resign the leverets,
I can have more. I have a list of all
The courtezans in Venice,[1] which shall tumble,
And keep their bugle-bows for thee, dear uncle:
We'll teach thee a thousand ways.
Cor. It shall not need;
I shall take other courses with my wealth,
And none of you shall share in't. I have a humour
To turn my money into hospitals;
Your riots come not thither.

[1] *The courtezans in Venice*, &c.] There is much grave indecency on this passage in the notes to *Henry V.* The particular word does not occur in the text which the Editor followed; but it was too tempting to be overlooked, even though rejected by the author.

Live and converse with rotten b
setters?
Provide pensions for surgery, and
That eat like corrosives, and more
The patient? But you'll save cha
My aunt, your wife—
Car. How dar'st thou mention l
With thy foul breath?
Mal. May be excellent at compc
Of med'cines for corrupted lungs, i
At making plaisters, diet-drinks; t
Will be a great friend to the pox.
Cor. Thou villain!
Mal. And you'll be famous by't.
As I said before, if lust and wine ass
Grow unsound too, and be one of he
And have an office after in her hous
To prepare lint and sear-cloths, em
And be controller of the crutches.—
The world would praise the new fou
Of such a pest-house, and the poor
Your health at every festival in hot
Cor. Art thou of kin to me?
Mal. I think I am;
As near as your brother's eldest



You will never bang out of her sheaf, I may
Be confident to write myself your nephew.
Cor. Thou hast no seeds of goodness in thee ;—but
I may find ways to cross your hopeful interest.
Mal. You'll find no seeds in my aunt's parsly-bed,
I hope, and then I'm safe ; but take your course :
Supply me for the present, for your honour—
The ducats, come !
Cor. You are cozened.
Mal. As you would not
Have me pull down this house when you are dead,
And build a stews,—the ducats, come !
Cor. Thou coward !
Mal. Because I do not cut your throat? that were
The way to disinherit myself quaintly.
Cor. Canst thou not steal, and so deserve a hanging ?
Mal. Yes, I can, and am often tempted ; but I will not
Do you that mighty wrong, to let what you have
So long, and with so little conscience, gather'd,
Be lost in confiscation by my felony.
I know a way worth ten on't ; yet thus much
I'll bind it with an oath, when I turn thief
Your gold shall be the first I will make bold with ;
In the mean time, lend me the trifling ducats,
And do not trouble me.
Cor. Not a moccenigo,[2]
To save thee from the gallies.
Mal. No?—The gallies !
Must I shift still? Remember, and die shortly ;
I'll live, I will, and rather than not be
Reveng'd on thy estate, I will eat roots,
Coarse ones, I mean ; love, and undo an herbwife

[2] *Not a* moccenigo,] See Jonson, vol. iii. p. 218.

With eating up her sallads; live, and lap
Only in barley-water; think on't yet.
I am now for wine; you know not what that heat
May do; the injury being so fresh, I may
Return, and you'll repent.
Cor. 'Tis more than I
Can hope of thee. Go to your rabble, sir.
Mal. You a gentleman of Venice! but remember;
A pox upon your wealth! I will do something
To deserve the halter, that I may disgrace
The house I came on; and at my execution
Make such a speech, as, at the report, thou shalt
Turn desperate, and with the remnant of
My cord go hang thyself; and that way forfeit
All thy estate when I am dead:—I'll do
Or this, or something worse, to be reveng'd. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant.

Cor. He's lost! this doth new fire my resolution.—
See if your mistress be yet ready, sirrah;
Say I expect her.— [*Exit Serv.*
My blood is almost in a fever with
My passion,—but Claudiana may cure all;
Whom I have wrought with importunity
To be spectator at the exercise
This day i' the Academy. Here she comes.—

Enter CLAUDIANA.

Art ready?
Clau. Ever to obey you, sir;
But if you would consider yet, you may
Be kind, and let me stay: I dare not think
You are less careful of my honour; but
You gave once command, with my consent too,
Not to be seen too much abroad.

Cor. I did,
I must confess, Claudiana; I had thoughts
And scruples, which thy innocence hath clear'd;
And though our nice Italians every where
Impose severely on their wives, I should
Be unjust to make thee still a prisoner to
Thy melancholy chamber: take the air,
'Tis for thy health; and while I wait upon thee,
Thou art above the tongue and wound of scandal.
Clau. I know your presence takes off all dishonour;
But—
Cor. No more, I charge thee, by thy love;
And to convince[1] all arguments against it,
I have provided so, thou shalt observe,
Unseen, the bold contentions of art,
And action.
Clau. I'm not well.
Cor. I shall be angry
If my desires be play'd withal. Pretend not,
With purpose to delude me; I have blessings
Stored in thy health: but if you practise any
Infirmity to cross my will, that aims
At the security of thy health and honour—
Clau. Sir, you shall steer me.
Cor. This becomes Claudiana;
I will thank thee in a kiss.—[*goes to the door.*]—
Prepare the gondola!
Serv. [*within.*]—It waits.
Cor. And I on thee,
The treasure of my eyes and heart. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *And to* convince] i. e. subdue, overthrow. In this sense the word is frequently used by our old poets.

SCENE II.

The Duke's Gardens.

Enter ROBERTO, URSULA, *and* GEORGIO.

Rob. Where is my son Giovanni, sirrah?
Geor. He went two hours ago to the Académy,
To see the exercise to-day.
Urs. How's that?
What business has he there, pray, amongst gentlemen?
He does presume too much.
Rob. Patience, good Ursula.
Urs. You give him too much rein; it would become him
To follow his profession, and not look after
Those gentlemanly sports.
Rob. No tempest, wife;
No thundering, Ursula. Am not I the duke's
Chief gardener, ha? and shall I make my son
A drudge, confine him here to be an earth-worm;
Live like a mole, or make it his last blessing,
To plant and order quickset? Let him walk,
And see the fashions.
Urs. He has cost you sweetly
To bring him up! What use had he of learning?
What benefit, but to endanger us,
And with his poring upon books at midnight,
To set the house on fire? Let him know how
To rule a spade, as you have done.
Rob. He does so;
And knows how to inoculate, my Ursula;
My nimble tongue, no more. Because he read
The story of Xantippe t' other night,
That could out-talk a drum, and sound a point
Of war to her husband, honest Socrates,

You took a pet. He shall abroad sometimes,
And read and write till his head ache. Go to.
Urs. So, so! the duke's garden shall be then
Well look'd to! he deserves a pension,
For reading Amadis de Gaul, and Guzman,
And don Quixote; but I'll read him a lecture!
Rob. You will? Offer but [once] to bark at him,
And I will send him to the university,
To anger thee; nay, he shall learn to fence too,
And fight with thee, at twenty several weapons,
Except thy two-edged tongue: a little thing
Would make me entertain a dancing-master.
Peace! or I will destroy thy kitchen, Ursula,
Disorder all thy trinkets, and, instead
Of brass and pewter, hang up viol-de-gambos:—
I'll set an organ up at thy bed's head,
And he shall play upon't. What! tyrannical
To thy own flesh and blood! to Giovanni!
My heir, my only boy!—Fetch me a tailor;
He shall have new clothes, and no more be warm
With the reversion of your petticoats.
Do not provoke me. What! imperious?
Get you in, or I will swinge you; go, and weed.
Urs. Now for vexation could I cry my heart out.
[*Exit.*
Rob. Sirrah, stay you:—and is Giovanni gone
To the Académy, say'st?
Geor. Yes, sir; they say
There is an English gentleman, that wins
The garland from them all at every exercise.
One of the court told my young master on't,
(As he enquires of every gentleman
Comes into the garden, what's the news abroad?)
Rob. And does he not tell thee tales, and dainty stories
Sometimes?
Geor. Oh, of Tamberlane, and the great Turk, and all
His concubines; he knows them to a hair.

He is more perfect in the Chronicles,
Than I am in my prayers.
Rob. I do believe't.
Geor. And talks a battle, as he were among them;
He tickles all your turbans, and in a rage,
Wishes he had the cutting of their cabbages,
To shew what house he came on.
Rob. Ha! my boy!
Geor. Oh, sir, he has a pestilent memory;
He told me t'other day there was another
World in the moon, and that the world we live in
Shines like to that, to people that live there:
How many miles it is about the earth;
How many to the stars. I fear he will
Be mad, if he read much—'tis just like raving—[4]
And such hard words would choke me to repeat them.
Rob. He never tells me this.
Geor. We are familiar.
You are his father, and he dares not lie
To you; to me he may talk any thing:
He knows my understanding to an inch.—
Would you would speak to him, though, to take a little
More pains! 'tis I do all the droil, the dirt-work.
When I am digging, he is cutting unicorns
And lions in some hedge, or else devising
New knots upon the ground, drawing out crowns,
And the duke's arms, castles, and cannons in them;
Here gallies, there a ship giving a broadside.
Here out of turf he carves a senator,
With all his robes, making a speech to Time,[5]

[4] —— *'tis just like* raving—] The old copy reads, "like *ravening*."

[5] This is a very pleasant piece of satire upon the fantastic pursuits of the fashionable *topiarii* of the poet's days. They survived the attack, however, to fall with more dignity by the hands of Pope and Addison. The turf senator haranguing Time (thyme) is not the worst of the poet's conundrums.

That grows hard by, and twenty curiosities.
I think he means to embroider all the garden
Shortly; but I do all the coarse work.—Here's
My mistress again!

Re-enter URSULA.

Rob. What! is the storm laid?
Urs. I must be patient. [*aside.*]—Your son's not come yet.
Rob. Why, now thou art Ursa Major! love thy whelp,
And we are friends.
Urs. Was not the duke's son here?
I fear he is sick, that I have not seen him
These two days in the garden.
Geor. There's a gentleman!
Urs. Ay, there's a gentleman indeed!
I dream'd on him last night; pray heaven he be
In health! I prithee make enquiry.—
There's a gentleman, an you talk of a gentleman!
Geor. Signior Thomazo?
Rob. Where is he?
Geor. I know not; but my mistress would send me,
To know the state of his body.
Rob. Why, how now, Ursula?—Sirrah, about your business,
And spare that inquisition.—What hath
Your impudence to do with the duke's son?
Urs. Have not I to do, that gave him suck?
I hope I was his nurse, and it becomes me
To enquire of his health; he is the very pearl
Of courtesy; not proud, nor coy, I warrant you,
But gentle as my Sunday muff.
Rob. Your cony-skin.
Urs. I am the better when I look upon him.
There's a gentleman, an you talk of a gentleman!
So complete, so affable! a scholar too,

If I could understand him.—Prithee, sweetheart,
Get me with child, that I may long a little.
Rob. For a piece of the duke's son?
Urs. I shall ne'er forget how prettily
He took the nipple, and would play, and prattle himself
Asleep, I warrant you; but he's now a man,
A great man, and he remembers me still.—
There's a gentleman, an you talk of a gentleman!
Rob. The woman doats. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter MARINO *and* CANDIANO, *at opposite sides.*

Mar. Whither so fast?
Can. To the Academy.
Mar. Spare
Your haste; all's done.
Can. Who has the vote to-day?
Mar. The English gentleman is still victorious;
All praises flow upon him: he has depos'd
Our city, which hath now resign'd her laurel.

Enter FLORELLI, *and other* Gentlemen.

Can. Is not this he?
Mar. The same; in's face the promise
Of a most noble nature.
Flo. Gentlemen,
Pray give me leave to understand your language;
For this, so much above me, scarce will be
(When I'm less ignorant) worth my thanks.
1 *Gent.* This is,

We know, pretence of modesty; we must
Congratulate your triumph.
Flo. For this time
I'll be content your praises shall abuse me.—
Who are these?
Mar. Friends, and honourers of your worth.
Flo. I see that courtesy is native here;
All the reward I can return, must be
To speak abroad the nobleness of Venice,
For so much grace to an unworthy stranger.
Can. The duke himself!

Enter Duke, THOMAZO, Senators, *and* MALIPIERO.

Duke. We must resolve to send new forces,
And speedily, the flame will else endanger
Venice itself.
Sen. This town lost, will encourage
The insulting Genoese.
Duke. Thomazo!
Tho. Sir.
Duke. I look when you will ask me leave to trail
A pike, and purchase honour in these wars.
Tho. I have not been well [, sir,] since I was last
Let blood, and therefore, if you please, I would
Be excus'd till the next wars, and then have at them;
By that time I shall be a better rapier-man.
Duke. This fool is the dishonour of my blood;
He declines all that's noble, and obeys
A base and vulgar appetite: he dwells
Like a disease within my name; but 'tis
Heaven's punishment.—What are they?
Mar. All strangers; but among them one
In whom you may read something worth your grace,
An English gentleman.
Duke. He to whom fame

Gives the honour of our exercises? Nature
With such an active heat might have built up
My son; but he is curst to live a shadow.—
[*Mar. leads Flo. to kiss the duke's hand.*
Welcome, sir, to Venice.
Tho. He shall kiss my hand too.—I am the duke's son.
Flo. You honour me.
Duke. Thomazo, give that gentleman
A box o' the ear.
Tho. He will not take it kindly;
He is one—
Duke. Will strike again; is not that it?
Tho. I would not use a stranger so discourteously,
Or else—
Duke. Embrace him, then, and make yourself worthy of
His friendship and converse; you'll gain more honour
Than the empty title of your birth can bring you.—
But to the great affair, the war; your counsels.
[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, and Mar.*
Tho. My father bids me embrace you, sir.
Flo. I shall
Be proud when I can do you any service.
Tho. Gentlemen, pray know me every one;
I am the duke's son, my name's signior Thomazo.
Gent. You do us too great honour.
Mal. We had no object worth our envy, sir,
Till you arriv'd; you have at once dishonour'd
And made our Venice fortunate.
Tho. Malipiero,
Let's bid them welcome in rich wine.
Mal. I attend you, sir.—
This fellow must not live to boast his trophies;
He may supplant me too, if he converse
Too freely with Thomazo, whose coarse wit



Is all the stock I live by. [*aside.*]—Please you, gentlemen,
To walk?
Gent. We follow.
Tho. I would not have the way,
But that you are a stranger.
Gent. It becomes you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Duke's *Gardens.*

Enter CORNARI *and* CLAUDIANA.

Clau. I have obey'd you, sir.
Cor. Thou hast done well,
My Claudiana, very well; who dare
Traduce thee for't? am I not careful of thee?—
I prithee give me thy opinion,
Who deserv'd best of all the gentlemen?
Clau. I have not art enough to judge.
Cor. But thou
Hast fancy, and a liberal thought, that may
Bestow thy praise on some or other. Tell me,
If thou had'st been to give the garland, prithee
Whose head should wear it? Though we have not judgment
To examine and prepare our justice, yet
Where men contend for any victory,
Affection may dispose us, and by some
Secret in nature, we do still incline
To one, and guard him with our wishes.
Clau. I hope
This is but mirth?

Cor. By my regard to thy
Fair honour, nothing else; it shall not rise
To a dispute. Who has the vote to-day
Of all the gentlemen? I must know.
Clau. They are
To me indifferent.
Cor. So is my question; but I must have more;
It cannot be but some man must deserve
More print and poise in thy opinion:
Speak, as thou lov'st me, Claudiana.
Clau. Sir,
Your inquisition is not without change
Of looks upon me; and those smiles you ask with,
Are not your own, I fear.
Cor. Nay, then you dally,
And undo that obedience I so much
Commended.
Clau. Dear Cornari.
Cor. Yet again?
The man; tell me the man.
Clau. What man?
Cor. The gentleman
That best deserves, in thy opinion.
I shall be angry:—what! deny to give me
This trivial satisfaction? the expense
Of a little breath? Why do you tremble so?
Clau. Alas! I know not what to answer; this
Must needs engender fears in my cold bosom,
That my poor honour is betray'd, and I
Stand in your thoughts suspected of some guilt
I never understood. If the report
Of malice have abus'd me to your ear
(For by yourself I am all innocent)—
Cor. What do you mean, Claudiana?
Clau. Sir, your question
Hath frighted me; 'tis strange, and killing to
My tender apprehension.
Cor. You're a fool

To be thus troubled; and but that I know
The purity of thy faith to me, this language
Would make me jealous; 'tis an ill-dress'd passion,
And paleness. that becomes not Claudiana
To wear upon her modest cheek. I see
Thy heart sick in thy eyes; be wise, and cure it.
My question was but mirth, without the sense
Of the least scruple in myself, or meaning
To discompose one cheerful look.

Clau. Your pardon.

Cor. And you as safely might have answer'd me,
As I had casually ask'd the time o' the day,
What dressing you delight in, or what gown
You most affect to wear,

Clau. Once more I ask you pardon; you restore me,
And I am now secur'd by your clear goodness,
To give my weak opinion—

Cor. Of the man
That did appear in thy thoughts to deserve
Most honour.

Clau. You'll excuse a woman's verdict—
My voice is for the stranger, sir.

Cor. Why, so!
You like him best. What horror was in this
Poor question, now? You mean the Englishman?

Clau. The same, most graceful in his parts and person.

Cor. 'Tis well; I'm satisfied; and we both meet
In one opinion too; he is indeed
The bravest cavalier: what hurt's in all
This, now? I see you can distinguish. Wert thou
A virgin, Claudiana, thou would'st find
Gentle and easy thoughts to entertain
So promising a servant: I should be
Taken with him myself, were I a lady,
And lov'd a man.

Clau. How's this? my fears return.

Enter behind, BELLAURA *and* GEORGIO.

Cor. Madam Bellaura, the duke's charge, is enter'd
The garden; let us choose another walk.
[*Exeunt Cor. and Claud.*

Bell. Why, you are conceited, sirrah; does wit grow in this garden?

Geor. Yea, madam, while I am in't; I am a slip myself.

Bell. Of rosemary or thyme?

Geor. Of wit, sweet madam.

Bell. 'Tis pity but thou should'st be kept with watering.

Geor. There's wit in every flower, if you can gather it.

Bell. I am of thy mind.—
But what's the wit, prithee, of yonder tulip?

Geor. You may read there the wit of a young courtier.

Bell. What's that?

Geor. Pride, and show of colours; a fair promising,
Dear when 'tis bought, and quickly comes to nothing.

Bell. The wit of that rose?

Geor. If you attempt,
Madam, to pluck a rose, I shall find a moral in't.

Bell. No country wit.[1]

Geor. That grows with potherbs, and poor roots, which here
Would be accounted weeds, coarse things of profit,
Whose end is kitchen physic, and sound health;
Two things not now in fashion,

[1] *No country wit.*] i. e. no coarse or indelicate wit. This is the meaning of the expression in *Hamlet*, which the commentators have so shamefully perverted.

Bell. Your wit dances.
Where learn'd you all these morals?
Geor. I but glean
From my young master, Giovanni, madam.
He'll run division upon every flower;
He has a wit able to kill the weeds,
And ripen all the fruit in the duke's orchard.
Bell. Where is Giovanni?
Geor. He went betimes to the Academy.
He is at all the exercises; we
Shall have such news when he comes home!
Bell Why does
Your master (being rich) suffer his son
To work i' the garden?
Geor. My master! he's an honest mortal, madam;
It is my mistress that commands him to't,
A shrew, and loves him not; but 'tis no matter;
I have the better company.—He's here.

Enter GIOVANNI.

I'll leave him to you, madam; I must now
Water my plants. [*Exit.*
Bell. Why, how now, Giovanni! you frequent,
I hear, the Academies?
Giov. When I can dispense,
Madam, with time, and these employments, I
Intrude, a glad spectator, at those schools
Of wit and action; which, although I cannot
Reach, I am willing to admire, and look at,
With pity of myself, lost here in darkness.
Bell. By this expression I may conceive
How much you have improv'd, and gain'd a language
Courtly, and modest.
Giov. Madam, you are pleas'd
To make my uneven frame of words your mirth.
I profess nothing but an humble ignorance;

And I repent not, if by any way
(My duty and manners safe) it may delight you.
Bell. Indeed, Giovanni, I am pleas'd; but not
With your suspicion, that my praises are
Other than what become my ingenuous meaning:
For, if I understand, I like your language;
But with it I commend your modest spirit.
Giov. It is an honour, madam, much above
My youth's ambition; but if I possess
A part of any knowledge you have deign'd
To allow, it owes itself unto this school.
Bell. What school?
Giov. This garden, madam; 'tis my academy,
Where gentlemen and ladies (as yourself,
The first and fairest, durst I call you mistress,)
Enrich my ear and observation
With harmony of language, which at best
I can but coldly imitate.
Bell. Still more courtly!
Why, how now, Giovanni, you will be
Professor shortly in the art of complement;
You were best quit the garden, and turn courtier.
Giov. Madam, I think upon the court with reverence;
My fate is to adore it afar off.
It is a glorious landscape, which I look at
As some men with their narrow optic glasses
Behold the stars, and wonder at [those] vast
(Though unknown) habitable worlds of brightness.
But were my eye a nearer judge, and I
Admitted to a clearer knowledge, madam,
Of the court life, there I might find the truth of
Man's best ideas, and enjoy the happiness,
Now only mine by naked speculation.
I think how there I should throw off my dust,
And rise a new creation.
Bell. The court
Is much beholding to you, Giovanni.

Giov. It is a duty, madam, I owe truth.
Bell. A truth in supposition all this while.
Giov. I should be sad if my experience should
Betray an error in my faith; and yet
So soft and innocent a trespass, madam,
Might well expect a pardon.
Bell. Some that have
Freely enjoy'd the pleasures, or what else
You so advance in court, have at the last
Been weary, and accus'd their gay condition,
Nay, chang'd their state, for such an humble life
As you profess, a gardener.
Giov. I despise not
What I was born to, madam; but I should
Imagine the disease lay in the mind,
Not in the courtier, that would throw away
So spacious a blessing to be servile.
Bell. You know not, Giovanni, your own happiness,
Nor the court sins; the pride and surfeits there
Come not within your circle; there are few
Pursue those noble tracks your fancy aims at;
It is a dangerous sea to launch into,
Both shelves and rocks you see not, aye, and mermaids.
Giov. What are they, madam?
Bell. You have heard of mermaids?
Giov. You mean not women, I hope, madam?
Bell. Yes.
Giov. Oh, do not, by so hard an application,
Increase the poet's torment, that first made
That fabulous story to disgrace your sex.
You're firm, and the fair seal of the great maker,
A print next that of angels.
Bell. We are bound t' ye:
If our cause want a flourish, you have art
To make us shew fair.
Giov. And you are so;

'Tis malice dares traduce you, or blind ignorance,
That throws her stains, which fall off from your figures;
For those which weaker understandings call
Your spots, are ermines; and can such as these
Darlings of heaven and nature, women, shoot
At court an influence like unlucky planets?
They cannot, sure; why, you live, madam, there,
That are enough to prove all praise a truth;
And by a sweet example, make them all
Such as you are, objects of love and wonder:
Oh, then how blest are they that live at court,
With freedom to converse with so much virtue
As your fair sex embraceth!

Enter URSULA.

Bell. Here's your mother.
Giov. She was too hasty. [*Aside.*
Urs. Madam, I hope you'll pardon my son's rudeness,
To hold discourse with your ladyship.
Bell. 'Tis a courtesy;
And he talks well to pass away the time,
Exceeding well: but I must to my guardian,
The duke. [*Exit.*
Urs. Happiness attend your ladyship!—
Now, sir, what are you thinking of?
Giov. Your pardon, nothing. [*Going.*
Urs. Nay, stay; I must talk with you myself:
But first, what talk had you with my lady?
Giov. She was pleas'd to ask some questions.
Urs. What were they?
Giov. I have forgot.
Urs. You have forgot! you are a lewd
And saucy boy. Go to; your father spoils you.



Enter ROBERTO *and* GEORGIO.

But if you use me, sirrah, o' this fashion,
I'll break your pate, I will; the duke's own son,
(My blessing on him!) would not answer me
With, *I have forgot!* I warrant you; but you—

Rob. Why, how now, Ursula?—what! perpetual clamours?

Urs. Oh, here's your stickler.

Giov. Nothing unkind to me;
She was angry with your servant Georgio,
And threaten'd to break his head.—Away!

Geor. My head? come heels. [*Exit.*

Rob. Was it but so? she shall; she shall do that,
With all my heart, and I will break it too.

Urs. Nay, then, I will be friends with him.

Rob. Where is the knave?

Urs. I will not be compell'd to break his head,
An you were twenty husbands. Fare you well.
[*Exit.*

Rob. 'Tis such a wasp! but she shall not wrong thee.

Giov. I know she will not, sir; she is my mother.—
She comes again.

Re-enter URSULA, *followed by* THOMAZO, MALIPIERO, BERNARDO, *and* MARCELLO.

Urs. My heart does leap to see you.

Rob. The duke's son, and a troop of gallants! but
I always have sore eyes to see one there,
That signior Malipiero; he does owe me
Already forty crowns, and I forgive him.

Mal. Signior Roberto, remember that I owe
You forty crowns.
Rob. Pray, do you forget them.
Mal. I never pay till it come to a hundred.
Rob. Never pay! it is no matter, signior.—
I were best be gone before he borrow more;
It is a trick he uses to put on
With his rich clothes; I'll vanish. [*Exit.*
Mal. Strange, this Englishman appears not.
Urs. I was afraid you had been sick, my lord.
Tho. I was never sick in my life, but when
I had a fever, or some other infirmity.
I'll call thee nurse still.—Giovanni!
Giov. Sir.
Tho. Thou look'st like a changeling.
Giov. The more is my misfortune.
You are the duke's son. [*Exit.*
Tho. Who can help it?—Nurse!
Urs. He was never courteous to women.
Here's a gentleman, an they talk of a gentleman!
Now could I weep for joy.—I must take my leave, sir.
Tho. I must make bold with my nurse.
[*Kisses her.*
Urs. Blessings on thy heart!—How sweetly he kisses!
Here was a touch for a lady! [*Exit.*
Tho. Go thy ways;
An admirable twanging lip; pity thou art
A thought too old. Ha, wagtail!
Ber. Does he come alone?
Mal. Alone; be you resolute;
When you see me draw, shoot all your points
Into his heart.
Ber. Be confident.
Mar. Unless
He be steel-proof, he shall not boast abroad
Much victory in Venice.

Re-enter GIOVANNI, *with* FLORELLI.

Giov. Signior Thomazo, sir, is there.
Flo. I thank you.
Giov. You pay too much, sir, for no service.
Tho. Here he is!—
We were wagering thou would'st not keep thy promise.
Flo. I durst not make that forfeit of your grace;
I most consult my own, when I am careful
To wait upon your honour.
Mal. You are noble.
Flo. Your humble servant, gentlemen.
Tho. Where didst sup?
Flo. I was not willing to engage myself
Abroad, lest I might trespass on your patience.
Tho. What shall's do this evening?
Mal. Walk a turn,
And then to a *bona roba*.
Ber. A match!
Tho. Giovanni,
Thy spade, and hold my cloak.
Mal. What's the device?
Tho. I have great mind to dig now; dost think I cannot
Handle a spade? I'll make a bed with my gentlemen now,
For a hundred ducats.
Mal. 'Tis a base employment,
Fit for such a drudge as Giovanni
Giov. Sir!
Mal. A *drudge*, I said.
Do you scorn your little dunghill breed?
Giov. This is not noble.
Mal. How, mole-catcher!
Flo. Forbear, he is not arm'd.

Mal. You were best be his champion.
[*Mal. Ber. and Marc. draw their swords — Florelli stands on his defence.*
Tho. Are you good at that?
I do not love to wear my doublet pink'd. [*Exit.*
Giov. Three against one?
[*Giovanni recovers a sword, having first used his spade, to side with Florelli: Bernardo having lost his weapon, flies.*
Mal. Hold!
Giov. I am no drudge, you'll find,
To be commanded, sir; you painted flies,
And only fit for trouts!
Flo. Let's give them play, and breath.
Mal. Lost our advantage! Is Thomazo fled?
Mar. And Bernardo: we were best retire; that gardener
Will stick me into [the] ground, else, for a plant.
[*Exit.*
Mal. Expect we'll be reveng'd. [*Exit.*
Giov. Let's prevent them.
Flo. They are not worth it, Giovanni—so
I heard you nam'd.
Giov. My name is Giovanni.
Flo. Thou hast relieved, and sav'd my life; I find
Their base conspiracy: what shall I pay
Thy forward rescue?
Giov. 'Tis but what I owe
To justice, with the expense of blood and life,
To prevent treachery; reward I have
Receiv'd i' the act, if I have done you service.
But 'twas your innocence that made such haste
To your own valour, not my sword, preserv'd you:
I am young, and never taught to fight.
Flo. I prithee
Accept this trifle; buy a sword, and wear it;
Thou hast deserv'd to thrive a nobler way
Than thy condition shews. [*Offers him money.*



Giov. Though some would call
This bounty, urge it not to my disgrace;
I scorn to sell the motion of my arm!
I fear you are not safe yet; there may be
Danger in following them, and it grows dark:
Have patience while I fetch a key, that shall
Befriend you with a private way. [*Exit.*

Flo. Thou'rt noble.—
Though I am careless where the terms of honour
Engage my life, 'tis wisdom not to lose it
Upon their base revenge: but I must study
Some other payment for this young man's courage.
Howe'er his body suffer in a cloud,
His spirit's not obscure, but brave and active.

Enter behind, CORNARI, *followed by several* Bravos, *armed.*

Cor. If my intelligence fail not, he must be
Here still. This evening hath put on a vizard
To conspire with me.—There he walks; surprise him.

[*They seize upon Florelli, bind his arms and feet, and cover his head with a bag.*

Flo. Villains! cowards! slaves! my sword.

Bravo. If you be loud, we'll strangle you.

Cor. Despatch!

Bravo. We have done, sir; is he for the river, now?[1]

Cor. No; follow me. [*Exeunt with Flo.*

Re-enter GIOVANNI.

Giov. These shew like officers.
Alas! he's apprehended on their base

[1] *Is he for the river now?*] These words strongly and characteristically express the cool indifference with which these villains traffic in blood. The same question would be asked at Venice, with the same composure, at this hour.

Complaint; I cannot help: thy cause, and innocence
Must now befriend thee!—Base world! yet I may
Injure the parts abroad; 'tis only Venice
Is sick with these distempers: then I'll leave it,
And instantly pursue some other fate
I' the wars; it may cure something too within me,
That is denied all remedy at home.
Some bodies, for their physic, are design'd
To change of air, I'll try't upon my mind. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Rialto.

Enter MALIPIERO *and* THOMAZO.

Tho. Not this Englishman to be found?
Mal. He's not above ground
Where I could suspect him in the city.
Tho. Let him go; may be his haste toppled him
Into the river, and we may eat his nose
In the next haddock.
Mal. Wherefore did you fly?
Tho. Dost think 'twas fear?
Mal. 'Twas something like a will
To keep your skin from oilet-holes.
Tho. I grant you;
What had I to do to bring up a fashion?
Mal. We might have gone a sure and nearer way,
To have kill'd him in a right line with a bullet.—
But let him go, so he quit Venice, any way.
Tho. He would spoil our mirth; but I much wonder
Bernardo is not come yet, whom I sent
Ambassador for money to the merchants.



Mal. Nor Marcello, whom I employ'd to the same end,
To my most costive uncle, for some goldfinches.
Tho. Why should
The state have an exchequer, and we want?
Mal. For pious uses too, to drink their health;
And see the commonwealth go round,
In mutual commerce of mirth and spirit,
Which phlegm and usury have almost stifled.
Sobriety and long gowns spoil the city:
'Tis we would keep the body politic
From stinking, ulcer'd with long obligations,
And notaries, which now stuff the Rialto,
And poison honest natures, that would else
Live freely, and be drunk at their own charge.
Tho. I would make new laws, an I were duke of Venice.
Mal. We would not sit o' the chimney corner then,
And sing like crickets.
Mal. We would roar like trumpets,
And deaf the senators with, *Give us your monies!*
Mal. Their's? *Give us our own!* their states, their wives,
And wardrobes, Scanderbeg.
Tho. And their pretty daughters,
My valiant Turk! who should feed high o' purpose—
Mal. To keep the wanton blood in titillations.
Tho. It should be a law, no maid should be in fashion.
Mal. Yes, let them be in fashion, but not hold.
Tho. Not after fourteen,—be it then enacted.
Mal. We would banish all the advocates that refus'd
To pimp, and prove it civil law.
Tho. No scribe
Should dare to shew his ears in our dominions.

Mal. Hang them! they are labels of the law,
and stink
Worse than a fish-shambles in Lent. No Jew
Should turn a Christian, upon peril of
A confiscation.
Tho. Why?
Mal. The slaves are rich:
To turn them Christians were to spoil their conscience,
And make them hide their money; 'tis less evil
In [a] state to cherish Jews, than Christian usurers.
Tho. I will have every citizen a Jew then.
Mal. We have built no seraglio yet.
Tho. That's true;
What think you of the universities?
Would not they serve?
Mal. O, excellent;
They have several schools for several games.
Tho. And scaffolds
For the spectators, when we keep our acts.
Mal. The college rents would find the wenches petticoats;
And the revenues of a score of Abbies
Well stripp'd, would serve to roll them in clean linen,
And keep the toys in diet.
Tho. Excellent!
But when we have converted to the use
The monasteries, where shall we bestow
The friars, and the thin religious men?
Mal. You may
Keep them with little charge; water is all
The blessing their poor thirst requires; and tailors
Will not be troubled for new clothes; a hair shirt
Will outwear a copyhold, and warm four lives:
Or, if you think them troublesome, it is
A fair pretence to send them to some wild
Country, to plant the faith, and teach the infidels

A way to heaven, for which they may be burnt,
Or hang'd; and there's an end o' the honest men!
There be a thousand ways to quiet them.
Tho. My admirable counseller! thou should'st be
My supreme officer, to see justice done.
Mal. You cannot honour men of worth too much.
Tho. We'll have the bridges all pull'd down, and made
Of silver.
Mal. Dross! gold is our orient metal.

Enter BERNARDO.

Here is Bernardo.—Welcome! where's the money?
Ber. Not a gazet:[1] the merchants are all sullen,
And say you owe too much already.
Mal. They are dogbolts!
'Tis time we had new laws, an they will not trust.
Tho. But we must build
[Our] golden bridges at this rate, with sun-beams.
Mal. They were best content themselves with honest stone,
Hard as the heart of your ungodly merchants.
Tho. Prithee let's leave our dream of frighting sailors;
And say, what hope hast thou of getting money
For this day's mirth?
Mal. Some hope there is, if my uncle have but faith
Enough to credit, what I never mean,
Thrift and submission, and holy matters:
'Tis all the ways are left to cozen him,
And creep into his nature; I have pawn'd
All my religion, that I will turn friar.
Tho. Hast [thou] pawn'd thy religion? much good do him!
Let him take the forfeit, so he send thee money—

[1] *Not a gazet:*] A small coin. See Massinger, vol. iii. p. 52.

Mal. For present use,—and howl, and hang himself,
I care not —Oh, here's Marcello.—

Enter MARCELLO.

Didst speak with him?
Mar. Yes.
Mal. That's well.
Mar. He does commend him to you, and with it this—
Mal. I knew 'twould take his tender conscience.
Tho. Hast thou prevail'd?
Mar. This halter; he has tied the knot himself,
And says, next the philosopher's stone, he knows not
What thing of nobler value to present you:
And rather than you should delay for want
Of a convenient—you know what—you should
Once more peruse his orchard; there's one tree
He would have bear no other fruit.
Mal. I thank him
For his fine noose; would I had his neck in't!
The devil should not conjure him from this circle.
Is this the end of all?
Tho. No, not of all.
Mal. I prithee try how it will hold; do you hear?
Let's lay our heads together. Which of you
Is best acquainted with the Turk?
Tho. What Turk?
Mal. The great and mighty sultan, the grand signior;
Or have you but a Christian correspondence
With any of his heathen officers?
Tho. What to do?
Mal. No rogue that lies perdu here for intelligence?
Ber. What then?

Mal. I would make a bargain with him now, and sell
This city to the pagan instantly.
Venice is a jewel, a rich pendant, would
Hang rarely at the great Turk's ear.
Tho. No doubt.
Mal. Or at one horn of his half moon.
Mar. I think so.
Mal. I would betray, if I knew how, the state,
Or any thing, for half a hundred ducats,
To make one merry night; though after I
Were broke upon a wheel, or set upright,
To peep through a cleft tree, like a pole-cat,
In the high-way —No money from the mongrels?
Well, if I live, I will to Amsterdam,[a]
And add another schism to the two hundred
Fourscore and odd. I am resolv'd.
Tho. What?
Mal. To cry down all things
That hang on wit, truth, or religion.
Tho. Come, thou art passionate; is there no trick?
No lewd device? Let me see: I have thought
A way to raise us, my dear Tully; a project
Shall raise us, or I'll venture—
Mal. What?
Tho. My neck,
For hanging is the end of my device,
Unless I thrive in't. Go to the rendezvous,
To Rosabella's, on the Gran Canale,
Kiss her, and call for wines, my bullyrooks!

[a] *I will to Amsterdam,*] Holland was, in those days, the common receptacle of sectaries of all denominations; a circumtance to which our old writers have numerous allusions. This iberality extended only to strangers, for among themselves the Dutch were a narrow, bigotted and persecuting people; not so much from any superior respect for religion, as from their unhappy propensity to make its dogmas the shibboleth of a party in the state.

A dish of dainty fiddlers to curvet to;
And drink a health that I may prosper: tumble,
And shake the house, I'll fetch you off.
Mal. But, signior—
Tho. No more words: cannot you be gone, be drunk,
And leave me to the reckoning? I'll return
With Indian spoils, like Alexander. [*Exit.*
Mal. Spoken
Like a true Macedonian! We are gone!—
He's right; and may in time, and our good breeding,
Be brought to something may deserve the gallies.
Follow your leaders, myrmidons.
Both. We attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Duke's *Gardens.*

Enter GIOVANNI, *dressed as a soldier, and* GEORGIO.

Geor. But will you venture, signior Giovanni,
Your body to the wars, indeed?
Giov. I mean so.
Geor. And leave me to be lost, or thrown away
Among the weeds here?
Giov. Try thy fortune with me.
Geor. Yes, and come hopping home upon one leg!
Will all my pay then buy a handsome halter,
To hang my arm in, if it be but maim'd?
Yet I endure a battle every day;
My mistress hath a mouth carries whole cannon;
And if you took that engine to the wars,
You would find it do rare service.

Giov. What?
Geor. Her tongue;
Make her but angry, and you'll need no more
Artillery to scour them with a breach.
What spoil her breath would make in a market-place!
Giov. Be less satirical;
I must not hear this; she is my mother.
Geor. She is
My mistress, and that's worse; but I'm resolv'd.
I'll to the wars wi' ye; do not tell her on't;
My 'prenticeship is worse than killing there.
My hand, I'll wi' ye.
Giov. In the mean time buy thee a sword and belt,
And what is fit. [*Gives him money.*
Geor. No more; I'll be a soldier,
And kill according to my pay: this will
Suffice to vamp my body; I may rise,
If I grow rich in valour, that will do't;
Money and a tilting feather make a captain. [*Exit.*
Giov. There is no other way to quiet the
Afflictions here; beside, 'tis honourable,
And war a glorious mistress.—'Tis Bellaura

Enter Bellaura *and* Roberto.

And my father.
Rob. I know, madam, you may break
His resolution, if you be pleas'd;
You may command: he's here.
Bell. I'll try my skill.
Rob. Blessings attend your ladyship!
I'll wait for the success. [*Exit.*
Bell. How now, Giovanni?
What, with a sword! you were not us'd to appear
Thus arm'd; your weapon is a spade, I take it?

Giov. It did become my late profession, madam;
But I am chang'd.
Bell. Not to a soldier?
Giov. It is a title, madam, will much grace me;
And with the best collection of my thoughts,
I have ambition to the wars.
Bell. You have?
Giov. Oh, 'tis a brave profession, and rewards
All loss we meet, with double weight in glory,
A calling princes still are proud to own;
And some do willingly forget their crowns
To be commanded: 'tis the spring of all
We here entitle fame to; emperors,
And all degrees of honours, owing all
Their names to this employment: in her vast
And circular embraces holding kings,
And making them; and yet so kind, as not
To exclude such private things as I, who may
Learn and commence in her great arts. My life
Hath been too useless to myself and country;
'Tis time I should employ it to deserve
A name within their registry, that bring
The wealth, the harvest home of well-bought
honour.
Bell. It is an active time, I must confess,
And the unhappy scene of war too near us;
But that it should enflame you on the sudden
To leave a calm and secure life, is more
Than commonly it works on men of your
Birth and condition: besides, I hear
Your father is not willing you should leave him,
To engage yourself in such apparent danger:
Here you will forfeit your obedience,
Unless you stay.
Giov. I cannot despair, madam,
Of his consent; and if by my own strength
Of reason I incline him not, it was
In my ambition to address my humble

Suit to your ladyship, to gain it for me.
At worst, it is no breach of duty, madam,
If I prefer my country and her cause,
Now bleeding, before any formal ties
Of nature to a soft indulgent father.
For danger, let pale souls consider it,
It is beneath my fears.
Bell. Yet I can see
Through all this resolution, Giovanni ;
'Tis something else hath wrought this violent change.
Pray let me be of counsel with your thoughts,
And know the serious motive : come, be clear ;
I am no enemy, and can assist,
Where I allow the cause.
Giov. You may be angry,
Madam, and chide it as a saucy pride
In me to name, or look at honour ; nor
Can I but know what small addition
Is my unskilful arm to aid a country.
Bell. I may therefore justly suspect there is
Something of other force, that moves you to
The wars ; enlarge my knowledge with the secret.
Giov. At this command I open my heart, madam.
I must confess there is another cause,
Which I dare not, in [my] obedience,
Obscure, since you will call it forth ;—and yet
I know you will laugh at me.
Bell. It would ill
Become my breeding, Giovanni.
Giov. Then
Know, madam, I'm in love.
Bell. In love ! with whom ?
Giov. With one I dare not name, she is so much
Above my birth and fortunes.
Bell. I commend
Your flight ; but does she know it ?
Giov. I durst never

Appear with so much boldness, to discover
My heart's so great ambition; 'tis here still,
A strange and busy guest.
Bell. And you think absence
May cure this wound?
Giov. Or death.
Bell. I may presume
You think she's fair?
Giov. I dare as soon question your beauty, madam,
The only ornament and star of Venice;
Pardon the bold comparison: yet there is
Something in you resembles my great mistress—
She blushes— [*Aside.*
Such very beams disperseth her bright eye,
Powerful to restore decrepid nature;
But when she frowns, and changes from her sweet
Aspect, (as in my fears I see you now,
Offended at my boldness,) she does blast
Poor Giovanni thus, and thus I wither
At heart, and wish myself a thing lost in
My own forgotten dust!—but is't not possible
At last (if any stars bless but high thoughts,)
By some desert in war, and deeds of honour,
(For mean as I have rais'd themselves to empire,)
That she, without a blush to stain her cheek,
May own me for a servant?—I am lost
In wandering apprehensions. [*Aside.*
Bell. Poor Giovanni!
I pity thee, but cannot cure.—I like
Thy aspiring thoughts, and to this last, of love,
Allow the wars a noble remedy. [*Aside.*

Re-enter Roberto *and* Ursula.

I have argued against your son's resolve, but find
His reasons overcome my weak dispute;
And I must counsel you to allow them too.

Urs. Nay, I was never much against it, madam.
Rob. She loves him not; but does your ladyship
Think fitting he should go?
Bell. Yes, yes; 'tis honourable:
And, to encourage [this] his forward spirit,—
The general is my kinsman, Giovanni,
What favours he can do you, you shall have
My letters to entreat; and at my charge
You shall be furnish'd like a gentleman:
Attend me at my lodgings.
Giov. You bind all
My services.—Why, this will make a show yet.
Rob. Nay, then take my consent, and blessing too.
Urs. And mine.—The duke.
[*Exeunt Giov. Rob. and Urs.*

Enter Duke *and* MARINO.

Duke. Bellaura, I must speak to you.
Bell. I attend.
Duke. You have my purpose; and return me clearly
How he bestows himself, and what society
Withdraws him from his duty thus.
Mar. I shall
With my best care.
Duke. I fear that Malipiero;
But let me find your diligence.—Bellaura.
[*Exit with Bell. followed by Mar.*

SCENE III.

A Gallery in Cornari's *House, adorned with pictures, amongst the rest that of Claudiana.*

Enter Bravos with Florelli; *they uncover and unbind him, and exeunt.*

Flo. I am all wonder: shall I trust my senses?
A fair and pleasant gallery! Was I
Surpris'd for this? or do I dream? I did
Expect the end of my conveyance should
Have been more fatal. [*Looks around him.*
No track appears, or sign of those that brought me.
The place is rich in ornament; sure these
Are pictures! all things silent as the images,
And yet these speak.—Some do inhabit here;
This room was not ordained only for air
And shadows; 'tis some flattering prologue to
My death, some plot to second the affront
Of Malipiero, with more scorn to ruin me.—

Enter Cornari *masked and disguised, with a case of pistols, which he points at Florelli.*

What art?
Cor. A friend.
Flo. That posture and presentment
Promise no great assurance; yet there's something
Within that noble frame would tempt me to
Believe thou art—
Cor. What?
Flo. A black murderer.
Point not thy horrid messengers of death
Upon a man disarm'd; my bosom is
No proof against those fiery executioners.
How came I to deserve from thee, unknown,

So black a purpose as thy looks present me?
I never saw thy face, nor am I conscious
Of any act, in whose revenge thou hast
Put on this horror. Let me know my guilt
Before I die; although I never liv'd
At that poor rate to fear a noble death,
Yet, unprepar'd, and thus to die, doth something
Stagger my soul, and weaken my resolve
To meet thy execution. Thou hast
Too good a face to be a mercenary
Cut-throat, and Malipiero would become
The hangman's office better.

Cor. You believe, then,
How easily I can command your destiny?
I have no plot with any Malipiero,
And thus remove thy fears. [*Exit with the pistols.*

Flo. Is he gone?

Re-enter CORNARI.

Cor. You're still within
My power; but call yourself my guest, not prisoner;
And if you be not dangerous to yourself,
Nothing is meant but safety here, and honour.

Flo. This does amaze me more. But do Italians
Compel men to receive their courtesies?

Cor. I must not give you reasons; yet for your
Surprise, you may receive a timely knowledge,
And not repent. I am a gentleman,
And by that name secure thee; if you can
Fancy a peace with this restraint, 'tis none,
But something that may please you above freedom;
If your unruly thoughts tempt a resistance,
Death is let in at every thing you look at.

Flo. I'll leave my wonder, and believe. What now
Must I obey?

Cor. First walk away your fright.
Flo. 'Tis off.
Cor. How do you like this gallery?
Flo. 'Tis very handsome.
Cor. And these pictures?
Flo. Well.
Cor. Your eyes are yet too careless; pray examine them.
Flo. They cannot answer.
Cor. Now your opinion.
Flo. Very good faces.
Cor. Have your eyes ever
Met with a substance [yet] that might reflect
On any of these shadows, sir, in Venice?
Flo. Never.
Cor. Look a little better; is there nothing
Of more than common curiosity
In any of these beauties?
Flo. I have seen
Fair ones.—What should this mean? [*Aside.*
Cor. But pray tell me,
Of these (which some have prais'd for handsomeness)
Which doth affect you most? I guess you have,
By frequent view, and the converse with ladies,
Arriv'd at excellent judgment.
Flo. I did not
Expect this dialogue; yet I'll be free.
I profess stranger to them all; but this
[*Pointing to Claudiana's portrait.*
I should elect the fairest and most worthy
A masculine embrace. I build upon
The promise of your honour, I should else
Be nice in my opinion.
Cor. You are just;
And I prefer that too. What will you say
To call that lady mistress, and enjoy her?
She's noble, to my knowledge.—But enough,

At this time. I must pray your kind excuse,
If, whilst you walk into this room,—
[*Opening the hangings.*
Flo. A fair one.
Cor. Which is design'd your lodging, I become
Your jailor, and make sure this gallery
Till my return; be constant to your temper,
There shall be nothing wanting to procure
You safe and pleasant hours.
Flo. Distrust falls off.
I will expect to find you noble, though
My faith bind not to all, and enter. [*Exit.*
Cor. So.
I tread a maze too, but must not resign
My office, till I perfect my design. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Rosabella's *House.*

Enter MALIPIERO *with* ROSABELLA, *dancing;* BERNARDO *and* MARCELLO.

A Dance.

Ber. Active Malipiero!
Marc. Excellent!
They move as they had nothing else but soul.
Mal. So! drink! we are not merry. Here's a health
To my hen-sparrow!
Marc. Let it walk round.
Ber. What! Rosabella's health before the State's?
Mal. Hang states and commonwealths! we will be emperors,
And laugh, and drink away whole provinces;—
Shall we not, didapper?

Ros. What you please. But will
Signior Thomazo be here presently,
And bring—
Mal. The golden fleece, thou lady Guinever!
And he shall mount thy little modesty,
And ride like Agamemnon, and shall pay for't;
While we, like valiant Greeks, in lusty wine
Drench the remembrance that we are mortal.—
More wine! my everlasting marmoset.
Ber. Brave Malipiero still! Our grand signior's health! [*Drinks.*
Signior Thomazo.
Mal. Let it come, squirrels,
And then a song: my pretty Rosabella,
Which of the senators were here last night,
To court thee with a draught of dissolv'd pearl?
Be supple to thy friends; and let thy men
Of state, who hide their warp'd legs in long gowns,
And keep their wisdom warm in furs, like agues,
Most grave and serious follies, wait, and want
The knowledge of thy fiddle, my dear Dowsabel.
Ros. What hath advanced your brain thus, Malipiero?
You were not wont to talk at such a height.
There is some mighty fortune dropping; is
Your uncle sick, whose heir you hope to be?
Mal. Hang uncles! there's a damp in's very name.
Wine! or I sink. So! now thy song; come, sit.
[*Ros. sings.*

Enter THOMAZO, *with* MARINO.

Tho. Nay, you shall enter. — Gentlemen, my friend.—
Salute him, Malipiero; he is one
May do us service.
Mar. Sir, I'll take my leave.

Tho. That were a jest! you shall stay, by this hand.—
Who has the wine? Drink to my noble friend,
Whilst I embrace my queen of Carthage.
Ros. Welcome!
Mal. I have seen this gentleman wait near your father.
Tho. Right, in his bedchamber; a sober coxcomb;
We met by chance; let's make him drunk; I have
The brave devices here, boy. [*Aside to Mal.*
Mal. Good!—You're welcome.—
Fill me a tun of wine.
Mar. How, signior?
Mal. It is too little for a friend.
Mar. They'll drown me; here's a precious knot! [*Aside.*
Tho. I hug thee, Cleopatra.—Gentlemen,
Am not I behind half a score glasses? Fill;
Come, charge me home; I'll take it here.
[*He takes the bottle and drinks.*
Mar. What will become of me? they mean to drench
Me for the sullens; I am like to have
A very fine time, and employment here. [*Aside.*
Tho. But have you ne'er a banquet?
Ros. 'Tis preparing.
Tho. Let it be as rich as the Egyptian queen
Made for Marc Antony; in the mean time,
What limb of wantonness have you ready for
My noble friend here? get him a fine flesh saddle;
Or, where's thy mother? now I think upon't,
He loves to ride upon a pad.
Mar. Not I, sir.
Mal. Oh, by all means, signior.—
He shall go to the price of any ladyware.
Mar. Who, I? alas! my tilting days are done.
Nay, nay, then,
I'll drink wi' ye, gentlemen, but I cannot tumble.

Tho. Why, then here's to thee!
Mar. No ladyware for me, sweet mistress;
I blush to say, I cannot mount at this time.—
[*Exit Ros.*
Would I were off again! polecats for me! [*Aside.*
Tho. Now, gentlemen, wipe your eyes.
[*Shews a cabinet.*
Marc. A cabinet of rich jewels!
Tho. And how, and how shew these things?
Is't fit we want to revel, while my father
Has these toys idle? we grope in the dark,
And lose our way, while such bright stars as these
May light us to a wench!
Marc. There is no conscience in't.—
But what shall we do with them? there's a lustre
Hath struck me into a flame.
Mal. Drink half,
And tumble out the rest in feather-beds.
Tho. Where's Rosabella, to lend money?
Mar. Stay, sir;
She never can disburse to half their value;
Beside, I know their sly and costive natures.
I am acquainted with a Jew—are we
All faithful? are there no traitors here?—
I am acquainted with a Jew shall furnish you
To purpose, and transport these, where they shall not
Betray from whence they came.—Trust her! 'tis dangerous;
Besides the scanting of your mirth, by a
Penurious—So! give me the cabinet—
You're sure all these are friends, and will say nothing?
Tho. I warrant thee.—What luck had I to meet him!
Mal. Will you trust him?
Tho. He's one of us.—Make haste; a mighty sum.
Mar. I'll bring a storm of ducats instantly.
[*Exit, with the cabinet.*

Tho. So, so! to the wine again.
Mal. You need not spend the total here; I have use
For forty of those ducats.
Tho. Shalt have fifty.
Mal. These gentlemen are out of fig-leaves too; Some fresher robes would show well.
Tho. They shall have
New skins, my Holofernes.
Mal. I'll have half.
Ber. and Marc. A match!
Mal. Wine!—To our generalissimo! [*Drinks.*
Tho. That's I; I understand the metaphor; It shall have law. Oh for some trumpets now!
Mal. Tantarra rara, boys! outroar the winds, And drink the sun into eclipse; hang miching!— But where's my wanton pinnace?
Ber. Boarded by
Some man of war by this time.
Marc. She is spoom'd away.
Mal. Top and top-gallant gone! Ha! are there pirates
Upon these coasts? Give fire upon the water-rats,
And shoot pell-mell; fight as a whirlwind flings, Disordering all.—What man of menaces
Dare look awry upon my cat-a-mountain?
Tho. Not I.—Now he's got rampant, he'll kill somebody.
Ber. You must not be affrighted; t' other lift, And be a giant eke, and talk of terrors
With words Olympus high.
Tho. Will that do't?
Ber. Oh, sir.
Tho. Give me the bottle, then? [*Drinks.*
Mal. Suppose thou wert my uncle now; come hither;
Hold thy head fair, that I may whip it off.

Marc. Mine's nothing like; Bernardo has been taken
For your uncle, signior.
Mal. How dare you be like
The rogue my uncle, sirrah!
Ber. I, sir? 'tis
Signior Thomazo that he means; and see,
For very fear his head falls off.
[*Thomazo checks his draught, and sets down the bottle.*
Mal. Reach it me;
I'll drink a health, then, in his skull.
Tho. Who talks of me? who dares mention
A thought of me?

Re-enter MARINO.

Where be the dainty ducats?
Mar. The money's coming, sir; six men are laden,
And will be here immediately.
Mal. Thou shalt drink
A health; kneel, venerable sir.
Tho. Be humble,
Thou man of mallecho, or thou diest.
Mar. I do, sir. [*Kneels.*
Mal. To the town a-fire!
Mar. What do you mean, signior?
Tho. He has a very good meaning, never doubt it.
Mal. That you shall pledge, or forfeit your sconce to me.
None shall have the honour to pledge this health,
But this whey-bearded signior.
Tho. Now do my brains tumble, tumble, tumble—
Mal. Give it him,
And drink it with devotion, as I did. [*Mar. drinks.*

Tho. I long to see these double—double —
[*Hiccups.*[1]
But where's this cockatrice, this whirligig?
Is my head fast?
Marc. The screw is firm, suspect not.
Mar. I dare not pray, nor ask forgiveness here.
[*Aside.*
Tho. Do not my brains now turn upon the toe?
Mal. Do you hear, my doughty signior Thomazo?
Will you kill the duke, your graceless father, now?
Tho. Yes, marry will I.
Mal. You shall let him into the chamber one night,
Where he shall strangle him. [*To Mar.*
Tho. Oh, I can play upon his windpipe rarely.
Mal. We'll set (do you mark?) some corner of the palace
On fire, at the same time; and in that hurry,
Break into the treasury; take what we think fit,
And steal away by sea into another country.
Mar. Most admirably contriv'd!—The men are come.

Enter Officers, armed.

Tho. Hey! the money, boys?
Mar. Disarm the traitors!
Mal. Plots! ambuscadoes! Are these your Jew tricks?
Mar. I'll wait till you have slept away your surfeit,
Here in the house.

[1] The 4to. reads —— *hickets.* Whether the speaker meant to say—*ducats;* and "being *fap,*" as Bardolph has it, blundered in his orthography; or was interrupted in the midst of his speech, like sir Toby, by his pickled herrings, must be left to the sagacity of the reader.

Tho. Which is the Jew of all these?
Mal. We are cheated by a court-nap.*
Tho. My friend, are you the Jew? where be the jewels?
Mar. Truth is, I have sent the jewels to your father,
And he will lend no money.
Tho. No money?
Mal. But must we go to prison?
Tho. I will to prison with them, spight o' your teeth.
Mar. Not till you have slept.—This way.
[*Exit with Tho.*

Re-enter ROSABELLA.

Ros. The banquet's ready, gentlemen.
Mal. A rescue!
We are snatch'd up for traitors; we are betray'd,
And going to prison.
Ros. Who pays for the wine and banquet?
Mal. Why, any living body, that has a scruple
In's conscience, for the loss of thy dear comfits
And carraways.—Away! lead me, ye rogues,
I'll not march else; and let us make a shew,
My fine officious rascals. On afore!
I follow in fit state; so farewell, firelock!
Ros. I shall be undone.
Mal. Undoing is thy trade.—
March on, I say. [*Exeunt.*

* Mal. *We are cheated by a court*-nap.] If this be the genuine word, I do not understand what is meant by it.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Cornari's *House.*

Enter CORNARI, *followed by* CLAUDIANA.

Clau. Your pleasure, sir? you did command my presence.

Cor. Are you come? you and I
Must not be interrupted, Claudiana.
[*Makes fast the door.*

Clau. Why do you shut your chamber?

Cor. We must be private.—
How does my life?

Clau. Well, sir, if you be so.

Cor. I have a suit to thee, my best Claudiana.

Clau. To me? It must be granted.

Cor. That's well said;
But 'tis a business, sweet, of mighty consequence,
More precious than my life.

Clau. Goodness forbid
I should not give obedience to the least
Of your commands! But when your life requires
My service, I should chide my heart and thoughts,
Unless they put on wings to shew their duty.

Cor. Nay, 'tis a business, sweet, will speak thy love.
Thou knowest how many years, since the priest tied
Our holy knot, with what religious flowing
Of chaste and noble love our hearts have met;
How many blessings have I summ'd in thee,
And but in thee! for unto this heaven gave not
That which indeed doth crown all marriage,
Children. Thou hast been fruitful, Claudiana,
In all that's good, but only fruitfulness;

And when I think who, in my want of that
Great blessing of thy womb, must be my heir,
A base and impious villain, to possess
And riot in my spacious fortunes, I
Forget that other happiness in thy person,
And let in a vexation to consume me.
Clau. I know not what to fear; it is heaven's will,
And not my fault.
Cor. Oh no; the fault is mine,
All mine, Claudiana, for thou art not barren;
'Tis I, a man prodigious, and mulcted
By nature, without faculty of man
To make our marriage happy, and preserve
This fair, this lovely figure. Be at peace,
And let me blush, a thing not worth the love
Of such a bounteous sweetness.
Clau. Let me fall [*Kneels.*
Beneath that which sustains me, ere I take
In a belief that will destroy my peace;
Not in the apprehension of what
You frame to accuse yourself, but in fear
My honour is betray'd to your suspicion:
Oh, kill me, sir, before I lose your thought,
Your noble thought.
Cor. Rise; with thy tears I kiss
Away thy tremblings. I suspect thy honour!
My heart will want faith to believe an angel,
That should traduce thy fair name: thou art chaste
As the white down of heaven, whose feathers play
Upon the wings of a cold winter's gale,
Trembling with fear to touch the impurer earth.
How are the roses frighted in thy cheeks
To paleness, weeping out transparent dew,
When a loose story is but nam'd! Thou art
The miracle of a chaste wife, from which fair
Original, drawn out by heaven's own hand,
To have had one copy, I had writ perfection

To all my wishes here; but 'tis denied me:—
Nor do I mock thee with a fable, while
I miserably complain, convinced, and lost
In my own masculine defect: but yet
I love thee, Claudiana; dost not think so?
And after so much injury, I bring
Not my repentance only, but a just
And noble satisfaction.
Clau. You oppress
My senses with the weight of new amazement.
Cor. I must be clear; thou must embrace another—
Another in my bed, whom from the world
I have made choice to know thee; be not frighted:
This way is left, and this alone, to recompense
My want, and make both happy.
Clau. I embrace
Another in your bed!
Cor. Dost think I would
Attempt, or wish thee to't, without a care,
In every circumstance, to both our fames?
Clau. Fame! Are you master of your reason? Dare you
Provoke heaven thus?
Cor. Heaven only shall be witness;
Whose secrecy I'll trust, but not another's,
Beside the principal agent, to get heaven.
Clau. You are no Italian, sure.
Cor. Yes, and thy husband;
A just one to thy memory, that would
Cancel his faith, rather than be a strict
Idolater of words, and severe laws,
To the destroying of so sweet a figure:
I would not have thee flie, like birds i' the air,
Or ships, that leave no track, to say, here was;
So rich a blessing rather, like a plant,
Should root, and grow, and bloom, and bear for ever.

Clau. I am lost for ever.
Cor. Be wise, and meet my wishes; 'tis my lov
That hath o'ercome all nice considerings,
To do thee justice: nor will I intrude
Upon thy bosom one shall be unwelcome;
He's honourably born, of comely person,
But has a soul adds glory to them both:
A boy from him, born to my name and fortunes,
Leaves not another wealth to my ambition.
To raise thy free consent, my Claudiana,
'Tis he whom thou dost think worth thy owi
praise,
The gentleman victorious for his parts
So late in Venice, the English cavalier.
Clau. I am undone.
Cor. To be short,
I have surpris'd his person for this use;
He hath been many days an obscure guest
Within the lodgings next the garden; for
I must confess I have had strugglings in
My nature, and have sate in council 'gainst
Myself some time, touching this great affair:
But I have answer'd every thing oppos'd it,
And took this time to acquaint thee.
Clau. Good sir, kill me.
Cor. I will,
And him too, if ye mingle not, and make
The project as I cast it; be not obstinate:
Why, he shall ne'er discover who thou art,
If thou be faithful to thyself; thou may'st
Pretend thyself some pleasant bona roba,
Or take what name and shape thou wilt.
Clau. There's none
Can hide my shame, or wash the stain away.
Cor. What shame or stain is in't, when it i
A secret, darker than the book of destiny,
From mankind?
Clau. Am I practis'd in those arts

Of sin, that he should take me for a courtesan?
Nay, rather [, sir,] let me be known your wife;
It will oblige him more to use me well,
And thank your loving pains that brought me to him:
If I must be a whore, and you a—

Cor. Stay;
And I a—what?—I bleed within me. [*Aside.*
This key will make the chamber free. [*gives her a key.*]—I follow.

Clau. Consider, sir,—I'm else undone for ever. [*Exit.*

Cor. Why, if he know me for her husband, 'tis
Without a name; I can secure my honour,
And send him quickly to eternal silence.
I am resolv'd they must obey.—Proceed,
A little blood will wash away this deed. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace; a table with letters.

Enter Duke, CANDIANO, *Senators, and Attendants.*

Duke. Our city, drooping with the wounds so late
Receiv'd, is now to study with what joys
To entertain so great a victory.
Treviso is return'd to our obedience,
Almost without a loss; how many fell
On the adverse part those papers signify,
And must enlarge our triumph. But is't not
Strange what our general writes of Giovanni,
Whose spirit he admires, and forward valour;
Referring to his bold attempt our conquest?
That he advanced his head and sword first on
The enemy's walls, which [thus] inflam'd our army
To second him with courage; and that after

With his own hands he slew their general,
Whose fall shot death and trembling through their army.

Can. Where is Giovanni?

Duke. He is, by the direction of our general,
Now marching hither. To his only conduct
The captives are remitted, and his act
By us to be consider'd; but we have
Sent order for the placing of his prisoners
Securely, and commanded he should here
Attend our pleasure.

Can. The young gardener?

Duke. The same; whose early valour takes away
The prejudice of humble birth, and ought
To be encourag'd nobly.

Can. 'Tis but justice.
Is't possible the gardener's son should so
Behave himself in war?
He will deserve some honour for't.

Duke. Why may not
Our power dispense, and, though his low condition
By our rule exempt him, (for his gallant service
Done,) now create him gentleman of Venice,
With a noble pension from our treasury,
To bear his title up?

Can. We give it strangers,
Whose birth we not examine; he deserves it.

Enter MARINO, *and whispers the Duke.*

Duke. Let him receive no favour
For his relation to me, but take
His place and punishment with the rest. Away!
I cast him from my thought. [*Exit Mar.*

Can. Why comes not
Our general himself?

Duke. Reasons of war

May yet compel his stay; he's to repair
Some breaches which our soldiers made; and wisely,
By some new fortifications, secure
The town, if the enemy should reinforce—

Enter an Attendant.

Att. Signior Giovanni waits.
Duke. Hath he dispos'd,
By our direction, those prisoners were
Sent by our general?
Att. He hath, an't please your excellency.
Duke. Admit him. [*Exit Att.*

Enter GIOVANNI, *plumed and brave,*[1] *followed by* GEORGIO.

Giov. All health and honour to the duke and senate!
Duke. We thank thee, Giovanni, and will spare
Your trouble to relate what we have gain'd
I' the war. Our general writes how much our Venice
Doth owe to you, whose maiden, yet bold valour
Hath wrought our safety, and suppress'd the late
Insolent Genoese.
Giov. Your bounty makes
That mine, which I want merit, sir, to challenge;
But if my will to serve my country (for,
Beside that name and warm desires, I dare
Call nothing mine,) you're pleas'd to accept and cherish
A young man's duty, you will teach me, in
The next employment, to deserve indeed:
Till when, you lose not to have built upon
This humble pile a monument of your goodness,

[1] —— *and* brave,] i. e. richly, splendidly arrayed.

To tell the world, although misplaced on me,
You love a growing virtue.
Duke. This Giovanni!
His words taste more of courtier than the garden.—
To shew we understand, and, to that knowledge,
Have will to recompense desert, Giovanni,
The senate bids you ask what in your power
Your thought can aim at, to reward your service;
And you shall soon possess it.
Geor. Ask, ask quickly,
A hundred thousand double double ducats,
'Twill serve us both; do't; beggars must be impudent. [*Aside to Giov.*
Giov. Now you destroy what else might live to serve you;
This grace will make me nothing, when I call
My airy worth to balance. Keep those glorious
Rewards for men born and brought up in honour,
That may be great and able columns to
Your ever envied states. Alas! I rise
Like a thin reed beneath this commonwealth,
Whose weight an Atlas must sustain like heaven.
This favour is too mighty; and if you
Command me ask a just reward, 'tis nothing.
Geor. You had as good have said nothing; I blush for you.
You know many soldiers
So modest, to refuse pay or preferment!
They cannot have it sometimes after many
Petitions to the state; and now their minds
Are soluble, and apt to pour out favours,
You to be so maidenly! [*Aside to Giov.*
Giov. May I credit,
With pardon of your wisdoms, that you mean
To encourage thus the low-born Giovanni?
Geor. Now he makes question of their honesty too.—
Oh, simple soldier! [*Aside.*



Duke. We look not at thy root, but at thy blossom;
And, as [to] a preserver of our country,
We offer up a gratitude; consult
With thy best judgment.—Though (beside this act
Of his abroad) I can give no account
Why I should love this young man, or prefer him;
I know not by what mystery I have
Had thoughts to wish him more than common fortune;
And this occasion of his merit offered,
I will pursue. [*Aside.*

Geor. Do as I counsel you; and remember I
Have left my fortunes and my trade, to serve you.

Giov. Call it not pride, if I be willing to
Believe your excellence, that I have done
Something your goodness prompts you to reward,
And the grave senate; I have thought—

Duke. Be free.

Geor. Now do I expect to be half a senator at least. [*Aside.*

Giov. And since you raise my act to such a merit,
I will not ask a thing too much beneath it,—

Geor. Well said, 'Vanni! [*Aside.*

Giov. And shame your bounty; yet I may fear
You will not grant—

Geor. Again? [*Aside.*

Duke. Name it with confidence.

Giov. I look at no reward of gold,—

Geor. How's that? He's out on's part. [*Aside.*

Giov. (I know not
By what fate I contemn it,) nor at titles
Of honour, or command, or what can trench
On state or wealth,—

Geor. I thank you heartily.
I must to dig again. [*Aside.*

Giov. Employ such gifts,
To pay some slight and mercenary souls,

That make their end of good, reward, and not
Itself; but since you have impos'd I should
Make choice of somewhat, know, my ambition aims—

Duke. At what?

Giov. It is too great a happiness; but I now
Consider I have prattled to the wind:
What I desire is not within your power,
And what you may command, not in my wishes;
For I would ask Bellaura. Can you make
Me fit for such a blessing? no, you cannot;
Unless I were unborn, and should again
Come forth, not Giovanni, but the son
Of some bright name, and this world-taking honour.

Duke. Bellaura? Strange request!

Re-enter MARINO *and* BELLAURA.

Mar. Madam, I dare not
Be seen: if you prevail, I shall attend,
And put his mercy into act. [*Exit.*

Duke. She's here.

Bell. I have a suit to your highness.

Duke. Me, Bellaura?

Bell. About your son, whom men, to your dishonour,
Lead like some base offender.

Duke. I must speak
The cause into your ear. [*Whispers her.*

Giov. [*aside.*]—I was to blame
To mention her so public; but my heart
Grew sick with silence; and their proposition
To ask what I desired most, prevail'd
Against my reason.

Duke. Leave him to me, Bellaura.—
Do you observe that gentleman?

Bell. 'Tis Giovanni;
He does become the soldier.

Duke. He has done wonders
Abroad, and quits our gratitude, to be
Only by you rewarded: can you love him?
Bell. I understand you not.
Duke. And marry him?
Bell. How have I lost myself, since I became
Your charge, a legacy bequeath'd your care
By my dead father, the late duke of Venice?
That you should think I can descend with such
Forgetfulness of myself, my birth, or fortunes,
To place my love on one so poorly born!
Duke. You blush.
Bell. 'Tis anger in my blood to hear him named.—
You pay me coarsely for my charity; [*To Giov.*
Learn modesty hereafter to be grateful:
I have done with you, sir. [*Exit.*
Geor. Do you hear the tit? be wise,
And look at ready money; 'tis a better
Commodity than any lady in Christendom.
Giov. Pray dismiss,
And pardon Giovanni. I am satisfied.
For your own honour, let not my ambition
Be told abroad; I'll check, and punish my
Aspiring thoughts hereafter.
Duke. You have leave.—
Come, gentlemen: he is in love; I pity him.
[*Exeunt Duke, Can. and Senators.*
Geor. What shall become of us now, by your folly?
Giov. We'll to the garden, Georgio, and there begin
Another growth; for what we have 's despised.
Geor. I knew I should return to my dear dung-hill.
Giov. I prithee see the armour which Bellaura
Bestow'd on me, brought home.
Geor. Your armour! yes,
We might have worn soft-natur'd silk, an you had



Been ruled by me.—A pox of love, for my part!
'Tis good for nothing but to make things dear.
Giov. I'll be reveng'd upon my stars, that made
Me poor; and die forgotten in my shade. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Picture Gallery in Cornari's *House; a table, with tapers.*

Enter FLORELLI.

Flo. I find no great devotion
In this monastic life: the major domo
Promis'd a mistress here of that complexion,
[*Pointing to Claudiana's portrait.*
But I like not this solitude,
And tedious expectations.
I shall ne'er do things handsomely.
Give me freedom and fair play,
And turn me to a harpy; but to be thus
Compell'd to an embrace, (for that's the meaning
Of my sly signior, if it be not worse,)
Fed high, to encounter with an Amazon
I know not,—'tis not well, nor conscionable,
In my opinion.—I hear some [one] busy
About the lock—

Enter CORNARI.

My jailor!—What now follows?—
Sir, if I must have my throat cut, as much
Better I do not hope, though I deserve not
That bounty from your hands, I live so dully;
I would request you set a time, an't be
A day or two, to pray and think of matters,
And then turn me loose to the other world.

Cor. Read that.— [*Gives him a paper.*
He shall not see my blushes. I must pity
Thee, Claudiana; but my stubborn fate
Will have it so: it is to make thee live,
Although we both must suffer; and I, like
A father, thus, whose child, at play upon
A river's bank, is fall'n into the stream,
Leap in, and hazard all to save a little.
But I must on. [*Aside, and exit.*

Flo. Amazement circles me!
Such wonders are not read in every marriage.
What shall I do? madness to question it.
I must resolve, or die. Since there's no help,
'Tis something if she be but like that face,
To comfort my proceeding.

Re-enter CORNARI, *leading in* CLAUDIANA, *veiled.*

Cor. Behold! and take, as lent, this treasure from me;
I must expect it back again with interest.
[*Exit, and locks the door.*

Flo. The door is fast again: here is a precedent
For husbands that want heirs to their estate!
A goodly person.—Please you, lady, to
Unveil.—[*she unveils.*]—A rich, and most inviting beauty!
I am all flame. Shall I take boldness, after
My duty paid your white hand, to aspire,
And touch your lip? Now could I wish to dwell here. [*He kisses her.*
Can you read, lady?—
[*She takes the paper, and turns from him.*
She turns away her face. I hope my signior
Has taken pains to bring her to the business,
And not left me to break her. Can she speak?—
[*Aside.*

Those lines (I know not how you like them, madam)
Were none of my invention; the character
I guess to be your husband's. I am here
A prisoner to his will, to which, unless
You give obedience, I have took leave
Of day for ever; destin'd, by his vow,
To an eternal shade.—She leads the way.
[*Clau. retires.*
Conscience be calm; no grumblings now of piety.
[*Exit, following her.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Duke's *Gardens; Giovanni's armour hung upon several trees.*

Enter GIOVANNI, ROBERTO, *and* URSULA.

Giov. These were the excellent Bellaura's gift,
Of no use now to me, but to keep fresh
The memory of my dreams, and that I lov'd her.
I see how passion did blind my reason,
And my prodigious hopes, vanish'd to air,
Have left me to contemplate my own vanity.
Rob. I know not; but if I may credit Georgio,
That did wait on thee to the senate, thou
Hast lost an opportunity that might
Have made us all clarissimos, Giovanni.
I might have kept my reverend mules, and had
My crupper worshipped by the plebeians;
And Ursula here been madam heaven knows what!—
And did you wisely to refuse?
Urs. Nay, nay, I know

He was not born to do us good.—Not stoop
To take preferment from the duke and senate!
Rob. Well, 'twas his modesty.
Urs. He learn'd it not from me.
Rob. No more.
Urs. You will be always taking his part against me;
But I know what I know, and that's a secret.—
Here comes the t'other dunderhead.

Enter GEORGIO.

Geor. The armour is hung up already; this
We must all come to.
Rob. What, to the gibbet, Georgio?
Geor. Master, look here; [*Pointing to the helmet.*
If you had but this hole to put your head in,
It would be a great preservative to your hearing,
And keep out all the noise of my dame's culverin;
Within this fortification, well lock'd up,
You would think her loudest scolding a mere whisper.
Urs. What's that you talk of your dame, sirrah?
Geor. Oh, dame, I have news for you.
Urs. For me? What is't? whom does your news concern?
Geor. One that you love with all your heart.
Rob. Who is't, knave?
Geor. Knave! call your word in, and eat it, I'll advise;
You may fare worse. You do not hear the news then?
Urs. I shall, when you'll find utterance.
Geor. The news—
We are all of one religion?
Rob. Out with it.
Geor. Every thing is not to be talk'd on.
Rob. So it seems, by your concealment.



Urs. Shall we hear it?
Geor. Yes; signior Thomazo—
Urs. What of him?
Geor. *There's a gentleman, an you talk of a gentleman!*
Urs. What of Thomazo? now am I longing.
Geor. I heard, as I came hither—
Urs. What?
Rob. Let us hear too.
Urs. What? be brief.
Geor. That he is to lose his head, mistress—
Urs. Now a thousand blisters upon that tongue!
Geor. But you do not know for what, mistress? there's it;
You are so angry still at half a business.
Urs. For what is he to suffer?—Oh, my heart!
Geor. For nothing but high treason.
Rob. How?
Geor. You have not patience
To hear a story out.
Rob. High treason, said he?
That's a shrewd business.
Urs. Thomazo lose his head?
Rob. So it seems.
Urs. Better thy generation were headless.
Geor. I told you but in good will, because I knew
You lov'd him. I have done. [*Exit.*
Urs. Passion! Oh, my dear heart! I'll to the duke
Myself, and beg his pardon.
Rob. You will make
Yourself a party in the treason, will you?
You'll beg his pardon! you will beg a halter,
And sooner 'twill be granted.
Urs. Giovanni,
Sweet Giovanni,—there's a sunshine word!
Dear child, go with us.

Rob. Us? Dost think I'll go
And run my head into the hemp?
Urs. Best honeysuckle!
One word of thine will strike the pardon dead.
Giov. I'd rather go a pilgrimage. [*Exit.*
Urs. Thou shalt go a pilgrimage another time,
To the world's end. I charge thee, on my blessing.—
And, husband, you must go too.
Rob. No, no, not I.
I thank you, Ursula; I'll not have my foot,
Nor hand, in any treason.
Urs. Is it so much to kneel? You shall say nothing,
Unless you please; leave all the talk to me.
Rob. I will not go, though the duke send for me.
Urs. How? that's a piece of treason.
Rob. So! if I go not, she'll betray me too.—
Well, Giovanni shall go too: where is he?
Urs. Let me alone to conjure him.
Shall we go presently? delays are dangerous.
The rascal Georgio is gone too; all forsake me
In my distress.
Rob. What will you say, Ursula,
When you come there? what will the duke think on you?
Or who shall suffer for your impudence?
And what? that is considerable: I have
No mind to go again.
Urs. Then I'll spoil the garden,
Break up the hedges, and deface the works
Your darling Giovanni made; I'll let in
A regiment of swine, and all their officers,
To undermine the castle he made last,
And fortified with cannon, though I die for't.
Rob. More treason! Well, I will go; but I hope
You will not trudge this evening; if we must
Resolve upon't, let us do things discreetly.

Urs. That was well said; nay, I am for discretion,
For all my haste.
Rob. I think it most convenient
To wait his business, coming forth his chamber
To-morrow morning, Ursula, and then let
Good natures work; to-night's no time.
We must consult our pillows what to say,
And how to place our words.
Urs. Now 'tis my best pigeon;
Let us home instantly.
Rob. A sober pace goes far; not too fast, Ursula,
Remembering the proverb, and what follows;
We should march slow, to save [us] from the gallows. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Cornari's *House.*

Enter FLORELLI, *followed by* CORNARI, *with a pistol and a rapier,*

Cor. You have had your time of pleasure; can you pray?
Flo. Pray! what do you mean, signior?
Cor. The lady whom you have enjoy'd, commanded
I should present one of these two, or both,
In token of her gratitude.
Flo. This cannot
Be earnest, sir.
Cor. These are the jewels
Which you must wear, sir, next your heart. How do you
Affect the lustre of this toy? 'tis bright;
But here's a thing will sparkle.

Flo. I am lost.—
Is this the promise of my safety?
Cor. Yes;
This will secure all. Thou dull islander!
'Cause you can dance, and vault upon a hobby-horse,
Do you think to mount madonas here, and not
Pay for the sweet career? Fool! to thy prayers;
For when these messengers salute thy heart,
Thy soul shall find I'm an Italian,
And will not trust a life to him, whose tongue
Commands my honour.
Flo. Art a Christian?
Cor. As much as comes to a Venetian's faith;
That believes no man is more fit to die,
Than he that has been capering with my wife.
Flo. You cannot, sir, forget I was betray'd;
Awake thy conscience, and let that answer:
I have obey'd a dire necessity,
And was brought hither by a stratagem.
Cor. 'Tis all one, signior. I presume you gave
Consent to the dear matter of delight,
Which is not held convenient you should talk of.
[*Presents a pistol at him.*
Flo. Hold!
Cor. Hope not to breathe ten minutes; gather up
Those thoughts you would have wait upon you to
Another world.
Flo. Then 'tis high time to think
Of other matters;—though you have cruelly
Resolved there is no safety for your fame,
To let me still be number'd with the living;
(Which, if your scatter'd reason were collected,
I could refute, but I'll not hope it now;)
Since, most ignobly, 'gainst the rules of honour,
And faith already forfeit, you will make
This undefenced pile your sacrifice;
Yet do not kill me twice.

Cor. Twice?
Flo. Such a rage
Were infinite; practise not cruelty
Upon my second life, by murdering my
Eternity; allow to my last breath
Leave to discharge the weight of many sins
Into the bosom of some confessor.
Cor. This may be granted; 'tis not much unreasonable.
Flo. Your charity will think it fit to allow
Some minutes to collect myself,
Cor. To shew
My design has no malice in't, I'll do
Your soul that office, though our bodies must not
Enjoy this air together many hours.
I'll send one to you. [*Exit.*
Flo. The innocence of a saint
Would not secure his life from an Italian,
When his revenge is fix'd.—In what black hour
Did I salute the world, that I am thrown
Upon so hard a fate? It is not fit
To expostulate with heaven, or I could say
Something in my defence, (as I am man,)
To keep this mighty rock from falling on me.—
My tutelar angel, be at counsel with
My thoughts, and if there be a path of safety,
Direct my trembling steps to find and taste it.—

Re-enter CORNARI, *disguised as a friar.*

[He] has kept his word, and 'tis no time to trifle.—
As you're a priest, and by that sacred order
And scapular you wear, not only hear me,
But use your pious art to save from ruin
A man condemn'd for that, which heaven and you
Call virtue! for not doing a black deed
Would damn three souls at once! and if your power

Cannot prevail for mercy to my life,
I challenge you, when I am dead, to be
A witness of my innocence.
Cor. This has
No shape of a confession.
Flo. Nor do I,
Under that holy seal, discourse a story;
Yet, father, I must throw myself upon
Your charity. Know, therefore, I am betray'd,
And by the plot of him that owes this palace,
(Whose name is never like to meet my knowledge,)
Snatch'd up, one fatal evening, and forced hither
By some dark ministers he had employ'd,
(I know not which way,) to this fatal chamber.
I shudder but to name what impious act,
Against his own and his dear lady's honour,
He had design'd for me: her chaster soul
Should have been stain'd, in his distrust of heaven,
To bless him with an heir, and her white treasure,
By me, a stranger, rifled, had not Providence
Chain'd up our blood, so that the hours he gave
To serve his black ambition, and our lust,
We only spent in prayers for his conversion.
Cor. Ha!
Flo. This yet he knows not; and it is not safe
To appear in our own virtue, since the justice
We did our peace, in crossing his expectance,
May improve his rage to both our ruins. This
Sad story frights you; there is horror in't;
But 'tis an hour, the last, without some miracle
To rescue me, a man disarm'd, from violence;
Nor dare I mock heaven now, or hang upon
My soul the burden of a lie, when 'tis
Taking her last eternal flight. It is not
A fear to die afflicts me, with my faith
And innocence about me; I have look'd
Death in the face, and be it thought no boast
To say, I have taught others, by example,

To march up to the ugliest face of danger.
But to die thus dishonourably, to be
Sent out o' the world i' the dark, without a name,
Or any account to those to whom I owe
My blood and birth, persons that carry names
Of honour in my country, this doth stagger me
To quit my life; and may excuse my address
To you, who have authority from heaven
To take his fury off, whom, otherwise,
I expect my violent executioner.
I have some tremblings for his lady, whose
Most holy tears stream'd through my soul com-
passion,
And charm'd my blood; tears, if he durst have
patience,
Were powerful enough to beg from heaven
That blessing which he fondly thinks to hasten,
With loss of his eternity.
Cor. No more.
[*Exit hastily, and having thrown off his dis-
guise, re-enters behind with Claudiana.*
Forgive me, oh, forgive me, Claudiana;
And if my sin of forcing thy obedience
Beyond the rules of honour and of marriage,
Have not quite murder'd thy affection,
Wish me a little life for my repentance.
Clau. I joy to hear this from you.
Cor. There's work within me; and so deep a
sense
Of my own shame and sorrow, that I feel
My heart already weeping out a bath
To make thee white again.
Clau. Sir, in what best
I understand, I must ask you forgiveness.
Cor. Ha! mine? for what? betraying thee to
darkness?
Clau. For disobeying your command.
Cor. Thou didst

The impious act by my design, which takes
Thy guilt away, and spreads the leprosy
Upon myself.
Clau. Although you kill me, sir,
I must remove the cloud, and let you see
Me as I am, not changed from my first innocence.
Cor. Possible?
Clau. Most easy, where there is
A chaste resolve; and I must tell you, sir,
Although I wanted courage to oppose
Your passion, when your reason and religion
Were under violence of your will, my heart
Resolved to try my own defence, and rather
Than yield myself a shameful spoil to lust,
By my own death to quit my name from scandal;
But Providence determined better for me,
And made me worth a stranger's piety,
Whom your choice meant the ruin of my honour.
If this want entertainment in your faith,
'Tis peace to my poor heart that I have many
White witnesses in heaven.
Cor. [*comes forward.*]—You have done no feats then?
My wife is chaste.
Flo. I cannot, sir, engage
My last breath to a nobler truth.
Cor. 'Tis so.—
You may withdraw, Claudiana. [*exit Clau.*]—By what
Has been express'd, though I am satisfied
You are not guilty in the fact, as I
Expected, 'tis not safe, when I consider
My own fame in the story, that you live, sir.
I must not trust you longer with a secret
That, by my tameness may hereafter spread
The infamy abroad; there's no avoiding—
[*Shews a pistol.*
Flo. Then I must die?

Cor. Perhaps you have some hope
This engine may deceive me, and my fortune
Not coming better arm'd, give you the advantage
To use your strength upon my single person?
I know you are active, but I'll make sure work.
[*Exit.*

Flo. Till now I did not reach the precipice.
My heart would mutiny, but my hands are naked,
And can do nothing.—

Re-enter CORNARI *with Bravos, armed.*

A knot of murderers!—Arm me with a sword,
And let me die fighting against you all;
I'll say you're noble hangmen, and not throw
One curse among you.

Cor. I've one word to say, sir.—
Let none approach.— [*To the Bravos.*
The fatal doom I threaten'd is revers'd;
Throw off your wonder, and believe you may
Live long, if not in Venice; and your safety
Is more confirm'd at distance. You are noble,
An honour to your nation. Here is gold;
I know not how you may be furnish'd, sir,
For travel hence; bills of exchange may fail,
These will defray a present charge; betray
No wonder; take it. [*Gives him money.*

Flo I'll accept your bounty,
And will not ask to whom I owe all this;
Forgive me that I thought you not so honourable;
So, when you please, I'll take my leave.

Cor. Not yet.
By such attendants as you came to me,
I have provided, sir, for your departure.—
Your duties, gentlemen; you know my purpose.
[*The Bravos blind him, bind and cover him as before, and carry him off.*

Re-enter CLAUDIANA.

Cor. Resume thy place within my soul, Claudiana;
When I have done my sorrow for what's past,
We'll smile, and kiss for ever.

Enter a Servant *with a letter.*

Serv. A letter, sir.
Cor. From whence?
Serv. Your nephew, now a prisoner.
Cor. Let him rot!
And give [him] back the paper-kite.
Serv. The messenger is gone.
Cor. Then he expects no answer.
[*Takes the letter and gives it to Claudiana.*
Clau. You may read it.
Cor. [reads.]—*Sir, I send not to you for relief, nor to mediate my pardon; I have not lived after the rate, to deserve your bread to feed me, nor your breath to save me. I only beg that you would put me into your prayers, and forgiveness; and believe, I do not wish life, but to redeem myself from past impieties, and satisfy, by a repentance, the dishonours have been done to you, by the worst of men*—
MALIPIERO.
This is not his usual style.
Clau. This miracle may be.
Cor. I do want faith.
Clau. And sent a blessing to reward our penitence.
Heaven has a spacious charity.
Cor. Thou art all goodness. [*Exeunt.*



SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter Bravos with FLORELLI; *they lay him down, uncover and unbind him, and exeunt; Florelli rises.*

Flo. Sure this is gold!

Enter three Gentlemen.

Omnes. Florelli!
Flo. The same.
1 *Gent.* Thy looks are wild.
2 *Gent.* Where, in the name of wonder, hast thou been?
Flo. I am dropp'd from the moon.
3 *Gent.* The moon!
Flo. I was snatch'd up in a whirlwind,
And dined and supp'd at Cynthia's own table,
Where I drank all your healths in nectar, gentlemen.
Do you want money? If you have a mind
To return viceroys, let's take shipping instantly.
1 *Gent.* And whither then?
Flo. For new discoveries;
A cloud will take us up at sea.
2 *Gent.* 'Tis morning.
Flo. To drink, and then aboard; no matter whither;
I'll keep this for a monument.
3 *Gent.* That bag?
Flo. Do not profane it; 'twas Endymion's pillow,
Stuff'd with horn shavings of the moon: it had
The virtue, when she clapp'd it o'er my head,
To bring me thence invisible through the air;
The moon does mobble up herself sometimes in't.

Where she will shew a quarter face, and was
The first that wore a black bag.
1 *Gent.* But dost hear?
Flo. No inquisitions; if you will leave Venice,
Let's drink, and spoom away with the next vessel:
A hundred leagues hence, I may tell you wonders.
Here is a chime to make king Oberon,
[*Shews the gold.*
Queen Mab, and all her fairies turn o' the toe, boys.
2 *Gent.* He's mad, I think. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter URSULA, ROBERTO, *and* GIOVANNI.

Urs. I could not sleep all this [long] night, for dreaming
Of my poor suckling.
Rob. Peace, I say, and wait
In silence, Ursula.
Giov. You may excuse me yet;
I would not see his excellence.
Urs. 'Tis not my meaning, boy, thou should'st appear,
Unless there be necessity; you may stay
I' the next chamber. [*Exit Giov.*

Enter a Courtier.

Urs. I beseech you, signior,
Is his grace coming forth?
Cor. Not yet.
Urs. I have an humble suit; I must deliver
A paper to his grace's own hand.
I hope his grace can read. [*Exit Cour.*
Rob. Why, how now, bag-piper?

Urs. Nay, there's no harm in it; what if he can [redacted]?
You will be talking.—
Did not I say I would speak all myself?
Rob. But, Urs, what do you think now will [redacted] become on's,
When you have told your tale? Though I am in—— nocent,
It will be no great credit, nor much comfort,
To see you whipp'd, my Ursula; I would be
Sorry, for my part, to peep through a pillory,
And have an even reckoning with my ears,
Having no more hair to keep warm and hide
The poor concavities.
Urs. Never fear it, husband.
Rob. I will so curse you, Ursula, and,
Once a day, bind your body to a pear tree,
And thrash your haunches till you stink again!
For aught I know, thou hast committed treason;
Look to't, and bring me off with all my quarters.
If I be maim'd, or cropp'd, I'll flay thee, Ursula,
And stuff thy skin with straw, and hang thee up,
To keep the fruit from crows; and after burn it,
To kill the caterpillars. Come, be wise in time,
And let Thomazo quietly be hang'd,
Or headed yet, and talk no more; he is
But one, and has a young neck to endure it.
We are old, and shall not shew with half the grace
Without our heads; 'twill be a goodly sight,
To see our faces grin upon two poles,
To tell the gaping world how we came thither,
To perch, and stink in unity! Be wise,
And leave Thomazo to the law.
Urs. Can you be so uncharitable? Oh, tyrant!—

Enter Duke *and* MARINO.

May it please your excellence, my husband and
Myself—

Rob. She has put me in already. [*Aside.*
Urs. Humbly beseech a pardon for our son.
Duke. Your son Giovanni? where is he?
Urs. He waits in the next chamber.
Duke. Call him in. [*exit Urs.*]—What is the fact?
It must be an offence next treason, if we
Deny him pardon.
Rob. I fear 'tis much about the matter. [*Aside.*

Re-enter URSULA, *with* GIOVANNI; *they kneel.*

Duke. What is the fact?—
Urs. We do beseech you grant a pardon first,
And then you shall know all.
Duke. That were preposterous justice.
Why dost thou kneel, Giovanni?
Giov. To beg your mercy, sir,
To him, for whom my mother kneels.
Duke. She asks thy pardon.
Giov. Mine? let me offend first.
Duke. He's innocent.
Urs. No matter what he says;
My husband knows it.
Rob. She'll make sure of me. [*Aside.*
Urs. And if your highness will but grant the pardon,
Your grace shall not repent, but thank me for
The blest discovery;—I'll not bribe your excellence,
But I will give you for it, what you'll hold
As precious as your dukedom.
Duke. The old woman
Raves. You had best send her to the house
Of the insani.
Rob. So! she's to be whipp'd already. [*Aside.*
Duke. What do you say, Roberto?
Rob. I say nothing;
But that I think my wife will hardly mend upon't.



Duke. Upon what?
Rob. On whipping, if it like your highness;
She cannot feel those small corrections:
I have taw'd hunting poles and hemp upon her,
And yet could do no good.
Urs. Let not your grace mind him; give me a pardon,
And if I do not make good all my promise,
You shall hang my husband, and flay me alive.
Duke. What's that paper?
Rob. Give't him; thou should'st have done this afore.— [*She gives a paper to the Duke.*
I am prepar'd; more bone and flesh upon me,
If the business come to a hanging, were a courtesy. [*Aside.*
Urs. Nay, it is there in black and white; you'll find it.
Giovanni is your son, that was the gardener;
And he that is in prison, poor Thomazo,
My lawfully begotten.
Duke. Chang'd in their infancy!
Urs. And since conceal'd, out of ambition
To see my own a great man.
Rob. I feel the knot under my ear. [*Aside.*
Urs. I durst not trust my husband.
Rob. That was not much amiss. [*Aside.*
Urs. He has not wit enough to keep my secrets.
Rob. Oh, what a blessing has that man, whose wife
Knows when to hold her peace! [*Aside.*
Mar. Sir, if we may compare their tracks of life,
I shall believe your nobleness liv'd there
In Giovanni, not suppress'd in poverty;
And their rude coarse condition, notwithstanding
The helps of education, (which seldom
Do correct nature,) in Thomazo's low
And abject spirit.
Duke. I'm too full; I must

Disperse my swelling joys, or be dissolv'd.—
Summon our friends; invite Bellaura hither.—
[*Exit Mar*
Art thou my son?
Giov. I would I were so blest.
I owed you duty, sir, before; and now
My knees incline with double force, to humble
The doubtful Giovanni.
Duke Let that name
Be lost; take all my blessings in Thomazo.
Urs. What think you of this, Roberto?
Rob. Why, I think
The duke is mad; and when he finds his wits,
He'll hang us both yet.
Duke. Now I find the reason
And secret of my nature.—But, tell me
What, after so long silence, made you now
Open the cloud that had conceal'd my son?
Rob. I know not, sir.—Now, Ursula.
Urs. The weakness of a woman, and a mother,
That would be loth to see her natural child
Die, like a bird upon a bough, for treason.
Nature will work: a mother is a mother;
And your son, by the opening of this riddle,
Restor'd, I hope all shall be well again.
Rob. Would I were fair wash'd yet out of my pickle!
Urs. What think you now?
Rob. I wish I could not think.

Enter Senators *and* CORNARI.

Cor. We hear of wonders, sir.
Duke. This is my son.
Cor. With our most glad embraces let us hold you.
Giov. Ever a servant to your gravities.
Rob. The sky clears up.

Re-enter MARINO, *with* BELLAURA.

Duke. Bellaura, now receive not Giovanni,
But Contarini's son, my dear Thomazo.
Bell. My heart hath wings to meet him.
Giov. Oh, my happiness!
Duke. Pause a little.
Rob. I melt again, Ursula; the duke points at us,
And carries fireworks in his eyes.
Duke. Though we did grant a pardon for your son,
You are subject to the censure of our laws
For this imposture.
Rob. I knew 'twould come. Now, tell-tale, will you beg
The favour we may hang till we be dead?—
Sweet Giovanni Thomazo, speak for us.—
Not guilty, my lord,—I am not guilty;
Spare me; and let my wife be burn'd, or hang'd,
Or drown'd, or any thing you shall think fit;
You shall find me reasonable. Who shall beg our pardon?
Urs. Mercy! oh, mercy!
Giov. Let me beseech you for their pardon, sir;
They always used me civilly.
Bell. Let me join.
Sen. And all of us; this is a day of triumph.
Duke. It shall be so.
Rob. A jubilee! a jubilee! here comes Thomazo.
I shall speak treason presently.
Urs. Now heaven preserve your sweet graces!

Enter THOMAZO *and* MALIPIERO.

Tho. Mercy, oh, mercy, my indulgent father!
Urs. Art thou come, boy?
Tho. Boy? stand away, good woman.

Urs. I have procur'd thy pardon, marry have I, child.
Tho. I would 'twere true; thou wert ever a loving crone.
Rob. You may believe her, son.
Tho. Son! the old fellow's mad.
Urs. I say thou art pardon'd.
You must kneel to me, now, and this good old man,
And ask us blessing.
Mar. Your name is prov'd Giovanni, now; the duke
Has found another son.
Tho. What shall become of me?
Duke. You shall be only punish'd to return,
And dig as he hath done, and change your name
To Giovanni. Nature was not willing
You should forget your trade.—Where's my Thomazo?
Tho. Are you my father?
Rob. So my wife assures me.
Tho. Are you my mother?
Urs. Ay, my dear child.
Tho. And you signior Thomazo, that was I?
Giov. And you Giovanni, with the inside outward.
Tho. And must I be a gardener? I am glad on't.
Pray give me a couple of blessings, and a spade,
And fico for this frippery! I'll thank
My destiny, that has yet kept my thread
To a better use than hanging.
Cor. Let nothing
Of punishment profane this day. I must
Implore your mercy upon this young man,
[*Pointing to Malipiero.*
Whose future life may recompense his past
Impieties, and make him serviceable
To honour, and good men.
Duke. You shew a charity,

If I have heard a truth in some sad stories.
He's your's, and pardon'd.

Mal. You're a miracle
Of goodness; 'tis too much to look upon,
Whom I have with such impudence offended.
Command me, sir, abroad, until by some
Years well employ'd, a penance for my crimes,
I may be thought one worthy to be own'd
Your kinsman.

Duke. Again welcome, my Thomazo,
My dearest pledge; till now I was no father:
In him, the want of hope my thoughts oppress'd;
In thee, my fortunes and my name are blest.

[*Exeun*



THE

POLITICIAN.

THE POLITICIAN.] This drama does not appear to have been licensed by the Master of the Revels; but as it was written for the house in Salisbury Court, and published at the same time with the two other pieces we possess, which Shirley wrote for that theatre, viz. *the Changes, or Love in a Maze*, and *the Gentleman of Venice*, I am inclined to assign as the time of its first appearance, a date not later than 1639. Indeed it is possible that it may have been represented while the poet was in Ireland, and to this circumstance may also be owing the absence of a prologue in the old copy. It was not printed till 1655; the title is: *The Polititian, a Tragedy, Presented at Salisbury Court by her Majesties Servants; Written by James Shirley.*

Langbaine says he had read a story resembling the plot, in the first book of the countess of Montgomery's *Urania*.

TO THE

VERY MUCH HONOURED

WALTER MOYLE, ESQ.

SIR,

THOUGH the severity of the times took away those dramatic recreations, (whose language so much glorified the English scene,) and perhaps looking at some abuses of the common theatres, which were not so happily purged from scurrility and under-wit, (the only entertainment of vulgar capacities,) they have outed the more noble and ingenious actions of the eminent stages; the rage yet hath not been epidemical. There are left many lovers of this exiled poesy, who are great masters of reason, and that dare conscientiously own this musical part of human learning, when it is presented without the stains of impudence and profanation.

Among these persons, sir, you deserve an honourable inscription. For my own part, this is the last which is like to salute the public view in this kind; and I have only to say, that I congratulate my own happiness to conclude with so judicious a patron.

To make a doubt of your fair receiving this piece, were to dishonour your character, and make myself undeserving. Read at your leisure, what is humbly presented to your eye and judgment, while I preserve my confidence in your virtue, and good thoughts upon,

Sir,

the most humble honourer

of your worth,

JAMES SHIRLEY.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

King of Norway.[1]
Gotharus, THE POLITICIAN.[2]
Turgesius, *the prince.*[3]
Duke Olaus, *the king's uncle.*[4]
Haraldus, *son to* Marpisa.[5]
Reginaldus, Aquinus, } *captains.*
Hormenus, Cortes, } *honest courtiers.*
Sueno, Helga, } *court parasites.*
Physicians.
Servant to Gotharus.
Soldiers, Rebels, Attendants, Petitioners, Officers.

Marpisa, *the queen.*[6]
Albina, *wife to* Gotharus.[7]
Waiting-woman to Albina.

SCENE, the Capital of Norway.

* The 4to. has, as in the preceding play, "The names and small Characters of the Persons:—the "small characters" are as under:

[1] Easy and credulous in his nature, and passionately doting upon queen Marpisa.

[2] Active to serve his pleasures and ambition, a great favourite of the queen.

[3] Of a gallant disposition, and honoured by the soldier.

[4] Old, choleric, and distasted with the court proceedings; disaffected to Gotharus and the queen, but resolute and faithful to the prince.

[5] Young, of a sweet and noble disposition, whom Gotharus would form more bold, and ambitious for the greatness he had designed.

[6] A proud, subtle, and revengeful lady; from the widow of count Altomarus advanced to royal condition, by the practice of her creature and confident, Gotharus.

[7] A virtuous but suffering lady, under the tyranny of an imperious and disloyal husband.



THE

POLITICIAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter CORTES *and* HORMENUS.

Cor. It was a strange and sudden marriage.
Hor. Could he not love her for the game, and so forth,
But he must thus exalt her? no less title
Than queen, to satisfy her ambition?
Cor. 'Tis a brave rise!
Hor. I did not prophesy,
When the honest count, her husband, Altomarus,
Lived, she would bring us on our knees.
Cor. I hope
She'll love the king for't.
Hor. And, in his absence,
Gotharus, the king's minion, her old friend:
He has done this royal service; beside, what
Rests on accompts in her old husband's days.
I do suspect her son, Haraldus, was
Got with more heat and blood, than Altomarus'
Age could assure her; but he's dead.
Cor. God be with him!
Although I will not make oath for her chastity,

That boy's good nature is an argument
To me, Gotharus had no share in him:
He's honest, of a gentle disposition,
And, on my conscience, does pray sometimes.

Enter GOTHARUS, *with a letter.*

Hor. No more; we have a wolf by the e[illegible]r.
What news
From hell? He cannot want intelligence, he ha[illegible]
So many friends there.—He's displeas'd; there[illegible]s
Some goodness in that letter, I will pawn
My head, that makes him angry.

Enter some with petitions, Gotharus frowns upon them; they retire hastily.

How his frown
Hath scatter'd them like leaves! they fly from h[illegible]m
As nimbly as their bodies had no more weight
Than their petitions. I would give an eye-toot[illegible],
To read but three lines.
Goth. Curse upon his victory!
I meant him not this safety, when I wrought
The king to send him forth to war; but hoped
His active spirit would have met some engine,
To have translated him to another world:
He's now upon return. [*Ex*[illegible].
Hor. Would I had but
The harrowing of your skull! My genius gives m[illegible]
That paper is some good news of the prince;
I would I knew it but concern'd him!
Cor. 'Twas
My wonder, the king would send his son abroad,
To wars, the only pledge of his succession.
Hor. He had a counsellor, this Politician,
That would prefer the prince to heaven, a place
His lordship has no hope to be acquainted with.

The prince, and his great-uncle, duke Olaus,
Would not allow these pranks of state, nor see
The king betrayed to a concubine;
Therefore, it was thought fit they should be engag'd
To foreign dangers.

ALBINA *and her Waiting-woman cross the stage.*

'Tis madam Albina,
Our great man's wife.
Cor. The king did seem to affect her,
Before he married her to his favourite.
Hor. Dost think she's honest?
Cor. I'll not stake my soul on't;
But I believe she is too good for him,
Although the king and she have private conference.
Hor. She looks as she were discontent.
Cor. She has cause,
In being Gotharus' wife. Some say she lov'd him
Most passionately.
Hor. 'Twas her destiny:
She has him now, and if she love him still,
'Tis not impossible she may be a martyr;
His proud and rugged nature will advance
Her patience to't.

Enter HELGA *and* SUENO.

Hel. Avoid the gallery.
Sue. The king is coming.—Oh, my lord, your pardon.
Nay, we must all obey.
Cor. I never liked
This fellow.
Hor. He is one of fortune's minions:
The love of the choice ladies of the laundry;
That's one that draws in the same team, but more

Inclin'd to the knave; he is a kind of pendant
To the king's ear, an everlasting parasite.
The king! Albina return'd with him!
[*Exeunt Cor. and Hor.*

Enter King *and* ALBINA.

King. Leave us.— [*Exeunt Sue. and Hel.*
You are most unkind to yourself, in my opinion;
You know well who I am, and what I have
Advanced you to. Neither in virgin state,
Nor marriage, to allow your king a favour?
Alb. Sir, let the humble duty of a subject,
Who shall with zealous prayers solicit heaven
For you, and your fair queen—
King. Had you been wise,
That might have been your title; but the god
Of love had with his arrow so engraven
Gotharus in your heart, you had no language
But what concern'd his praise, scarce any thought
At liberty. I did imagine, when
I had compassion of your sufferings,
And gave you a fair bride to my Gotharus,
You would not lose the memory of my benefit,
But (now in state, and nature to reward it,)
Consented to return me love.
Alb. Be pleas'd
To excuse the boldness of one question.
King. Be free, Albina.
Alb. Do not you love my husband?
King. There wants no testimony; beside the rest,
My giving thee to him, dear to my thoughts,
Is argument I love him.
Alb. Would you take
Me back again? you but betray'd his faith,
And your own gift, to tempt me to forsake him.
King. You are more apprehensive; if you please,
He shall possess you still; I but desire

Sometimes a near and loving conversation;
Though he should know 't, considering how much
I may deserve, he would be wise enough
To love thee ne'er the worse: he's not the first
Lord that hath purchas'd offices by the free
Surrender of his wife to the king's use;
'Tis frequent in all commonwealths to lend
Their play-fellows to a friend.

Alb. Oh, do not think
Gotharus can be worth your love, to be
So most degenerate, and lost to honour.
You have a queen, to whom your vow is sacred;
Be just to her; the blessing is yet warm
Pronounced by th' holy priest; stain not a passion
To wander from that beauty, richer far
Than mine: let your souls meet, and kiss each other,
That while you live the examples of chaste love,
(Most glorious in a king and queen,) we may
Grow up in virtue by the spring of yours,
Till our top-boughs reach heaven.

King. You are resolv'd then
We must be strangers? Should my life depend
On the possession of your bosom, I
Should languish and expire, I see.

Alb. Good heaven
Will not permit the king want so much goodness,
To think the enjoying of forbidden pleasure
Could benefit his life; rather let mine
Ebb at some wound, and wander with my blood,
By your command ta'en from me. On my knee—
[*Kneels.*

King. Rise; I may kiss, Albina— [*Kisses her.*

Enter behind GOTHARUS.

Goth. Ha!

King. 'T has shot
Another flame into me. Come, you must—

Alb. What?
King. Be a woman; do't, or I'll complain.
Alb. To whom?
King. Thy husband.
Goth. Horror!
King. Think upon't. [*Exit.*
Alb. What will become of miserable Albina?
Like a poor deer, pursu'd to a steep precipice,
That overlooks the sea, by some fierce hound.
The lust of a wild king doth threaten here,
Before me; the neglects of him I love,
Gotharus, my unkind lord, like the waves,
And full as deaf, affright me.
Goth. [*coming forward.*]—How now, madam?
Come, can you kiss? [*Kisses her.*
Alb. Kiss, sir?
Goth. What difference
Between his touch and mine now? his, perhaps,
Was with more heat, but mine was soft enough.
What has he promis'd thee? but that's no matter;
Thou wilt be wise enough to make thy bargain:
I father all; only the king shall give it
A name; he'll make it master of a province.
Alb What means my lord?
Goth. Thou think'st I am jealous now; not I;
I knew
Before, he doated on thee; and it is
To be presum'd, having a veil to hide
Thy blushes, (I do mean our marriage,)
Thou may'st find out some time to meet, and mingle
Stories and limbs; it may be necessary.
And 'cause I will be dutiful to the king,
We will converse no more abed; I'll be
Thy husband still, Albina, and wear my buds
Under my hair close, like a prudent statesman.
But 'twere not much amiss, as I advis'd
Before, and these new premises consider'd,

You appear abroad with a less train; your wardrobe
Will make you more suspected, if it be
Too rich; and some whole days to keep your chamber,
Will make the king know where to find you certain.
Alb. Will you have patience, my lord, to hear me?
Goth. The world doth partly think thee honest too;
That will help much, if you observe good rules
And diet, without tedious progresses,
And visiting of ladies, expert in
Night revels, masques, and twenty other torments
To an estate. Your doctors must be left too;
I will not pay a fee to have your pulse
Felt, and your hand roll'd up like wax, by one
Whose footcloth must attend, while he makes legs,
And every other morning comes to tell
Your ladyship a story out of Aretine;
That can set you a longing for diseases,
That he may cure you, and your waiting-woman,
(Whose curiosity would taste your clyster,)
Commend the operation from her stomach.
Should you be sick, and sick to death, I would
Not counsel you to physic. Women are
Frail things; and should a cordial miscarry,
My conscience would be arraign'd, and I
Might be suspected for your poisoner.
No, no, I thank you; you are in a fine course
To ease me, wife; or, if you must be loose
I' the spring and fall, let the king bear the charges:
He will, if you apply yourself.
Alb. I am wretched!
Why do you, without hearing, thus condemn me?
The lady lives not with a purer faith
To her lov'd lord, than I have; nor shall greatness,
Nor death itself, have power to break it. [*Weeps.*

Goth. Come,
These are but painted tears: leave this. Have you
Prepar'd your last accompts?
Alb. They are ready, sir.—
Never was lady slav'd thus like Albina.
A stipendiary! worse, a servile steward,
To give him an accompt of all my expenses!
Goth. I'll have it so, in spite of custom's heart,
While you are mine; accountless liberty
Is ruin of whole families. Now leave me;
We may talk more anon. [*exit Alb.*]—I have observ'd
This privacy before. Search here, Gotharus;
'Tis here from whence mutinous thoughts, conspiring
With witty melancholy, shall beget
A strong-born mischief. I'll admit she be
Honest; I love her not; and if he tempt her
To sin, that's paid him back in his wife's looseness,
From whom I took my first ambition,
And must go on, till we can sway the kingdom,
Though we climb to't o'er many deaths. I first
Practise at home; my unkindness to Albina,
If she do love me, must needs break her heart.

Enter HARALDUS.

Har. My honour'd lord.
Goth. Most dear Haraldus, welcome,
Preciously welcome to Gotharus' heart!
Har. The queen, my mother, sir, would speak with you.
Goth. How excellently do those words become thee!
'Tis fit Haraldus' mother be a queen;
Thou'rt worth a princely fate. I will attend her.
Har. I'll tell her so.

Goth. 'Tis not an office for you.
Har. It is my duty, sir, to wait upon
My mother.
Goth. Who i' the court is not your servant?
You do not exercise command enough;
You are too gentle in your fortunes, sir,
And wear your greatness as you were not born
To be a prince.
Har. My birth, sure, gave me not
That title; I was born with the condition
To obey, not govern.
Goth. Do not wrong those stars,
Which, early as you did salute the world,
Design'd this glorious fate. I did consult,
And in the happy minute of thy birth,
Collect what was decreed in heaven about thee.
Har. Those books are 'bove my reading; but whate'er
My stars determine of me, 'tis but late
I heard my mother say, you are on earth,
To whom I am most bound for what I am.
Goth. 'Tis a shrewd truth, if thou knew'st all. [*Aside.*
Har. You have
Been more a father than a friend to us.
Goth. Friend to thy mother, I confess, in private,
The other follows by a consequence.— [*Aside.*
A father, my Haraldus! I confess
I was from thy nativity inclin'd
By a most strange and secret force of nature,
Or sympathy, to love thee like my own;
And let me tell thee, though thy mother had
Merit enough to engage my services,
Yet there was something more in thee consider'd,
That rais'd my thoughts, and study to advance
Thee to these pregnant hopes of state: methinks
I see thee a king already.
Har. Good sir, do not

Prompt me to that ambition; I possess
Too much already; and I could, so pleas'd
My mother, travel where I should not hear
Of these great titles: and it comes now aptly,
I should entreat your lordship to assist me
In a request to her. I know she loves you,
And will deny you nothing; I would fain
Visit the university for study;
I do lose time, methinks.

Goth. Fie! Haraldus;
And leave the court? How you forget yourself!
Study to be king. I shall half repent my care,
If you permit these dull and phlegmatic
Thoughts to usurp; they'll stifle your whole reason.
Catch at the sun, divest him of his beams,
And in your eye wear his proud rays; let day
Be when you smile; and when your anger points,
Shoot death in every frown. Covet a shade,
Affect a solitude, and books, and forfeit
So brave an expectation!

Har. Of what?

Goth. Of Norway's crown.

Har. Could there be any thought
Within me so ambitious, with what hope
Could it be cherish'd, when I have no title?

Goth. I, that have thus far studied thy fortune,
May find a way.

Har. The king—

Goth. Is not immortal while he has physicians.

Har. What's that he said?—The king is happy;
And the whole nation treasure up their hopes
In prince Turgesius, who, with his great-uncle,
Valiant Olaus—

Goth. Are sent to the wars, where 'twill concern them
To think of fame, and how to march to honour
Through death.

Har. I dare not hear him. [*Aside.*

Goth. Or, if they
Return—
Har. They will be welcome to all good
Men's hearts; and, next the king, none with more joy
Congratulate their safeties than yourself.
I am confident, my lord, you will remember
To see my mother, and excuse me if,
To finish something else I had in charge,
I take my leave. All good dwell with your lordship! [*Exit.*
Goth. But that I have Marpisa's faith, I could
Suspect him not the issue of my blood;
He is too tame and honest:—at his years
I was prodigiously in love with greatness.—
Or, if not mine, let him inherit but
His mother's soul; she has pride enough and spirit
To catch at flames; his education
Has been too soft; I must new form the boy
Into more vice and daring. Strange we must
Study at court how to corrupt our children!

Enter MARPISA.

The queen!
Marp. My expectation to speak
With thee, Gotharus, was too painful to me;
I fear we are all undone; dost hear the news?
The prince is coming back with victory;
Our day will be o'ercast.
Goth. These eyes will force
A brighter from those clouds. Are not you queen?
Marp. But how Turgesius and his bold uncle
Will look upon me!
Goth. Let them stare out
Their eye-balls; be you mistress still of the
King's heart, and let their gall spout in their stomach;
We'll be secure.

Marp. Thou art my fate.
Goth. I must confess
I was troubled when I heard it first. Seem not
You pale at their return; but put on smiles
To grace their triumph. Now you have most need
Of woman's art, dissemble cunningly.
Marp. My best Gotharus!
Goth. They shall find stratagems in peace more fatal
Than all the engines of the war. What mischief
Will not Gotharus fly to, to assure
The fair Marpisa's greatness, and his own,
In being her's, an empire 'bove the world!
There is a heaven in either eye, that calls
My adoration; such Promethean fire
As, were I struck dead in my works, should'st thou
But dart one look upon me, it would quicken
My cold dust, and inform it with a soul
More daring than the first.
Marp. Still my resolv'd
Gotharus!
Goth. Let weak statesmen think of conscience,
I am arm'd against a thousand stings, and laugh at
The tales of hell, and other worlds; we must
Possess our joys in this, and know no other
But what our fancy every minute shall
Create to please us.
Marp. This is harmony.
How dull is the king's language! I could dwell
Upon thy lips; why should not we engender
At every sense?
Goth. Now you put me in mind,
The pledge of both our hopes and blood, Haraldus,
Is not well bred; he talks too morally;
He must have other discipline, and be fashion'd
For our great aims upon him; a crown never
Became a stoic. Pray let me commend
Some conversation to his youth.

Marp. He is thine.

Enter HELGA.

Goth. He shall be every way my own.
Hel. The king desires your presence, madam.
Marp. I attend.—You'll follow. [*Exit.*
Goth. Thee to death, and triumph in
My ruins for thy sake. A thousand forms
Throng in my brain; that is the best which speeds.
Who looks at crowns must have no thought who bleeds. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King, HORMENUS, CORTES, *and* SUENO.

King. This music doth but add to melancholy;
I'll hear no more.
Cor. He's strangely moved.
Hor. I cannot think a cause;
You were wont to fool him into mirth. Where's Helga,
Your dear companion? No device between you
To raise his thoughts?
Sue. I am nothing without my fellow,
Music is best in consort.
Hor. Your buffoonery
Is musical, belike?
Cor. Your jugglers cannot do some o' their tricks
Without confederacy.
Sue. I'll try alone.—
If't please your majesty, there is—

King. That, [*Strikes him.*
For your unseasonable and saucy fooling.
Hor. That was a musical box o' the ear.
King. Leave us!
Cor. 'Tis nothing without a fellow; he knows music
Is best in consort. [*Exit.*
Sue. Would you had your parts! [*Exit.*
King. Hormenus, you may stay.
Hor. Your pleasure, sir?
King. Men do account thee honest—
Hor. It is possible
I may fare the worse. [*Aside.*
King. And wise; canst tell the cause why I am sad?
Hor. Not I, sir.
King. Nor I myself. 'Tis strange I should be subject
To a dull passion, and no reason for it.
Hor. These things are frequent.
King. Sometimes ominous,
And do portend
Hor. If you enjoy a health,
What is in fate?
King. I am king still, am I not?
Hor. We are all happy in't;
And when time shall, with the consent of nature,
Call you, an old man, from this world to heaven,
May he that shall succeed you, prince Turgesius,
The glory of our hope, be no less fortunate!
King. My son;
I was too rash to part with him.
Hor. We should
Have thought his stay a blessing, and did wish
You would not have expos'd such tender years
To the rough war; but your commands met with
His duty, and our obedience.
King. It is very

Strange we of late hear no success; I hope
This sadness is not for his loss. He has
A kinsman with him loves him dearly.—'Tis
The queen.

Enter MARPISA *and* HELGA.

I feel my drooping thoughts fall off,
And my clouds fly before the wind; her presence
Hath an infusion to restore dead nature.—
My sweet, my dear Marpisa!

Marp. You sent for me.

King. I am but the shadow of myself without thee.

Re-enter CORTES *and* SUENO.

No wonder I was sad; my soul had placed
All her delight in these fair eyes, and could not
But think itself an exile in thy absence.
Why should we ever part, but chain ourselves
Together thus?

Sue. He's in a better humour, I hope.
I do not think but his majesty would cuff well;
His hand carries a princely weight.

Hel. A favour.

Sue. Would you might wear such another in your ear!

King. Come hither—on this side.

Sue. You were on that side before.

King. Would'st not thou lose thy life, to do a service
My queen would smile upon?

Sue. Alas! my life
Is the least thing to be imagin'd; he
Is not a faithful subject would refuse
To kill his wife and children, after that
To hang himself, to do the queen a service.

King. Come hither, Helga.

Hel. Royal sir.
King. What would
Affright thy undertaking, to deserve
The least grace from my queen?
Hel. I cannot tell;
But I have an opinion the devil could not
My life is nothing, sir; to obtain her favour,
I would hazard more: I have heard talk of hell;
So far she should command me.
Hor. Bless me, goodness!
What wretched parasites are these! how can
The king be patient at them! Here is flattery
So thick and gross, it would endure a hand-saw.
Cor. His judgment's, I fear, stupified.
Hor. Come hither;
Which of you can resolve what serpent spawn'd
you?
Sue. You are pleasant.
Hel. My good lord, it hurts not you;
There is necessity of some knaves; and so
Your lordship be exempted, why should you
Trouble yourself, and murmur at our courses?

Enter AQUINUS *hastily.*

Aqu. The king!
Hel. Peace!
Sue. Your business?
Aqu. News from the field!
Sue. Good?
Aqu. Good.
Hel. How?
Sue. How, prithee?
Aqu. The day, the field, the safety, O, the g
Of war is Norway's. Letters to the king!
Hel. Give them to me.
Sue. Or me.



Hel. Trust not a fool with things of consequence;
He's the king's mirth; let me present the news.
Sue. Sir, I should know you; this is a knave
Would take to him all the glory of your report;
If please you, let me present the letters.
Hel. My liege!
Sue. My sovereign!
Hel. News!
Sue. Good news!
Hel. Excellent news!
Sue. The prince—
Hel. The prince is—
Sue. The enemy is—o'erthrown.
Hel. They have lost the day.
Sue. Defeated utterly.
Hel. And are all slain.
Sue. Madam, will you hear the news?
King. Say on; what is't you would relate?
Hel. One of my creatures, sir, hath brought you letters: [*Aquinus delivers the letters.*
My servant, sir; one strengthen'd to your service
Out of my maintenance, an instrument of mine;
So please you to consider my duty in his service.
Aqu. Why, hark you, gentlemen; I have but mock'd
Your greedy zeals; there's no such matter in
Those letters as you have told; we have lost all,
And the prince taken prisoner. Will you not
Stay for the reward? You know I'm but your creature;
I look for nothing but your courtly faces
To pay my travel.
Hel. We will not appear yet. [*Exe. Hel. and Sue.*
Aqu. How the rats vanish!
King. Read here, my best Marpisa, news that makes
A triumph in my heart, great as the conquest

Upon our enemies.—Hormenus, Cortes,
Our son will prove a soldier.—Was my sadness
Omen to this good fate? or nature fear'd
The ecstacy of my joy would else o'ercome me?
They are return'd victorious.
Hor. Thanks to heaven!
King. And some reward is due to thee; wear that
For the king's sake. [*Gives him a ring.*
Aqu. You too much honour me.
King. But something in Marpisa's face shews not,
So clear a joy as we express.—Forbear;
Wait till we call. [*exeunt Cor. Hor. and Aqu.*]—
Can this offend my queen,
To hear of happiness to my son? O, let
Thy eyes look bright; their shine hath force to make
The wreath of laurel grow upon his temples.
Why dost thou weep? this dew will kill the victory,
And turn his bay to cypress.
Marp. Witness, heaven,
There's not a tear that mourns for him; his safety
And conquest is most welcome, and he shall
Have still my prayers he may grow up in fame,
And all the glorious fortunes of a prince:
But, while my wishes fly to heaven for blessings
Upon his head, at the same time I must
Remember in what miserable condition
My stars have placed me.
King. What can make thy state
Guilty of such a name, and so deject
Thy nobler thoughts? Am not I still the king,
And is not fair Marpisa mine by marriage?
Crown'd here my queen immortally?
Marp. Though I be,
By royal bounty of your love, possess'd
Of that great title, sir, I have some fears.

King. You amaze me! speak thy doubts at large.
Marp. The prince,
Dear to your love, and I still wish him so,
Dear to your people's hearts, I fear, will think
Our marriage his dishonour; and Olaus,
Your passionate uncle, no good friend of mine,
When he shall see to what a height your love
And holy vow hath rais'd me, most unworthy,
Will but salute Marpisa with his scorn;
And by his counsel, or some ways of force,
Unchain our hearts, and throw me from your bosom
To death, or, worse, to shame. Oh, think upon me,
And, if you have one fear that's kin to mine,
Prevent their tyranny, and give me doom
Of exile, ere their cruelty arrive:
I'll take my sentence kindly from your lips.
Though it be killing.
King. Let my son or uncle
Dare but affront thee in a look, I shall
Forget the ties of nature, and discharge them
Like the corruption in my blood.
Marp. I can
Submit myself to them; and, would you please
To allow my humbleness no stain to what
You have advanced me to, I can be their servant,
And with as true a duty wait upon them—
King. Thou art all goodness; twenty kingdoms are
Too little for thy dowry.—Who attends?—

Re-enter HORMENUS, CORTES, *and* AQUINUS.

Thus every minute I will marry thee,
And wear thee in my heart. [*kisses her.*]—Vanish the thought
Of all thy sex beside, and what can else
Attempt our separation! thou art obscure,
And livest in court but like a masking star,
Shut from us by the unkindness of a cloud,

When Cynthia goes to revels. I will have
A chariot for my queen, richer than e'er
Was shewn in Roman triumph, and thou shalt
Be drawn with horses white as Venus' doves,
Till heaven itself, in envy of our bliss,
Snatch thee from earth, to place thee in his orb,
The brightest constellation.

Cor. He dotes strangely!

King. Hormenus, Cortes, I would have you all
Search your inventions to advance new joys;
Proclaim all pleasures free; and while my fair
Queen smiles, it shall be death for any man
I' the court to frown. [*Exeunt King and Marp.*

Hor. You have not so much love i' the court, Aquinus.

Cor. How do you like the queen?

Aqu. Why, she's not married?
He does but call her so.

Hor. And lies with her.

Aqu. The prince yet knows it not.

Hor. He'll meet it, coming home.

Enter GOTHARUS.

Goth. Aquinus! [*Takes Aqu. aside.*

Aqu. Sir.

Goth. You brought letters from the camp?

Aqu. I did, my lord.

Hor. What, in the name of policy, is now hatching?
I do not like those fawning postures in him.
How kind they are!

Cor. That soldier is thought honest.

Hor. But if he cringe once more I shall suspect him;
That leg confirms he is corrupt already.

Goth. How does he like his father's marriage?

Aqu. We had no fame on't there when I set forth.

Goth. 'Twas strange and sudden; but we are all happy
In the good prince's health and victory:
The duke Olaus, too, I hope, is well?
Aqu. He was design'd, at my departure, to
Be here before the army.
Goth. He will be welcome.
You shall accept the price of a new armour;
And wherein any power of mine can serve you
I' the court, command.
Aqu. I am your lordship's creature.
[*Exeunt Goth. and Aqu.*
Hor. They are gone. I long to see the prince:
How do you think his highness will
Behave himself to his new mother-queen?
Will it be treason not to ask her blessing?
Cor. I am confident his uncle, brave Olaus,

Enter behind, HARALDUS.

Will not run mad for joy of the king's marriage.
Hor. Let them look to't, there may be alterations.
Har. They talk, sure, of my mother and the king.
Hor. Secure as they account themselves, the prince
Must be receiv'd, spite of Marpisa's greatness,
And all the tricks of her incarnate fiend,
Gotharus, who both plot, I fear, to raise
That [bastard] composition of their blood,
Haraldus—
Har. How was that?
Hor. The strange effect
Of their luxurious appetites; though in him,
Poor innocence, suspecting not their sin,
We read no such ambition.
Har. Oh my shame!

What have my ears receiv'd? am I a bastard?
'Tis malice that doth wound my mother's honour:
How many bleed at once! Yet, now I call
To memory, Gotharus, at our loving
Late conference, did much insult upon
The name of a father, and his care of me
By some strange force of nature. Ha! my fears
Shoot an ice through me; I must know the truth,
Although it kill me. [*Exit.*

Cor. Who was that? Haraldus?

Hor. I hope he did not hear us? Again Gotharus,
And the two squirrels? more devices yet.

Re-enter GOTHARUS, SUENO, *and* HELGA.

Sue. Let us alone, my lord, we'll quicken him.

Goth. You must use all your art to win him to't.

Hel. Let us alone to make him drink; we are
The credit of the court for that:
He's but a child, alas! we'll take our time.

Enter OLAUS, *attended by his Officers.*

Olaus. Hormenus.

Hor. My good lord Olaus, I
Joy in your safe return. How fares the prince?

Olaus. Well. Where's the king?

Hor. Kissing his new-made queen, Marpisa.

Olaus. Ha!
The king is married then?

Goth. Away! [*exeunt Sueno and Helga.*] The duke Olaus!—Sir—

Olaus. I am too stiff for complement, my lord;
I have rid hard— [*Exit.*

Goth. He has met the intelligence,
And is displeas'd with the state of things at home.

This marriage stings him; let it; we must have
No trembling hearts, nor fall into an ague,
Like children at the sight of a portent:
But, like a rock, when wind and waves go highest,
And the insulting billows dash against
Her ribs, be unmov'd. The king must be saluted
With other letters, which must counterfeit
The prince's character. I was his secretary,
And know the art. Malice inspire my brain,
To poison his opinion of his son;
I'll form it cunningly.—

Re-enter HARALDUS.

Ha! 'tis Haraldus. He looks sad.
Har. I dare not ask
My mother; 'twere a crime but one degree
Beneath the sinful act that gave me life,
To question her; and yet to have this fright
Dwell in my apprehension, without
The knowledge of some truth, must needs distract
My poor wits quite. 'Tis he! I will take boldness,
And know the worst of him. If I be what
I am already character'd, he can
Resolve my shame too well.
Goth. How is't, my lord?
Har. Never so ill, sir.
Goth. Art sick?
Har. Most dangerously.
Goth. Where?
Har. Here, at heart; which bleeds with such a wound,
As none but you can cure.
Goth. I'll drop my soul
Into it; shew me how I may
Be thy physician;—to restore thy blood,
I will lose all mine. Speak, child.
Har. This very love

Is a fresh suffering; and your readiness
To cure my sorrow is another wound.
You are too kind; why are you so? What is,
Or can be thought in me, fit to deserve it?
Goth. Thou dost talk wildly, to accuse me thus
For loving thee. Could the world tempt me here,
And court me with her glories to forsake thee,
Thus I would dwell about thy neck, and not
Be bought from kissing thee, for all her provinces:
There is a charm upon my soul to love thee,
And I must do't.
Har. Then I must die.
Goth. Forbid
It, gentler fates!
Har. If I could hear you wish
Me dead, I should have hope to live. Although
I would not willingly deserve your anger,
By any impious deed, you do not know
What comfort it would be, to hear you curse me.
Goth. He's mad. — Haraldus, prithee do not talk so.
Har. Or, if you think a curse too much to help me,
Yet rail upon me; but do't heartily, and call me—
Goth. What?
Har. Villain, or bastard, sir,
The worst is best from you.
Goth. Thou dost amaze me.
Har. Will you not for me?
Then, for my mother's sake, if you do love her,
Or ever did esteem her worth your friendship,
Let me entreat you draw your sword, and give me
Something to wear in blood upon my bosom;
Write but one letter of your name upon
My breast, I'll call you father. By your love,
Do something that may make me bleed a little.
Goth. By that I dare not, thou hast nam'd, Haraldus,—
A father.

Har. I but call you so; I know
You are a stranger to my blood; although
Indeed to me your great affection
Appears a wonder; nor can nature shew
More in a parent to a child; but if
I be—
Goth. What?
Har. I shall blush, sir, to pronounce it;
There's something that concerns my mother, will not
Give it a name; yet I would be resolv'd,
That I might place my duty right. If I
Must answer to your son, you may imagine
I shall no more ask you a reason why
You have been so kind to me, and to my mother.
Goth. Thou hast said it; thou'rt mine own; 'twas nature in me,
That could not hide the actions of a father.
Har. I am your base seed then?
Goth. Stain not thyself
With such a name; but look upon thy mother,
Now made a queen.
Har. You made her first a strumpet,
And it would ask the piety of her son,
To die upon that man that stole her honour.
Why did you so undo us? why did you
Betray my mother to this shame? or, when
She had consented, why should both your lusts
Curse my unsinning heart? Oh, I must be,
For your vice, scorn'd, though innocent!
Goth. None dare—
Har. I should not, by your virtue, have been sav'd.
Where shall I hide my life? I must no more
Converse with men—
Goth. Thou art too passionate.
Har. I will entreat my mother we may go
Into some wilderness, where we may find

Some creatures that are spotted like ourselves,
And live and die there; be companion
To the wild panther, and the leopard; yet
They are too good for [our] converse. We are
By our's defil'd; their spots do make them fair.
[*Ex*

Goth. 'Tis time that Sueno and his companio
Dispers'd these clouds. Now to the king, wi
whom,
If the queen's beauty keep her magic, then
Our engines mount, and day grows bright agen.
[*Ex*

ACT III. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King, MARPISA, OLAUS, REGINALDUS, AQ
NUS, *and* HELGA.

King. Uncle, I am glad to see you.
Olaus. I am not glad
To see you, sir;—
King. Not me?
Olaus. Consorted thus.
King. If Olaus be forgetful of good manners,
I shall forget his years and blood; be temperat
Olaus. There's something in your blood that w
undo
Your state and fame eternally; purge that.
You know I never flatter'd you; that woman
Will prove thy evil genius.
King. You're too saucy.
Olaus. Do not I know her [, sir]? was she not w
To the count Altomarus, a weak lord,

But too good for her; charm'd by the flattery
And magic of her face and tongue, to dote,
And marry her? Born of a private family,
Advanced thus, she grew insolent, and, I fear,
By pride and liberty, and some trick she had,
Broke her good husband's heart.

Marp. Sir, you much wrong me;
And now exceed the privilege of your birth
To injure mine.

Olaus. We all know you can plead
Your own defence; you have a woman's wit;
Heaven send you equal modesty; I am plain.

Marp. It would be held an insolence in others,
And saucy boldness in the sacred presence
Thus of the king, to accuse whom he hath pleas'd
To take companion of his bed; and though
It would become the justice of my cause
And honour, to desire these black aspersions
May be examin'd further, and the author
Call'd to make proof of such a passionate language,
(Which will betray his accusation was
But envy of my fortunes,) I remember
You're the king's uncle; and 'tis possible
You may be abus'd by some malicious tale,
Fram'd to dishonour me: and therefore I
Beseech you humbly, sir, to let this pass
But as an act in him of honest freedom—
Beside what else may give [him] privilege,
Being a soldier, and not us'd to file
His language, blunt and rugged ways of speech
Becoming his profession.

Olaus. Very good!
Although we have not the device of tongue,
And soft phrase, madam, which you make an idol
At court, and use it to disguise your heart;
We can speak truth in our unpolish'd words.
Thou art—

Marp. What am I?

Olaus. Not the queen.
King. She is
My wife, Olaus.
Olaus. I must never kneel to her;
Nor the good prince, your son, the hope of war,
And peace's darling, honour of our blood,
And worth a better kingdom than he's born to—
King. What of him?
Olaus. Must never call her mother.
King. Dare you instruct him
Against his duty? Leave us.
Olaus. You have lost
More honour in those minutes you were married,
Than we have gain'd in months abroad, with all
Our triumphs, purchas'd for you with our blood.
Is this the payment, the reward for all
Our faith? When thy young son, whose springing valour,
And name, already makes the confines tremble,
Returns like young Augustus, crown'd with victories,
Must a * * * stepdame first salute him,
And tread upon his laurel?
King. Leave the court.
Olaus. May it not prove an hospital! 'tis i' the way
To change a title; lust, and all the riots
Of license reeling in it, by th' example
Of one should least profane it. I am still
Olaus, and your father's brother.
Aqu. My lord.
King. Take heed
You do not talk your head off; we have scaffolds.—
But the old man raves.—Come, my Marpisa.
Olaus. Then I will talk. Threaten my head!
Command that parasite, that dares do most
In wickedness, to shew himself your servant;
Give him his engine, and his fee for hangman;
Let him take boldness but to move one hair

That withers on my head out of his posture,
He shall have more hope to o'ercome the devil
In single duel, than to 'scape my fury.
Aqu. Sir—
King. Our guard!
Olaus. Look you; I'll bring no danger to your person,
I love you too well; I did always use
To speak, your father lik'd me ne'er the worse;
And now I am cool again—You say you are married?
King. We are.
Olaus. Then, between you and I,—and let none hear us,—
To make yourself, your son, and kingdom prosper,
Be counselled to a divorce.
King. Not, not to save thy soul! My son's life added
To thine, and lives of all the army, shall
Be divorced from this world first. You are my father's
Brother; and if you love my son, your pupil,
So hopeful in your thoughts, teach him to come
More humbly to us, without thought to question
Our marriage, or I'll find a chastisement
For his rebellious heart, we will. [*Exit.*
Olaus. You must not.—I will not leave him yet. [*Exit.*
Reg. This freedom may engage his life to danger;
He is too passionate.
Aqu. He has said too much;
I'll venture speaking to him. [*Exit.*
Hel. He's alone;
Now to him.
Sue. Noble sir, I have a suit to you.
Reg. A courtier ask a suit of a soldier!
You'll wear no buff nor iron.

Sue. I come very impudently, and, I hope to thrive
The better for't: this gentleman, my friend,
A man of quality, and in some grace with
The king, hath laid a wager with me, of
Two hundred crowns, I dare not pull a hair
From your most reverend beard: now, if you please
To give me leave, I'll win the crowns, laugh at him,
And drink your health at supper.

Reg. A hair from my beard?

Sue. But one hair, if't shall please you.

Reg. Come, take it.

Sue. I have pull'd three, noble sir.

Reg. 'Twas more
Than your commission; there's one, [*kicks him.*]—
there's another, [*Again.*
And that will make you an upright courtier.
[*Strikes him.*

Hel. Ha! ha!

Sue. Sir, I beseech you—

Reg. Beg modestly hereafter; take within bounds;
You have small beard to play upon. 'Tis fit
My fist should make an answer to your wit. [*Exit.*

Sue. I have it to a hair.—The choleric duke again!
I am gone. [*Exit.*

Re-enter OLAUS *and* AQUINUS.

Aqu. Sir, you have been to blame.

Olaus. How dare you talk
To me, sir?

Aqu. 'Tis my duty; and I must tell you,
You have built too much upon him as a kinsman,
And have forgot the king.

Olaus. Take that for your impudence.
[*Strikes him with his cane, and exit.*

Aqu. I have it, and I thank you. [*Exit.*

Re-enter King *and* Marpisa, *followed by* Sueno.

Hel. They are gone, sir, but have left prints of their fury;
The angry duke has broke Aquinus' head,
For speaking dutifully on your behalf;
T'other mute man of war struck Sueno, sir.
Sue. I hear his language humming in my head still.
King. Aquinus? strike so near our presence?
Sue. Nay, these soldiers will strike a man, if he do not
Carry himself to a hair's breadth, I know that.
King. They shall repent this impudence.—Look up,
My dear Marpisa; there's no tempest shal
Approach to hurt thee. They have rais'd a storm
To their own ruins.

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. Sir, if you'll bring me
To the king, you shall do an office worth your labour;
I have letters will be welcome.
Hel. You must give
Me leave, sir, to present them from the prince.—
Most excellent sir, my sovereign.
Sue. Letters? If you have a chain of gold—
Hel. Go hang thyself.
[*Sold. gives Helga the letters, and exit.*
Sue. We will divide.
Hel. I am most fortunate to present you, sir,
With letters from the prince; and if your majesty
Knew with what zeal I tender these—
[*The King reads.*
King. Ha!

Hel. He frowns; where's the soldade? you'll go my half.

King. Who brought these letters? Where's the messenger?

Hel. He was here but now; he's vanish'd.

King. Vanish thou too, and creep into the earth!

Hel. I shall, sir.

King. The impudence of children! Read, Marpisa,
More letters from the proud ambitious boy.
He dares to give us precepts; and writes here,
We have too much forgot ourself, and honour,
In making thee our queen; puts on his grace
A discontent, and says, the triumph he
Expected, the reward of his young merit,
Will be ungloried in our sudden match,
And weak election.

Marp. This was my fear.

King. He threatens us, if we proceed, with his
Command and power i' the army. Raise new forces
To oppose them, and proclaim them rebels, traitors!

Marp. Sir, I beseech you, for the general good,
Temper your rage; these are but words of passion,
The prince will soon be sorry for't; suspect not
His duty. Rather than disgrace your son,
Divide me from your heart; the people love him.

King. I'll hate him for't.—Gotharus! where's Gotharus? [*Exit.*

Marp. This letter tastes of his invention;
He's active; it concerns us both.—Albina!—

Enter ALBINA.

Nay, you may forward, madam.

Alb. I beseech



Your pardon; I did hope to have found my lord
Gotharus here.
Marp. The king ask'd for him,
And is but new retir'd, who, I presume,
If he had known of your approach, would not
Have gone so soon.
Alb. I have no business, madam,
With the king.
Marp. Come, do not disguise it thus;
I am covetous to know your suit;
But I am confident he will deny
You nothing, and your husband is of my
Opinion lately.
Alb. By your goodness, madam,
Let me not suffer in your thoughts. I see
There is some poison thrown upon my innocence;
And 'tis not well done of my lord Gotharus,
To render me to your suspicion
So unhappy. 'Tis too much he has withdrawn
His own heart; he will shew no seeds of charity,
To make all others scorn me.
Marp. If he do,
You can return it; but take heed your ways
Be straight to your revenge; let not my fame,
And honour, be concern'd with the least wound.
Alb. I understand not what you mean.
Marp. I cannot
Be patient, to hear the king commend
Your lip.
Alb. I am betray'd.
Marp. My phrase is modest.
Do not you love the king?
Alb. Yes, with the duty—
Marp. Of one that wants no cunning to dissemble
Her pride, and loose desires.
Alb. You are the queen.
Marp. What then?
Alb. I should else tell you 'tis ill done,

To oppress one that groans beneath the weight
Of grief already; and I durst take boldness
To say, you were unjust.
Marp. So, so!
Alb. I can
Contain no longer. Take from my sad heart
What hitherto I have conceal'd; (in that
You may call me dissembler of my sorrows;)
I am weary of my life, and fear not what
Your power and rage can execute. Would you
Had no more guilt upon your blood, than I
Have sin in my accounts that way! my lord
Gotharus would not be so unkind to me.
Marp. What's that you said so impudently, Albina?
Alb. What I did think should have consum'd me here
In silence; but your injuries are mighty;
And though I do expect to have my name
In your black register design'd for death,
To which my husband will, I know, consent,
I cannot, thus provok'd, but speak what wounds me.
Yet, here again I shut the casket up,
Never to let this secret forth, to spread
So wide a shame hereafter.
Marp. Thou hast waked
A lioness.
Alb. Death cannot more undo me;
And since I live an exile from my husband,
I will not doubt but you may soon prevail
To give my weary soul a full discharge
Some way or other; and i' the minute when
It takes her flight to an eternal dwelling,
I will forgive you both, and pray for you:
But let not your revenge be too long idle,
Lest the unmeasur'd pile of my affections
Weigh me to death before your anger comes,
And so you lose the triumph of your envies.

Marp. You shall not be forgotten, fear it not;
And, but that something nearer doth concern us,
You should soon find a punishment.—The king!
[*Exit, followed by Albina.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in the Same.

Enter King *and* GOTHARUS, *with letters.*

King. He struck Aquinus; Helga saw him bleed.
Goth. These are strange insolencies.—One go for Aquinus.—
Did Olaus bring these letters?
King. No, some spirit,
For he soon vanish'd. I have given my son
To the most violent men under the planets,
These soldiers.
Goth. And they'll cling to him like ivy;
Embrace him even to death.
King. Like brise to cattle
In summer, they'll not let him feed.
Goth. But make
Him fling, unquiet.
King. Most repineful, spleeny.
Goth. Ready to break the twist of his allegiance.
King. Which they fret every day.
Goth. These put upon his young blood discontents.
King. Dangerous—
Goth. Extremely dangerous.
King. Swell him up
With the alluring shapes of rule and empire.
Goth. And speak his strength with a proud emphasis,
Your's, with a faint cold-hearted voice. Were ever
Such peremptory lines writ to a father!

King. Thy counsel, while the danger's yet aloof.
Goth. Aloof! take heed; hills in a piece of
landscape
May seem to stand a hundred leagues; yet measure,
There's but an inch in distance! Oh, ambition
Is a most cunning, infinite dissembler,
But quick i' the execution.
King. Thy counsel.
Goth. He that aspires hath no religion;
He knows no kindred.
King. I ask for thy advice.
Goth. Have you not seen a great oak cleft
asunder
With a small wedge cut from the very heart
Of the same tree?
King. It frights me to apply it;
Oh my misfortune! this is torment, not
A cure.

Enter AQUINUS.

Goth. Aquinus.—Speak him gently, sir,
And leave me to encourage him in a service
Worth his attempt, and needful to your safety.—
Noble Aquinus, our good king has sense
Of the affront you suffered from his uncle,
And, as he is inform'd, for speaking but
The duty of a subject.
Aqu. This is true, sir;
I wear his bloody favour still; I never
Took any blow so long on trust.
King. I know
Thy spirit's daring, and it shall become
My justice to reward thy suffering.
A storm now hovers o'er my kingdom;
When the air is clear, and our sky fair again,
Expect, nay, challenge, we shall recompense
What thou hast suffer'd for us, with a bounty

Worth all thy merits; i' the mean time, apply
Thyself to my Gotharus, and be counsell'd. [*Exit.*
Aqu. My duty.
Goth. Thou hast no alliance to my blood;
Yet, if thou think'st I do not flatter thee,
I feel a friendly touch of thy dishonour,
The blow;—'twas not well done of duke Olaus.
Aqu. You great men think you may do what you please;
And if you've a mind to pound us in a mortar,
We must obey.
Goth. That law is none of nature's;
And this distinction of birth and royalty
Is not so firm a proof, but there are men
Have swords to pierce it through, and make the hearts
Of those that take this privilege from their blood,
Repent they were injurious.
Aqu. My sword
Was quiet when he beat me.
Goth. He did not, could not beat thee.
Aqu. 'Twas worse, he cudgell'd me; I feel it yet;
Nor durst I strike again.
Goth. It could not be
A tameness in thy spirit, but quick thought
That 'twas Olaus: not that in thy heart
There was no will to be reveng'd, for he
Is false to nature loves his injury;
But that there was no safety to return
Thy anger on his person.
Aqu. You're i' the right,
That frighted me.
Goth. For he is not reveng'd,
That kills his enemy and destroys himself,
For doing his own justice; therefore, men
That are not slaves, but free, (those we receive
Born and bred gentlemen in fair employments,)
That have, and dare bid high again for honour,
When they are wrong'd by men 'bove them in title,

As they are thought worthy a personal wound,
In that are rais'd and levell'd with the injurer ;[1]
And he that shall provoke me with his weapon,
By making me his enemy, makes me equal,
And on those terms I kill him. But there is
Another caution to wise men, who ought
To cast, and make themselves secure, that when
They have return'd full payment for their sufferings
In fame, they may be safe without a guard.

Aqu. That, sir, is the prudence.

Goth. Yet I can direct thee
To be reveng'd with safety ; unto this,
What, if I add therein, thou shalt do service
That will oblige the commonwealth, that groans
With fear of innovation, and make
The king thy friend, by one expense of courage?
And having nam'd the king thus, it must make
Thy thoughts secure from future loss, and in
The present act no danger.

Aqu. Sir, be clear ;
Make good what you have promis'd,
And see if I be frighted ; I have help'd
Many give up the ghost.

Goth. Olaus us'd
Thee basely: how much would the kingdom suffer
If he were dead, and laid into his tomb,
Perhaps a year sooner than nature meant,
To make his bones fit?

Aqu. I dare kill him, sir,
If I were sure the king would pardon me ;
That, in my own revenge, and any other
Whom he calls enemy, without exception ;
To this I am bound in conscience. Sir, there needs
No conjuration for this, nor art

[1] This long-drawn perplexed tissue of sophistry seems purposely calculated to bewilder the honest soldier. It may be read twice without being fully comprehended.

To heighten me; let me but hear the king
Will have it, and secure me.
Goth. Thou deserv'st him,
And may'st a statue, for our great deliverer;
Yet, now I have thought better on't, we may
Save trouble in Olaus' tragedy,
And kill him through another.
Aqu. Whom?
Goth. One that
Sits heavier on the king's heart, and dwells in it;
Such a disease, as, if no resolute hand
Cure him,—
Aqu. I'll be his surgeon.
Goth. When I name him,—
One that has had no will to advance thee
To thy deserts in wars; for all thy former
And thy late services, rewarded with
A dull command of captain! but, incens'd by
Olaus now, who rules his heart, less hope
To be repair'd in fortune.—
Alb. Let him be
The prince—
Goth. 'Tis he!
Aqu. It honours my attempt;
And while his father holds him disobedient,
I think him less than subject.
Goth. Disobedient!
Look there. [*Shews a letter.*
Aqu. This is the prince's hand.
Goth. But read his heart. [*Aqu. reads.*
Aqu. Impious! above the reach of common faith.
I am satisfied; he must not live; the way?
They would not trust me with his cup, to poison it.
Shew me the way.—The king and queen!
Goth. Let's study.

Enter King *and* MARPISA.

Marp. You have a faithful servant in Gotharus.

King. Upon his wisdom we depend.
Goth. I have it;
He shall die like a soldier; thus— [*Whispers.*
Marp. Their malice
Doth only aim at me; and, if you please,
To give me up a sacrifice to their fury—
King. Not for a thousand sons! my life and honours
Must sit with thine, Marpisa.
Aqu. Sir, 'tis done.
Goth. This act shall make thee great.—The king and queen!—
Look cheerful, royal sir, and think of honour
To crown the merit of this captain; let
No trouble shake a thought; he will deserve
Your bosom, sir.
King. He shall possess it.
How, my Gotharus?
Goth. Pray leave it to me;
It is not ripe yet for your knowledge, sir.
King. We'll trust thee.—Come, Marpisa.
Goth. Dearest madam!—
Come, Aquinus.
Aqu. I attend your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace: a banquet set out.

Enter HARALDUS, SUENO, *and* HELGA.

Sue. My lord, you honour us.
Hel. If we knew how
To express our duties,—
Har. No more ceremony;
Your loves engage me; if some discontents
Make me not seem unpleasant, yet, I must
Confess, I was more prompted to the acceptance,
In hope to cure a melancholy.
Hel. With your pardon,

Itdoes too much usurp on your sweet nature;
But if your lordship please, there is a way
To banish all those thoughts.
Har. I would call him doctor,
That could assure me that.
Sue. I am of his
Opinion, sir, and know the best receipt
I' the world for sadness.
Har. Prithee what?
Sue. Good wine.
Har. I have heard them talk so. If I thought there were
That operation—
Hel. Try, sir.
Sue. My humble duty!—
'Tis excellent wine! [*Drinks.*
Har. Helga.
Hel. Your lordship's servant.
Har. 'Tis pleasant.
Sue. It has spirit. Will you please [*Drinks.*
Another trial? that prepares more sweetness.
Health to the queen!
Har. I thank you. [*Drinks.*
Hel. With your pardon; fill to me;
Your grace should have it last.
Har. She is my mother.
Sue. She is our royal mistress; heaven preserve her!
Does not your lordship feel more inclination
To mirth? there is no spell 'gainst sorrow, like [*Har. drinks.*
Two or three cups of wine.
Hel. Nothing, believe't,
Will make your soul so active; take it liberally.
Har. I dare not trust my brain.
Sue. You never tried.
Hel. You'll never know the pleasure then of drinking;
I have drunk myself into an emperor.

Sue. In thy own thoughts.
Hel. Why, is't not rare, that wine,
Taken to the extent, should so delightfully
Possess the imagination? I have had my queens,
And concubines—
Har. Fine fancies!
Hel. The king's health!
Give me't in greater volume; these are acorns.—
Sueno, to thee! I'm sprightly but to look on't.
[*Drinks.*
Sue. What rare things will the flowing virtue raise,
If but the sight exalt you? to your grace,
The king's health. [*Drinks.*
Har. Let it come, I'll trespass once.
Hel. That smile became you, sir.
Har. This cup doth warm me; [*Drinks.*
Methinks I could be merry.
Sue. Will your grace
Have any music?
Har. Any thing.
Hel. Strike lustily. [*Music within.*
Har. I have begun no health yet, gentlemen.
Sue. Now you must honour us!
Har. Health to the prince!
Hel. That is your title, sir,
As you are son to a queen.
Har. My father was no king.
Father? I'll drown the memory of that name.
[*Drinks.*
Hel. The prince Turgesius' health.
Sue. He's not far off,
By the court computation. — Happiness now
To prince Haraldus' mistress!
Hel. With devotion.
Har. Alas, I am too young to have a mistress.
Hel. Sir, you must crown it.
Har. These are complements
At court, where none must want a drinking mistress.

Sue. Methinks loud music should attend these healths.
Har. So! shall we dance? [*Drinks.*
Hel. We want ladies.
Har. I am as light; [*dances.*]—thou shalt go for a lady.
Sue. Shall I?
Is not this better than to sigh away
Our spirits now?
Har. I'm hot.
Hel. A cup of wine
Is the most natural cooler.
Har. You are my
Physicians, gentlemen.
[*Drinks.*
Sue. Make it a health [, sir,] to my lord Gotharus;
I'll pledge it as heartily as he were my father.
Har. Whose father?
[*Throws the wine in Sueno's face.*
Sue. Mine, I said.
Har. Cry mercy.
Sue. Nay, 'tis but so much wine lost; fill it again.
Har. I'll drink no more.
Hel. What think you of a song?
Sue. A catch; to't boys!

SONG.

Har. Shall we to bed, gentlemen?
I did not sleep last night.
Hel. If your grace
Desire to sleep, there's nothing to prepare it
Like t'other cup.
Har. A health to both your mistresses! [*Drinks.*
Sue. You do us grace.
Hel. There's hope of his conversion.
Har. I am not well; what wheels are in my brains?
Philosophy affirms the earth moves not;

'Tis here, methinks, confuted.—Gentlemen,
You must be fain to lead me to some couch,
Where I may take a nap, and then I'll thank you.
I'll come again to-morrow.
Sue. Every day
For a twelvemonth.
Hel. That will make you a good fellow.
[*Exeunt, leading in Haraldus.*

SCENE III.

The Country.

Enter at one side, prince TURGESIUS, REGINALDUS, *and Soldiers marching; at the other,* OLAUS; *they salute, and whisper.*

Tur. You tell me wonders.
Olaus. 'Tis all truth; we must
Stand on our guard; 'tis well we are provided.
Tur. Is it not some device to make us fear,
That, at our entertainment, we may find
Our joys more spacious?
Olaus. There is some device in't.
Tur. It is not possible a father should
Be so unkind to his own blood and honour.
Olaus. My life was threatened.
Tur. Who durst threaten it?
Olaus. The king your father.
Tur. Oh, say not so, good sir.
Olaus. And, if you please him not with your behaviour,
Your head may be soon humbled to the axe,
And sent, a token of his love, to your stepdame,
The queen. I trifle not.
Tur. For what sins
Hath angry heaven decreed to punish Norway,
And lay the scene of wrath in her own bowels?

I did suspect, when none came forth to meet
Our victory, to have heard of some misfortune,
Some prodigies engendering. Down with all
Our pride of war! the garlands we bring home
Will but adorn us for the sacrifice;
And while our hairs are deck'd with flowers and ribands,
We shall but march more gloriously to death.
Are all good women dead within the kingdom,
There could be found none worth my father's love,
But one whose fame and honour are suspected?

Olaus. Would they were but suspected!

Tur. Marpisa?

Olaus. Her preferment was, no doubt,
Gotharus' act; for which, 'tis whispered,
She pays him fair conditions; while they both
Case up the king's eyes, or confine him to
Look through such cunning optics as they please.

Tur. I'll have his heart.

Olaus. But how will you come by it?
He's safe in the king's bosom, who keeps warm
A serpent, till he find a time to gnaw
Out his preserver.

Tur. We had died with honour
By the enemy's sword; something might have been read
In such a fall, as might have left no shame
Upon our story, since 'tis chance of war,
Not want of valour, gives the victory:
This shipwrecks all, and eats into the soul
Of all our fame; it withers all the deeds
Is owing to our name.

Enter CORTES.

Cor. Health to the prince!

Olaus. Cortes, welcome! what news?

Cor. These letters will inform his highness.

Olaus. Sent from the king, Cortes? has he thought upon't?
Are we considerable at last; and shall
The lady gewgaw, that is perch'd upon
His throne, be counsell'd not to take too much
Upon her? Will Gotharus give us leave
To be acquainted with the king again? ha!
Cor. These letters came, sir, from Aquinus.
Olaus. How?
I hope he mentions not the broken pate
I gave him, and complains on't to the prince;
I may be apt to make him an amends
With such another.
Tur. Sir.
Olaus. What is the matter?
Tur. Read; I am planet-struck.—Cursed Gotharus!
What would the traitor have?
Olaus. 'Tis here, I take it; he would have you sent
Yonder, and has took order with Aquinus
For your conveyance hence, at both their charges;
But now you know the plot, you will not trust
Your life as he directs.
Tur. Not trust Aquinus?
Olaus. You are desperate. Hark you, I do suspect him,
And I have cause. I broke his head at court
For his impertinent counsel, when I was
In passion with the king. You shall not trust him;
This may be cunning to revenge himself;
I know he has a spirit. Come, you shall not
Be cheated of your life, while I have one
To counsel you.
Tur. Uncle, I am unmov'd.
He is a soldier; to that name and honour
I'll trust a prince's life; he dares not be
A traitor.

Olaus. I have read that one prince was
So credulous, and 'scaped; but Alexander,
Though he were great, was not so wise a gentleman,
As heaven, in that occasion, might have made him.
The valiant confidence in his doctor[1] might
Have gnawn his bowels up, and where had been
My gallant Macedonian? Come, you shall
Consider on't.

Tur. I am resolv'd already.
March to the city; every thought doth more
Confirm me: passion will not let you see,
Good uncle, with your pardon, the true worth
And inside of Aquinus; he is faithful:
Should I miscarry, 'tis my single life,
And 'tis obedience to give up our breath,
When fathers shall conspire their children's death.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter King *and* GOTHARUS.

Goth. You may surrender up your crown; 'twill shew
Brave on Turgesius' temples, whose ambition
Expects it.

King. Nay, Gotharus—

Goth. Has my care,

[1] This was an Acarnanian of the name of Philip. The *valiant confidence* of Alexander in taking the potion from the physician with one hand, while he delivered to him the charge of being bribed to poison him with the other, is the finest trait in the character of this extraordinary man.

Cast to prevent your shame, how to preserve
The glories you possess, by cutting off
A canker that would eat into your trunk,
And hinder your fair growth, and do you make
A scruple to be cured?
King. I did but mention,
And nature may excuse; he is my son.
Goth. The more your danger; when he dares be impious.
The forfeit of his duty, in this bold
And hostile manner to affright your subjects,
And threaten you with articles, is already
The killing of your honour, and a treason
Nature abhors, a guilt heaven trembles at;
And you are bound, in care of your own province,
To shew your justice, [sir,] and not be partial
To your own blood:—but let your kingdom suffer,
Her heart be torn by civil wars, 'tis none
Of mine! and let him, in the blood of many
Fathers, be made a king, your king, and you,
That now command, be taught obedience!
Creep to your child; exchange your palace for
A prison, and be humbled till you think
Death a preferment: I have but a life—
King. Which I will cherish; be not passionate,
And I consent to all thou hast [contrived:]
Thou art my friend.
Goth. I would be, sir, your honest surgeon;
And when you have a gangrene in your limb,
Not flatter you to death, but tell you plainly,
If you would live, the part so poison'd must be
Cut from your body.
King. And I will not shake
With horror of the wound, but meet my safety,
And thank my best preserver. But art sure
Aquinus will be resolute?
Goth. Suspect not;
He is my creature.

Enter HORMENUS.

Hor. The prince your son—
King. Is a bold traitor,
And they are rebels join with him!
Goth. What of
The prince, Hormenus?
Hor. He is very near
The city with his army.
King. Are the walls fortified?
Hor. They are.
King. We will not trust him, nor the ruffian
Olaus, that incendiary.
Goth. The queen!

Enter MARPISA.

Marp. O, sir!
King. There are more wounds in those sad accents,
Than their rebellion can give my kingdom.
Marp. My boy, my child, Haraldus!
King. What of him?
Marp. Is sick; is dying, sir.
Goth. Forbid it, heavens!
He was in health—
Marp. But, if I mean to see him
Alive, they say I must make haste.—
The comforts of my life expire with him. [*Exit.*
Goth. The devil's up in arms, and fates conspire
Against us.
King. Mischiefs tumble
Like waves upon us.
Hor. Sir, it will be necessary
You lend your person to direct what shall
Be further done i' the city. Aquinus hath
Charge of the gate and walls, that offer the
First view to the enemy,

King. He is trusty, and
A daring soldier.—What! at stand, Gotharus?
Goth. I was thinking of the queen, sir, and Haraldus,
And grieve for the sweet child.
King. Some fever. Would
My son were in his state! but soon we shall
Conclude his destiny, if Aquinus prosper.
But to the walls.
Goth. I attend. My very soul
Is in a sweat.—Hormenus.
Hor. I wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the Walls of the City.

Enter TURGESIUS, OLAUS, CORTES, REGINALDUS, *and Soldiers.*

Tur. The gates are shut against us.
Olaus. Let our engines
Tear them, and batter down the walls.
Tur. Good uncle,
Your counsel I obey'd i' the wars abroad;
We did there fight for honour, and might use
All the most horrid forms of death, to fright
Our enemies, and cut our way to victory;
But give me leave to tell you, sir, at home
Our conquest will be loss, and every wound
We give our country is a crimson tear
From our own heart. They are a viperous brood
Gnaw through the bowels of their parent: I
Will rather die without a monument,
Than have it bear my name, to have defaced
One heap of stones.

Enter on the walls, GOTHARUS, HORMENUS, *and* AQUINUS.

Cor. Gotharus on the walls?
Olaus. Hormenus and Aquinus? now a speech;
An 'twere at gallows, 'twould become him better.
Goth. Thus from my master, to the prince of Norway:
We did expect, and had prepar'd to meet
Your victory with triumphs, and with garlands
Due to your fate and valours entertain'd you;
Nor has your army sacrificed so many
Warm drops of blood, as we have shot up prayers
That you might prosper, and return the pledge
Of all our hope and glory. But when pride
Of your own fames, and conquest in a war,
Hath poison'd the obedience of a son,
And tempted you to advance your sword, new bath'd
In enemy's blood, against your country's bosom,
Thus we receive you, and declare your piety
And faith lost to your country, and your father.
Tur. My lord, all this concerns not me; we have
But done our duties, and return to lay
The trophies at his feet, whose justice did
Make us victorious, more than our owa valour:
And now, without all titles but his son,
I dare hell's accusation, to blast
My humble thoughts.
Goth. Sir, give us leave to fear,
Not your own nature, calm as the soft air,
When no rude wind conspires a mutiny—
Olaus. Leave rhetoric, and to the point. Why do not
The gates spread to receive us, and your joys
Shoot up in acclamations? I would have

Thy house give good example to the city,
And make us the first bonfire.
Goth. Good heaven knows
How willingly I would sacrifice myself,
To do a grateful service to the prince!
And I could wish, my lord, you were less passionate,
And not inflame his highness' gentle spirit
To these attempts.
Tur. I am ignorant, Gotharus,
Of what you mean. Where is the king, my father?
Aqu. Where a sad father is, to know his son
Bring arms against his life.
Tur. How now, Aquinus?
Olaus. Dare you be saucy? O, that gentleman
Is angry! his head aches with the remembrance of
My truncheon.
Aqu. It was a valiant act!
And did become the greatness of Olaus,
Who, by the privilege of his birth, may do
A wrong, and boast it.
Olaus. Shall these grooms affront us?
Tur. Have you commission to be thus insolent?
They do not know us?
Goth. Yes; and in our hearts
Bleed, that our fears of your unjust demands
Compel us to this separation.
Tur. Demands! Is it injustice for a son
To ask his father's blessing? By thy duty,
Gotharus, I command thee, tell my father
His son desires access; let me but speak with him.
Goth. I have not, in your absence, sir, neglected
What did become my service to your highness,
To take his anger off.
Tur. What riddle's this?
Goth. But let me, with a pardon, tell your grace,
The letters that you sent were not so dutiful.



You were to blame, to chide and article
So with a king, and father; yet, I said,
And pawn'd my conscience, 'twas no act of your's,
I mean entire; but wrought, and form'd by some
Rash spirits, to corrupt you with ambition;
Feeding your youth with thought of hasty empire,
To serve their ends; whose counsel all this while
Did sour that sweetness in you we all hoped for.

Olaus. Devices! more devices!

Tur. I am amaz'd;
And if the king will not vouchsafe me conference,
I shall accuse thy cunning to have poison'd
My father's good opinion.

Enter King *on the walls.*

Goth. Innocence
May thus be stain'd.—Pray let your justice clear me.

King. What would our son?

Tur. Thus pay his filial duty. [*Kneels.*

King. It is but counterfeit; if you bring no thought
To force our blessing,
In this rude manner how dare you approach?
Dismiss your soldiers.

Olaus. Not the meanest knapsack!
That were a way to bring us to the mercy
Of wolves indeed. Gotharus grinds his teeth
Already at us.

King. We shall talk with you, sir,
Hereafter.—I command thee, by thy duty
Thou ow'st a father, and a king, dismiss
Your troops.

Tur. I will.

Olaus. You shall not; that were fine!
So we may run our heads into their noose.
You give away your safety.

Tur. I will not

Dispute my power; let my entreat prevail
For their dismission.
Olaus. You may dismiss
Your head and mine, and be laugh'd at; these men
Are honest, and dare fight for us.
Tur. I know
Their love, and will reward it; dear, dear uncle!
Goth. How he prepares his tragedy! Aquinus,
Let not thy hand shake.
Aqu. I am resolute.
Goth. And I, for thy reward. [*exeunt Soldiers.*]
—'Tis done! the soldiers
Disperse already.
Olaus. If any mischief follow this,
Thank your credulity.
Tur. May I now hope for
Access?
King. Descend, Gotharus and Aquinus,
To meet the prince; while he contains within
The piety of a son, we shall embrace him.
Tur. When I degenerate, let me be accurs'd
By heaven and you.
Olaus. Are you not pale to think on't?
Tur. It puzzles me to think my father guilty.
Olaus. I do not like things yet.

Enter below, GOTHARUS; *as* TURGESIUS *goes out, a pistol is discharged within; he falls; then enter* AQUINUS.

Tur. O, I am shot! I am murder'd!
Olaus. Inhuman traitor! villain!
[*Olaus wounds Aquinus.*
Goth. So, so!
His hand has saved my execution: 'tis
Not safe for me to stay; they are both sped rarely!
[*Exit.*
Olaus. O, my dear cousin! Treason! treason!
King. Where?

Olaus. In thy own bosom; thou hast kill'd thy son.—
Convey his body; guard it safe; and this
Perfidious trunk, I'll have it punished
Past death, and scatter his torn flesh about
The world, to affright mankind.—Thou art
[*To the King.*
A murtherer! no blood of mine.
[*Exeunt, bearing the bodies.*

Re-enter GOTHARUS *above.*

Goth. 'Tis done,
And all the guilt dies with Aquinus, fall'n
By Olaus' sword most happily, who but
Prevented mine. This act concludes all fear.
King. He was my son; I must needs drop a tear.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

HARALDUS *on a couch, sick;* MARPISA, *and* Physicians.

Marp. It is not possible! he catch a fever
By excess of wine! he was all temperance.
1 *Phys.* He had a soft and tender constitution,
Apt to be inflam'd; they that are most abstemious,
Feel the disorder with more violence.
Marp. Where? who assisted him in this misfortune?
He had some company.
2 *Phys.* He was invited,
He says, by Sueno and Helga, to a banquet,
Where, in their mirth, they, careless of his health,
Suffered him drink too much.
Marp. They poison'd him!



Go apprehend the murderers of my child;
If he recover not, their death shall wait
Upon Haraldus. But, pray you, tell me, gentlemen,
Is there no hope of life? have you not art
Enough to cure a fever?
1 Phys. We find, madam,
His disease more malignant, by some thought
Or apprehensions of grief.
Marp. What grief?
You are all impostors, and are ignorant
But how to kill.
Har. Is not my mother come?
Marp. Yes, my dear son, and here shall weep myself,
Till I turn Niobe, unless thou giv'st me
Some hope of thy own life.
Har. I would say something,
Were you alone.
Marp. Leave us. [*exeunt Physicians.*]—Now, my Haraldus,
How is it with my child?
Har. I know you love me;
Yet I must tell you truth, I cannot live;
And let this comfort you, death will not come
Unwelcome to your son. I do not die
Against my will; and having my desires,
You have less cause to mourn.
Marp. What is't has made
The thought of life unpleasant, which does court
Thy dwelling here, with all delights that nature
And art can study for thee? Rich in all things
Thy wish can be ambitious of; yet all
These treasures nothing to thy mother's love,
Which, to enjoy thee, would defer awhile
Her thought of going to heaven.
Har. Oh, take heed, mother:
Heaven has a spacious ear, and power to punish

Your too much love with my eternal absence.
I beg your prayers and blessing.
Marp. Thou art dejected;
Have but a will, and live.
Har. 'Tis in vain, mother.
Marp. Sink with a fever into earth? look up;
Thou shalt not die.
Har. I have a wound within
You do not see, more killing than all fevers.
Marp. A wound! where? who has murder'd thee?
Har. Gotharus—
Marp. Ha! furies persecute him!
Har. Oh, pray for him!
It is my duty, though he gave me death,—
He is my father.
Marp. How? thy father!
Har. He told me so, and with that breath destroy'd me;
I felt it strike upon my spirits. Mother,
Would I had ne'er been born!
Marp. Believe him not.
Har. Oh, do not add another sin to what
Is done already; death is charitable,
To quit me from the scorn of all the world.
Marp. By all my hopes, Gotharus has abus'd thee;
Thou art the lawful burden of my womb;
Thy father, Altomarus.
Har. Ha!
Marp. Before whose spirit, long since taken up,
To meet with saints and troops angelical,
I dare again repeat, thou art his son.
Har. Ten thousand blessings now reward my mother!
Speak it again, and I may live; a stream
Of pious joy runs through me; to my soul
You have struck a harmony next that in heaven:

Can you, without a blush, call me your child,
And son of Altomarus? All that's holy
Dwell in your blood for ever! Speak it once,
But once again.
Marp. Were it my latest breath,
Thou art his, and mine.
Har. Enough; my tears do flow,
To give you thanks for't. I would you could resolve me
But one truth more: why did my lord Gotharus
Call me the issue of his blood?
Marp. Alas! he thinks thou art—
Har. What are those words?
I am undone again.
Marp. Ha!
Har. 'Tis too late
To call them back—*he thinks I am his son.*
Marp. I have confess'd too much, and tremble with
The imagination. [*aside.*]—Forgive me, child,
And heaven, if there be mercy to a crime
So black, as I must now, to quit thy fears,
Say I have been guilty of. We have been sinful;
And I was not unwilling to oblige
His active brain for thy advancement, by
Abusing his belief thou wert his own;
But thou hast no such stain: thy birth is innocent,
Or may I perish ever! 'Tis a strange
Confession to a child, but it may drop
A balsam to thy wound. Live, my Haraldus;
If not for this, to see my penitence,
And with what tears I'll wash away my sin.
Har. I am no bastard then?
Marp. Thou art not.
Har. But
I am not found, while you are lost;
No time can restore you. My spirits faint.
Marp. Will nothing comfort thee?

Har. My duty to
The king.
Marp. He's here.

Enter King.

King. How is't, Haraldus?—Death sits in his face.
Har. Give me your blessing, and within my heart
I'll pray you may have many. My soul flies
Above this vain world.—Good mother, close mine eyes. [*Dies.*
Marp. Never died so much sweetness in his years.
King. Be comforted; I have lost my son too;
The prince is slain.—How now?

Enter Officers, *with* HELGA.

Marp. Justice upon the murderer of my son!
This villain Helga, and his companion Sueno,
Have kill'd him. Where's the other?
Off. Fled, madam;
But Helga does confess he made him drunk.
Hel. But not dead drunk; I do beseech you, madam.
King. Look here, what your base surfeit has destroy'd.
Hel. 'Twas Sueno as well as I; my lord Gotharus
Gave us commission for what we did.
Marp. Again Gotharus! sure he plotted this.
King. Hang him up straight!
Hel. I left no drink behind me;
If I must die, let me have equal justice,
And let one of your guard drink me to death, sir:
Or, if you please to let me live until

Sueno is taken, we will drink, and reel
Out of the world together.

King. Hence, and hang him!

[*Exeunt Officers with Helga.*

Enter HORMENUS.

Hor. Sir, you must make provision against
New danger; discontent is broke into
A wild rebellion, and many of your subjects
Gather in tumults, and give out they will
Revenge the prince's death.

King. This I did fear.
Where is Gotharus? O, my frighted conscience
Has furies in't. Where is Gotharus?

Hor. Not in the court.

King. I tremble with confusions.

[*Exeunt King and Hor.*

Marp. I am resolv'd; my joys are all expir'd;
Nor can ambition more concern me now.
Gotharus has undone me in the death
Of my loved son; his fate is next: while I
Move resolute, I'll command his destiny. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Gotharus's *House.*

Enter GOTHARUS.

Goth. How are we lost! The prince Turgesius' death
Is of no use, since 'tis unprofitable
To the great hope we stored up in Haraldus.
It was a cursed plot directed me
To raise his spirit, by those giddy engines

That have undone him: their souls reel to hell for't!
Now will Marpisa weep herself into
The obscure shades, and leave me here, to grow
A statue with the wonder of our fate!

Enter ALBINA.

Alb. Sir.
Goth. Do not trouble me.
Alb. Although
I am not partner of your joys or comfort,
Yet let your cruelty be so mindful of me,
I may divide your sorrows.
Goth. Would thy sufferings
Could ease me of the weight! I would
Empty my heart of all that's ill, to sink thee,
And bury thee alive! thy sight is hateful;
Ask me not why; but, in obedience,
Fly hence into some wilderness.—The queen
[*Exit Alb.*

Enter MARPISA.

Goth. Great queen, did any sorrow lade my bosom,
But what does almost melt it for Haraldus,
Your presence would revive me; but it seems
Our hopes and joys in him grew up so mighty,
Heaven became jealous we should undervalue
The bliss of the other world, and build in him
A richer paradise.
Marp. I have mourn'd already
A mother's part, and, fearing thy excess
Of grief, present myself to comfort thee.
Tears will not call him back; and 'twill become us,
Since we two are the world unto ourselves,
(Nothing without the circle of our arms
Precious and welcome,) to take heed our grief

Make us not oversoon like him that's dead,
And our blood useless.
Goth. Were you present, madam,
When your son died?
Marp. I was.
Goth. And did you weep,
And wish him live? and would not heaven, at
Your wish, return his wandering ghost again?
Your voice should make another out of atoms.
I do adore the harmony; and from
One pleasant look [of your's] draw in more blessings
Than death knows how to kill.
Marp. He is recovered from his passion. [*Aside.*
Goth. What's this? ha!
Marp. Where?
Goth. Here, like a sudden winter,
Struck on my heart. I am not well o' the sudden.
Ha!
Marp. My lord, make use of this; 'tis cordial.
[*Gives him a box.*
I am often subject to these passions,
And dare not walk without this ivory box,
To prevent danger; they are pleasant.—
'Tis a most happy opportunity. [*Aside.*
Goth. Let me present my thanks to my preserver,

Re-enter ALBINA.

And kiss your hand.
Marp. Our lips will meet more lovingly.
Alb. My heart will break.
Marp. Your lady! we are betray'd.
She [saw] us kiss, and I shall hate her for't.
Goth. Does this offend your virtue?
Alb. You are merciless;
You shall be a less tyrant, sir, to kill me.—
Injurious queen!

Marp. Shall I be here affronted?
I shall not think Gotharus worth my love,
To let her breathe forth my dishonour, which
Her passion hath already dared to publish;
Nor wanted she before an impudence
To throw this poison in my face.
Goth. I'll tame her. [*Exit.*
Alb. I will not curse you, madam; but you are
The cruell'st of all woman kind. I am
Prepared to meet your tyrannies.

Re-enter at one door, GOTHARUS, *with a pistol; at the other, a* Servant.

Serv. My lord,
We are undone! the common people are
In arms, and violently assault our house,
Threat'ning your lordship with a thousand deaths
For the good prince, whose murther they exclaim
Contriv'd by you.—
Goth. The fiends of hell will shew
More mercy to me. Where shall I hide me?
Marp. Alas!
They'll kill me too. [*Exit.*
Serv. There is no staying; they have broke the wall
Of the first court. Down at some window, sir.
[*Goth. drops the pistol, which Albina takes up.*
Goth. Help me!
O, help me! I am lost. [*Exit with Serv.*
[*Within.*] Down with the doors!
This way, this way!

Enter Rebels.

Alb. [*presents the pistol.*]—He that first moves this way comes on his death;
I can dispatch but one, and take your choice.

1 *Reb.* Alas, good madam, we do not come to trouble you;
You have sorrow enough; we would talk with my lord,
Your pagan husband.
2 *Reb.* Ay, ay, where is he?
3 *Reb.* That traitor!
4 *Reb.* Murderer of our prince!
Alb. You are not well informed;
Aquinus kill'd the prince.
2 *Reb.* But by my lord's direction.
We know his heart, and [we] do mean to eat it;
Therefore let him appear.—Knock down the lady,
You with the long-bill.
Alb. How dare you run the hazard of your lives
And fortunes, thus like outlaws, without authority,
To break into our houses? When you have done
What fury leads you to, you will buy too dear
Repentance at the gallows.
2 *Reb.* Hang the gallows!
Give us my lord, your husband.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. He's escap'd, madam;
Now they may search.

Enter more Rebels.

Alb. But where's the queen? she must not be betray'd.
5 *Reb.* This way, this way! He got out of a window,
And leap'd a wall. Follow, follow!
[*Exeunt Rebels.*
[*Within.*] Follow, follow, follow!
Alb. O, my poor Gotharus!

Re-enter MARPISA.

Alb. Madam, you are secure; though you pursued
My death, I wish you safety.
Marp. I have been
Too cruel; but my fate compell'd me to't. [*Exit.*
Alb. I am become the extremest of all miseries.
Oh, my unhappy lord! [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Street.

Enter SUENO, *disguised.*

Sue. Helga is hanged; what will become of me?
I think I were best turn rebel. There's no hope
To walk without a guard, and that I shall not
Want to the gallows: heathen halberdiers
Are used to have a care, and do rejoice
To see men have good ends.

Re-enter GOTHARUS.

Goth. I am pursued!
Sue. My lord Gotharus! worse and worse! oh for
A mist before his eyes!
Goth. You shall not betray me, sir.
[*Draws a poniard.*
Sue. Hold, my lord!
I am your servant, honest Sueno.
Goth. Sueno!
Off with that case, it may secure me; quickly,
Or—

Sue. Oh, my lord, you shall command my skin.
Alas, poor gentleman! I'm glad I have it,
To do your lordship service.
Goth. Nay, your beard too?
Sue. Yes, yes, any thing.
Alas, my good lord! how comes this?
Goth. Leave your untimely prating; help!
[*They exchange dresses.*
You'll not betray me?
Sue. I will first be hang'd.
[*Within.*] Follow! follow!
Goth. Hell stop their throats! So, so! Now thy reward.
Sue. It was my duty; troth, sir, I'll have nothing.
Goth. Yes, take that, and that, for killing of Haraldus. [*Stabs him.*
Now I am sure you will not prate.
Sue. O, murder!
[*Within.*] Follow! follow!
Goth. I cannot 'scape. Oh, help, invention!
[*He smears himself with Sueno's blood, and falls down as dead.*

Enter Rebels.

1 *Reb.* This way, they say, he went. What's he?
2 *Reb.* One of our company, I think.
3 *Reb.* Who kill'd him?
4 *Reb.* I know not.
2 *Reb.* Let's away; if we can find
That traitor, he shall pay for all.
4 *Reb.* Oh, that
I had him here, I'd teach him—
2 *Reb.* This way! this way!
Sue. Oh!
3 *Reb.* Stay; there's one groans.
Sue. Oh!

2 *Reb.* Nay, 'twas hereabouts; another dead?
4 *Reb.* He has good clothes. Gotharus! the very cur.
3 *Reb.* It is Gotharus! I have seen the dog.
2 *Reb.* 'Tis he! 'tis he!
Sue. Oh! [*Goth. rises, and steals off.*
2 *Reb.* Now 'tis not he;—if thou canst speak, my friend—
Sue. Gotharus murdered me, and shifted clothes;
He cannot be far off; oh!
1 *Reb.* That's he that lies dead yonder.
O, that he were alive again,
That we might kill him one after another!
3 *Reb.* He's gone!
2 *Reb.* The devil he is! Follow! follow!
3 *Reb.* This way! he cannot 'scape us.
Farewell, friend, I'll do thee a courtesy.—
Follow! follow! [*Exeunt Rebels.*

SCENE VI.

An Apartment in Olaus' *House, with a coffin in it.*

Enter Olaus, Turgesius, Aquinus, *and* Cortes.

Olaus. So, so! in this disguise you may to the army,
Who, though they seem to scatter, are to meet
By my directions.—Honest Aquinus, you
Wait on the prince.—But, sir— [*Whispers Tur.*
Cor. Were you not wounded?
Aqu. I
Prepared a privy coat, for that I knew
Gotharus would have been too busy with
My flesh else; but he thinks I am slain by the duke,
And hugs his fortune in't.

Tur. You'll follow?
Olaus. And bring you news; perhaps the rabble are
In hot pursuit after the POLITICIAN;
He cannot 'scape them; they will tear him like
So many hungry mastiffs.
Tur. I could wish
They had him. [*Exeunt Tur. and Aquinus.*
Olaus. Lose no time.—Cortes, stay you with me;
Not that I think my house will want your guard.
Cor. Command me, sir.
Olaus. Was ever such a practice by a father,
To take away his son's life?
Cor. I would hope
He may not be so guilty; yet I know not
How his false terrors, multiplied by the art
Of this Gotharus, may prevail upon him,
And win consent.
Olaus. Aquinus has been faithful,
And deceived all their treasons; but the prince
Is still thought dead; this empty coffin shall
Confirm the people in his funeral.
To keep their thoughts revengeful, till we are
Possess'd of him that plotted all.
[*Within.*] Follow! follow!—
Cor. The cry draws this way; they are excellent blood-hounds.

Enter GOTHARUS.

Goth. As you are men, defend me from the rage
Of the devouring multitude. I have
Deserv'd your anger, and a death, but let not
My limbs inhumanly be torn by them.
O, save me!
[*Within.*] Follow! follow!
Olaus. Blest occasion!
Goth. I am forced to take your house, and now implore

Your mercy but to rescue me from them,
And be your own revenger; yet my life
Is worth your preservation for a time:
Do it, and I'll reward you with a story
You'll not repent to know.
Olaus. You cannot be
Safe here,—their rage is high, and every door
Must be left open to their violence—
Unless you will obscure you in this coffin,
Prepared for the sweet prince that's murdered,
And but expects his body, which is now
Embalming.
Goth. That! O, you are charitable!
[*Within.*] Follow! foll—
Goth. Their noise is thunder to my soul.
[*He lays himself in the coffin.*
So, so!

Enter Rebels.

Olaus. How now, gentlemen!
What means this tumult? Do you know that I
Possess this dwelling?
Reb. Yes, my lord;
But we were told my lord Gotharus enter'd,
And we beseech you give him to our justice.
He is the common enemy, and we know
He kill'd the prince.
Olaus. You may search, if you please,
He can presume of small protection here.
But I much thank you for your loyalties,
And service to the prince, whose bloodless ruins
Are there, and do but wait when it will please
His father to reverse a cruel sentence,
That keeps him from a burial with his ancestors:
We are forbid to do him rights of funeral.
1 *Reb.* How! not bury him?
2 *Reb.* Forbid to bury our good prince! We'll bury him,
And see what priest dare not assist us.

3 *Reb.* Not bury him! We'll do't, and carry his body
In triumph through the city, and see him laid
I' the great tombs.
1 *Reb.* Not bury our prince! that were
A jest indeed!
Cor. It is their love, and duty.
2 *Reb.* We'll pull the church down but we'll have our will.
3 *Reb.* Dear prince! How sweet he smells!
1 *Reb.* Come, countrymen,
March! and see who dares take his body from us——
Cor. You cannot help.
Olaus. They'll bury him alive.
Cor. He's in a fright.
Olaus. So may all traitors thrive!
[*Exeunt Rebels with the coffin, followed by Cor. and Olaus.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King *and* Marpisa.

King. Oh, I am lost! and, my soul bleeds to think,
By my own dotage upon thee.
Marp. I was curs'd
When I first saw thee, poor, wind-shaken king!
I have lost my son.
King. Thy honour, impious woman,
Of more price than a son, or thy own life.
I had a son too, whom my rashness sent

To another world, my poor Turgesius.
What sorcery of thy tongue and eyes betray'd me?
Marp. I would I had been a basilisk, to have shot
A death to thy dissembling heart, when I
Gave myself up thy queen! I was secure,
Till thou, with the temptation of greatness,
And flattery, didst poison my sweet peace;
And shall thy base fears leave me now a prey
To rebels?
King. I had been happy to have left
Thee sooner. But begone! get to some wilderness
Peopled with serpents, and engender with
Some dragon like thyself.
Marp. Ha! ha!
King. Dost laugh, thou prodigy, thou shame of woman!
Marp. Yes, and despise thee, dotard. Vex till thy soul
Break from thy rotten flesh; I will be merry
At thy last groan.
King. O, my poor boy! my son!
His wound is printed here.—That false Gotharus,
Your wanton goat, I fear, practis'd with thee
His death.
Marp. 'Twas thy own act, and timorous heart, in hope
To be secure. I glory in the mention,
Thou murderer of thy son!

Enter HORMENUS.

Hor. Oh, sir, if ever, stand upon your guard;
The army, which you thought scattered and broke,
Is grown into a great and threat'ning body,
Led by the duke Olaus, your lov'd uncle,
Is marching hither; all your subjects fly to him.
[*Exit.*
Marp. Ha! ha!

King. Curse on thy spleen! is this a time for laughter,
When horror should afflict thy guilty soul?
Hence, mischief!

Marp. Not to obey thee, shadow of a king,
Am I content to leave thee; and, but I would not
Prevent thy greater sorrow and vexation,
Now I would kill thee, coward.

King. Treason! treason!

Marp. Ay, ay; who comes to your rescue?

King. Are all fled?

Marp. Slaves do it naturally.

King. Canst thou hope to 'scape?

Marp. I am mistress of my fate, and do not fear
Their inundation, their army coming;
It does prepare my triumph; they shall give
Me liberty, and punish thee to live.

King. Undone, forsaken, miserable king!

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

Before the Palace.

Enter TURGESIUS, OLAUS, CORTES, AQUINUS, *and Soldiers.*

Tur. Worthy Aquinus, I must honour thee;
Thou hast preserv'd us all; thy service will
Deserve a greater monument than thanks.

Aqu. Thank the duke, for breaking o' my pate.

Olaus. I knew 'twas well bestow'd; but we have now
Proof of thy honest heart.

Aqu. But what, with your highness' favour, do you mean
To do with your father?

Tur. Pay my duty to him;
He may be sensible of his cruelty,
And not repent to see me live.
Olaus. But, with your favour, something else must be
Consider'd; there's a thing he calls his queen,
A limb of Lucifer; she must be roasted
For the army's satisfaction.
Aqu. They will ne'er
Digest her. The king's hounds may be kept hungry
Enough, perhaps, and make a feast upon her.
Tur. I wonder how the rabble will bestow
The coffin?
Olaus. Why, they'll bury him alive,
I hope.
Tur. Did they suppose my body there?
Olaus. I'm sorry he will fare so much the better.
I would the queen were there, to comfort him,
Oh, they would smell, and sweat together rarely!
Aqu. He dare as soon be damn'd as make a noise,
Or stir, or cough.
Olaus. If he should sneeze.
Cor. 'Tis his best course to go into the ground
With silence. [*Trumpet sounded within.*
Tur. March on.—Stay; what trumpet's that?

Enter Rebels, *marching, with a trumpet before the coffin.*

Olaus. They are no enemies; I know the coffin.
Aqu. What rusty regiment have we here?
Olaus. They are
Going to bury him; he's not yet discover'd.
Oh, do not hinder them, 'tis a work of charity.
Yet, now I do consider better on't,
You may do well to shew yourself; that may
Be a means to waken the good gentleman,

And make some sport, before the rascal smell;
And yet he's in my nostril; he has perfum'd
His box already. [*Tur. discovers himself.*
Omnes Reb. 'Tis he! 'tis he! the prince alive! hey?
[*They throw down the coffin, and run to kneel, and embrace Turgesius.*
Aqu. What would he give but for a knife to cut
His own throat now?
Omnes Reb. Our noble prince alive!
Tur. That owes himself to all your loves.
Aqu. What? what trinkets have you there?
Reb. The duke
Olaus told us 'twas the prince's body,
Which we resolv'd to bury with magnificence.
Aqu. So it appears.
Olaus. 'Tis better as it is.
2 *Reb.* There's something in't, my shoulder is still sensible;
Let's search.—Stand off—
Olaus. Now do you scent him, gentlemen? he'd forgive
The hangman, to dispatch him out o' the way.
Now will these mastiffs use him like a cat—
Most dreadful rogues at an execution.
Now! now! [*They open the coffin.*
1 *Reb.* 'Tis a man:
Ha! Gotharus! the thing we whet our teeth for!
Omnes Reb. Out with the traitor, [out] with the murderer!
Hey! drag him.
Olaus. I told you.
1 *Reb.* Hold! know your duty, fellow-renegades.—
We do beseech thee, high and mighty prince,
Let us dispose of what we brought, this traitor;
He was given us by the duke; and fortune has
Thrown him into our teeth.

Olaus. And they'll devour him.
Omnes Reb. We beseech your highness.
Olaus. I do acknowledge it.—Good sir, grant their boon,
And try the cannibals.
2 *Reb.* I'll have an arm.
3 *Reb.* I'll have a leg; I am a shoemaker,
His shin-bone may be useful.
4 *Reb.* I want a sign; give me his head.
Tur. Stay, let's first see him; is he not stifled?
3 *Reb.* I had rather my wife were speechless.
Olaus. The coffin, sir, was never close.
Tur. He does not stir.
1 *Reb.* We'll make him stir. Hang him! he's but asleep.
2 *Reb.* He's dead; hum!
Olaus. Dead!
Then the devil's not so wise as I took him.
Tur. He's dead, and has prevented all their fury.
Aqu. He was not smother'd,
The coffin had air enough.
Olaus. He might have lived,
To give these gentlemen some content.
1 *Reb.* Oh, let us tear his limbs.
Tur. Let none use any violence to his body:
I fear he has met reward above your punishment.
2 *Reb.* Let me have but his clothes.
3 *Reb.* He is a tailor.
2 *Reb.* Only to cut out a suit for a traitor by them,
Or any man my conscience would wish hang'd.
4 *Reb.* Let me have a button for a relic—
Tur. No more.
Olaus. There is some mystery in his death.—

Enter King.

The king!—Obscure a little, nephew.
[*Tur. retires.*

King. To whom now must I kneel? Where is the king?
For I am nothing, and deserve to be so.—
Unto you, uncle, must I bow, and give
My crown? Pray take it; with it give me leave
To tell you what it brings the hapless wearer,
Beside the outside glory; for I am
Read in the miserable fate of kings.
You think it glorious to command, but are
More subject than the poorest pays you duty;
And must obey your fears, your want of sleep,
Rebellion from your vassals, wounds even from
Their very tongues, whose quietness you sweat for,
For whose dear health you waste, and fright your strength
To paleness, and your blood into a frost.
You are not certain of a friend or servant,
To build your faith upon; your life is but
Your subjects' murmur, and your death their sacrifice:
When looking past yourself, to make them blest
In your succession, which a wife must bring you,
You may give up your liberty for a smile,
As I have done, and in your bosom cherish
More danger than a war or famine brings;
Or, if you have a son—my spirits fail me
At naming of a son—
Tur. [*coming forward*]—Oh, my dear father!
King. Ha! do not fright me in my tears, which should
Be rather blood, for yielding to thy death.
I have let fall my penitence, though I was
Counsell'd by him, whose truth I now suspect,
In the amaze and puzzle of my state—
Tur. Dear sir, let not one thought afflict you more;
I am preserv'd to be your humble son still.
Although Gotharus had contriv'd my ruin,
'Twas counterplotted by this honest captain.



King. I know not what to credit; art Turgesius?
Tur. And do account your blessing and forgiveness,
(If I have err'd,) above the whole world's empire.
The army, sir, is your's.
Olaus. Upon conditions—
Tur. Good sir—and all safety meant your person.
Olaus. Right;
But, for your gipsy queen, that cockatrice—
King. She's lost.
Olaus. The devil find her.
King. She is false.
Olaus. That gentleman,
Jack in the box, if he could speak,
Would clear that point.
King. Forgive me, gentle boy.
Tur. Dear sir, no more.
Aqu. Best dismiss these gentlemen.
Olaus. The prince's bounty. [*gives them money.*]
—Now you may go home;
And, do you hear? be drunk to night, the cause
Requires it.
1 *Reb.* We will shew ourselves good subjects.
Omnes Reb. Heaven bless the king and prince, and the good duke! [*Exeunt.*
King. My comforts are too mighty; let me pour
More blessings on my boy.
Tur. Sir, I am blest,
If I stand fair in your opinion.
King. And welcome, good Olaus.
Olaus. You are deceiv'd;
I am a ruffian, and my head must off,
To please the monkey madam that bewitch'd you,
For being too honest to you.
King. We are friends.
Olaus. Upon condition that you will—
King. What?



Olaus. Now have I forgot what I would have.—
Oh!—that my lady Circe, that transform'd you,
May be sent—whither?—I have forgot again,—
To the devil; any whither, far enough:
A curse upon her! she troubles me both when
I think on her, and when I [do] forget her.

Enter ALBINA.

King. Gotharus' wife, the sorrowful Albina.
Alb. If pity dwell within your royal bosom,
Let me be heard: I come to find a husband.
I'll not believe what the hard-hearted rebels
Told me, that he is dead, (they lov'd him not,
And wish it so,) for you would not permit
His murder here.—You gave me, sir, to him
In holy marriage; I'll not say what sorrow
My poor heart since hath been acquainted with;
But give him now to me, and I'll account
No blessing like that bounty. Where, oh, where
Is my poor lord?—None tell me? Are you all
Silent, or deaf as rocks? Yet they sometimes
Do with their hollow murmurs answer men.
This does increase my fears. None speak to me?—
I ask my lord from you, sir; you once lov'd him;
He had your bosom; who hath torn him thence?
Why do you shake your head and turn away?—
Can you resolve me, sir?—The prince alive!
Whose death they would revenge upon Gotharus?
O let me kiss your hand; a joy to see
You safe doth interrupt my grief. I may
Hope, now, my lord is safe too. I like not
That melancholy gesture. Why do you make
So dark your face, and hide your eyes, as they
Would shew an interest in sorrow with me?
Where is my lord? Can you, or any, tell me
Where I may find the comfort of mine eyes,
My husband? or, but tell me that he lives,

And I will pray for you.—Then he is dead
Indeed, I fear.
Tur. Poor lady.
Aqu. Madam, be comforted.
Alb. Why, that's well said. I thank you, gentle sir;
You bid me be comforted; blessing on you!
Shew me now reason for it; tell me something
I may believe.
Aqu. Madam, your husband's dead.
Alb. And did you bid me, sir, be comforted,
For that? Oh, you were cruel. Dead! who murder'd him?
For though he lov'd not me in life, I must
Revenge his death.
Tur. Alas, you cannot.
Alb. No?
Will not heaven hear me, think you? for I'll pray
That horror may pursue the guilty head
Of his black murderer: you do not know
How fierce and fatal is a widow's curse.
Who kill'd him? say.
Aqu. We know not.
Alb. You're unjust.
Tur. Pursue not sorrow with such inquisition, Lady.
Alb. Not I? who hath more interest?
King. The knowledge of what circumstance depriv'd him
Of life, will not avail to his return;
Or, if it would, none here know more, than that
He was brought hither dead in that inclosure.
Alb. Where?
Aqu. In that coffin, lady.
Alb. Was it charity
Made this provision for him?—Oh, my lord,
Now may I kiss thy wither'd lip, discharge
Upon thy bosom a poor widow's tears;

There's something tempts my heart to shew more duty,
And wait on thee to death, in whose pale dress
Thou dost invite me to be reconciled.
King. Remove that coffin.
Alb. You are uncharitable.
Is't not enough that he is robb'd of life
Among you, but you'll rob me of his body?—
Poor remnant of my lord! I have not had
Indeed so many kisses a great while;
Pray do not envy me, for sure I shall not
Die of this surfeit. He thought not I was
So near to attend him in his last and long
Progress, that built this funeral tenement
Without a room for me. The sad Albina
Must sleep by her dead lord. I feel death coming;
And, as it did suspect I durst not look
On his grim visage, he has drawn a curtain
Of mist before my eyes. [*Swoons.*
King. Look to the lady.
Tur. Look to Albina. Our physicians!

Enter Physicians.

There is not so much virtue more i' the kingdom.
If she survive this passion, she is worth
A prince, and I will court her as my blessing.—
Say, is there hope?
Phys. There is.
Tur. Above your lives
Preserve her.
Phys. With our best art and care.
[*Exeunt with Albina.*
Olaus. She has almost made me woman too.
But come;
To other business.

Enter MARPISA.

Aqu. Is not this the queen?
Olaus. The queen of hell! Give her no hearing; but
Shoot, shoot her presently, without more repentance.
There is a lecherous devil in her eye;
Give him more fire, his hell's not hot enough.
Now shoot.
Tur. Be temperate, good sir.
Marp. Nay, let
His choleric highness be obey'd.
Aqu. She is
Shot-free.
Marp. The prince alive! where is Gotharus?
Olaus. Your friend that was.
Marp. It is confess'd.
Olaus. Your stallion.
Marp. He has more titles, sure.
Olaus. Let but some strangle her in her own hair.
Marp. The office will become a noble hangman.
Olaus. Whore!—
Marp. I'll not spend my breath upon thee;
I have more use on't.—Does Gotharus live?
Aqu. You may conjecture, madam, if you turn
Your eyes upon that object.
Marp. It has wrought then.
King. What has wrought?
Marp. His physic, sir, for the state megrim.
A wholesome poison, which, in his poor fears,
And fainting, when the rebels first pursu'd him,
It was my happiness to minister,
In my poor boy's revenge, kill'd by his practice.
Tur. Poison'd!
Olaus. She is turn'd doctor.

Marp. He becomes
Death's pale complexion, and now I'm prepared.
Tur. For what?
Marp. To die.
Olaus. Prepared to be damn'd! a seven years killing
Will be too little.
Marp. I pity your poor rage:
I shall not stay so long; nor shall you have
The honour, sir, to kill me.
Olaus. No! let me try.
Marp. Ha! ha!
Olaus. Dost thou laugh, hell-cat?
Marp. Yes, and scorn all your furies. I was not
So improvident, to give Gotharus all
My cordial; you may trust the operation;
Here's some to spare, if any have a mind
To taste, and be assur'd. Will you, my lord?
'Twill purge your choler rarely.
Olaus. I'll not be
Your patient, I thank you.
Marp. This box was ever my companion,
Since I grew wicked with that Politician,
To prevent shameful death; nor am I coy
To pleasure a friend in it.
Olaus. Devil's charity!
Marp. It works with method, and doth kill discreetly,
Without a noise. Your mercury is a rude
And troublesome destroyer to this medicine;
I feel it gently seize upon my vitals;
'Tis now the time to steal into my heart.
King. Hast thou no thought of heaven?
Marp. Yes, I do think
Sometimes, but have not heart enough to pray;
Some vapour now rises 'twixt me and heaven,
I cannot see it: lust and ambition ruin'd me.
If greatness were a privilege i' the other world,

It were a happiness to die a queen.
I find my conscience too late; 'tis bloody,
And full of stains. Oh, I have been so wicked,
'Twere almost impudence to ask a pardon;
Yet, for your own sakes, pity me. Survive
All happy; and, if you can, forgive, forgive. [*Dies.*

King. Those accents yet may be repentance.

Tur. She's dead.

King. Some take their bodies hence.

Tur. Let them have burial.

[*Exe. Soldiers, with the bodies of Goth. and Marp.*

King. 'Tis in thee, Turgesius,
To dispose all, to whom I give my crown.—
Salute him king, by my example.

Tur. Stay;
Upon your duty stay! Will you be traitors,
Consent your lawful king should be depos'd?—
Sir, do not wound your son, and lay so great
A stain upon his hopeful, his green honour.
I now enjoy good men's opinions;
This change will make them think I did conspire,
And force your resignation: wear it still;
By justice and yourself, it shall not touch
My brow, till death translate you to a kingdom
More glorious, and you leave me to succeed,
Better'd by your example, in the practice
Of a king's power and duty.

King. This obedience
Will, with excess of comfort, kill thy father,
And hasten that command thou would'st decline.

Tur. Receive this captain, and reward his faith
To you, and me. [*Presents Aqu.*

King. Be captain of our guard.—
And, my good uncle, to your care I leave
The soldiers; let the largess speak our bounty,
And your love.

Olaus. Ay, this sounds well; fellow soldiers,
Trust me, beside your pay, for the king's bounty.

Sold. Heaven preserve
The king and prince!
Olaus. Not a short prayer for me?
Omnes Sold. Heaven bless the duke! heaven bless the duke!
Olaus. Why so! money will do much.
King. A bright day shines upon us.— Come, my son;
Too long a stranger to the court, it now
Shall bid thee welcome. I do feel my years
Slide off, and joy drown sorrow in my tears.
[*Exeunt.*

THE

IMPOSTURE.

THE IMPOSTURE.] This Drama was licensed by the Master of the Revels in November 1640, and appears by the Prologue to have been the first of Shirley's productions after his return from Ireland. It was not printed till 1652, when the poet published it, with five other of his pieces, in an octavo volume. The title of the old copy is: "*The Imposture a Tragi-Comedie, As it was Acted at the private House in Black Fryers. Written by James Shirley.*"



TO

SIR ROBERT BOLLES, BART.

SIR,

IT hath been a complement with some, when they have treated friends, to profess a barrenness in that which they had prepared, not without studied charge and curiosity. As I was never so insolent to magnify my own, being best acquainted with my weak abilities, so I should deserve a just affront to myself, and undervalue your person, to present you with any thing were first cheap in my own opinion. Sir, this poem I may with modesty affirm had a fair reception, when it was personated on the stage, and may march in the first rank of my own compositions; which directed now by my humble devotion, comes from the press to kiss your hand, and bear your noble name in the dedication. I cannot have so much prejudice upon your nature, to think you will decline it; and should I abate those other characters of honour that shine upon you, your indulgence to music, and singular love to the worthy professors, eminently shew the harmony of your soul; and while poetry is received a musical part of human knowledge, I cannot despair of your candid entertainment. Sir, I beseech you take it, as an earnest of my thoughts to serve you; I am assured it brings with it, beside the acknowledgment of your late obligation upon me, ambitious desires to preserve my interest in your favour, while I subscribe myself,

Sir,

the humblest of your honourers,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

PROLOGUE.

Our poet, not full confident, he says,
When theatres' free vote had crown'd his plays,
Came never with more trembling to the stage;
Since that poetic schism possess'd the age—
"A prologue must have more wit than the play"—
He knows not what to write; fears what to say.
He has been stranger long to the English scene,
Knows not the mode, nor how, with artful pen,
To charm your airy souls; beside, he sees
The Muses have forsook their groves; the trees
That fear'd no thunder, and were safely worn
By Phœbus' own priests, are now rudely torn
By every scurrile wit, that can but say,
He made a prologue to a new—no play.
But let them pass.—You, gentlemen, that sit
Our judges, great commissioners of wit,
Be pleas'd I may one humble motion make:
'Tis that you would resolve, for the author's sake,
I' the progress of his play, not to be such
Who'll understand too little, or too much;
But choose your way to judge.—To the ladies, one
Address from the author, and the Prologue's done:—
In all his poems you have been his care,
Nor shall you need to wrinkle now that fair
Smooth alabaster of your brow; no fright
Shall strike chaste ears, or dye the harmless white
Of any cheek with blushes: by this pen,
No innocence shall bleed in any scene.
If then, your thoughts secur'd, you smile, the wise
Will learn to like by looking on your eyes.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Mantua.
Honorio, *his son.*
Flaviano, *the duke's creature.*
Leonato, *the duke of* Ferrara's *son.*
Petronio, *a nobleman of* Ferrara.
Bertoldi, *an insolent coward, son to* Florelia.
Claudio, *a creature of* Flaviano.
Volterino, Hortensio, } *colonels.*
Antonio, *a gentleman.*
Friar.
Pandolfo, *a servant of the tavern.*
Soldiers.
Servants.

Fioretta, *daughter to the duke of* Mantua.
Donabella, *sister to* Leonato.
Juliana, *a mistress of* Flaviano.
Florelia, *a noble lady, mother to* Bertoldi.
Abbess.
Nuns.
Ladies.

SCENE, the two first Acts in Mantua, *the rest in* Ferrara.

THE

IMPOSTURE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Mantua.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Duke, HONORIO, *and* FLAVIANO, *at opposite doors.*

Duke. No army yet discovered?
Flav. None.
Duke. We are lost.
Hon. Despair not, sir.
Duke. Away! thy confidence
Is folly: is not danger round about us?
From every part destruction staring us
I' the face? this city like a fatal centre,
Wherein the bloody lines of war and famine
Prepare to meet?
Flav. And every minute we expect a battery.
Hon. The walls are not so easily made dust,
As the besiegers would persuade our faith;
Disarm not your own hearts: my confidence
Tells me we shall not suffer; the duke of
Ferrara may send yet to raise the siege.
Duke. Fond boy! it was thy counsel to depend
Upon his aids, and promise Fioretta,[1]

[1] The unskilful manner in which our old dramatists enounced Italian has already been more than once noticed. Fioretta is here a quadrisyllable.

Thy sister, with so great a dowry, to
The duke's vain-glorious son. Fame has belied
His valour, and we now are cheated of
Our lives and dukedom.

Hon. Sir, with my duty safe, let me entreat you
Not stain the character of a prince so much;
The interest we have in that great title,
Should make us wise in our belief; for when
Princes break faith, religion must dissolve,
And nature groan with burthen of the living.
Beside, his son, Leonato, how[so]ever
Traduced or sullied by some traitor's envy,
Deserves a noble fame, and loves the hope
Of our alliance. I ne'er saw his person,
But, 'twere a sin honour could not forgive,
In us, to question him.

Duke. We fool ourselves;
Let's think of timely articles, and yield.

Flav. Whilst there is hope of mercy.

Hon. Oh! this want
Of man will make all our well meaning stars
Forfeit their kind aspects, and turn their influence
To death. [*Aside.*

Flav. My lord, I cannot be concern'd in name
And honour, with your persons, whose least blood
Is worth ten thousand arteries of mine;
Therefore, while such necessities invade us,
I cannot but prefer your lives, and, in
My duty, counsel you would think of what
Is offer'd here, rather than hazard all
By a vain expectation of an army
From Leonato; who, with all his forces,
Is not yet sure to prosper in our cause.

Duke. Consider that, Honorio.

Flav. Nay, should heaven
So smile upon us, that his sword o'ercome,
This to weak apprehension may promise
Our glory; but examine well the close;

There may be greater danger in his victory,
Than all our want of him can threaten.
Hon. You
Perplex my understanding.
Flav. He expects
Your sister, the reward of his great service.
Hon. Is it not justice?
Flav. Yes, forbid it, goodness,
He should not thrive in his fair hope, and promises!
But if her highness find not in her heart
Consent, to meet the prince with love and marriage,
Who shall defend us from his power? that must
Keep us in awe, and this earth, panting yet
With frights and sufferings of the war.
Hon. It is
My wonder, lord Flaviano, your wisdom
Should weave these wild impossibilities.
My sister not consent? nature, her birth,
Obedience, honour, common gratitude,
Beside ambition of what can be hoped for,
To make her happy, will give wings to her
Desires.
Duke. I cannot tell.
Hon. I cannot think
Your reason, sir, can be so much corrupted,
To look upon my sister with that fear
She should not fly to meet our great preserver.
Do you believe, she, now 'mong holy virgins,
Led thither by her own devotion,
During this war to pray and weep for us,
(Tears, whose clear innocence might tempt an angel
To gather up the drops, and string for saints
A crystal rosary,) can wish us safe
By his victorious arm, without a will
To be herself his own reward? Her virtue
Must needs instruct her that, and we apply
No motive to her heart— [*A shout within.*
Duke. What news?

Enter CLAUDIO.

Clau. From the watch-tower we descry an army
Marching this way. The sun, which hath thus long
Muffled his face in clouds, as it delighted
In their approach, doth gild their way, and shine
Upon their burgonets, to dazzle the
Faint eyes of our besiegers.
Hon. 'Tis Leonato!
Clau. Our enemies, whose troops circle the town,
Are making haste to meet them; and the foot,
Quitting their trenches, now are gathering
Into a body, as it seems, resolv'd
To give them battle.
Duke. We have life again.—
Honorio, collect what strength we have,
And make a sally at your best advantage:
'Tis good to engage them both ways.
Hon. How my thoughts
Triumph already! [*Exit.*
Duke. Now my son is gone,
Who is not of our counsel, we must think
How to behave us, if the prince succeed;
Our daughter, which we promis'd him in marriage,
Being already sent away, the price
Of his great victory.
Flav. Trouble not yourself,
Great sir; your wisdom, that inclin'd your faith
To my true character of the prince, and took
My counsel for her absence, shall applaud
My future policy. He is not come
To conquest yet; however, princes are not
Obliged to keep what their necessities
Contract, but prudently secure their states,
And dear posterity. Trust to my care.
Fioretta's no match for Ferrara's son;



A prince deep read in lusts, faithless, and cruel:
So will a turtle with a vulture shew,
Or lamb yok'd with a tiger. She's a pledge,
Destin'd by better fate to crown your age
And heart with blessings, sir.
Duke. Hark!
The drums talk louder; from the battlements
I may behold their fight, and see which army
Conquest, now hovering in the air, will make[a]
Her glorious perch, upon whose plumed heads
She may advance, and clap her brazen wings.
[*Exit.—Alarum at a distance.*
Flav. Sir, I'll attend.—Claudio.
Clau. My lord.
Flav. Thou left'st the princess Fioretta
Safe at Placentia?
Clau. Yes, sir.
Flav. How did she like her progress? thou didst urge
It was my care of her, to take her from
The fright and noise of war?
Clau. I did, my lord.
Flav. And did she taste it well?
Clau. To my apprehension
Exceeding well; and gave me strict commands,
To say she will remember, and reward
Your love and care of her.
Flav. Did she name love?
Clau. The very word she us'd: and I return'd,
How much your study and ambition was,
To merit her fair thoughts.
Flav. And didst thou scatter,
As I instructed, here and there dark language,
To disaffect her with the prince, to whom
The duke hath rashly made a promise?
Clau. All;
I had fail'd my duty else, my lord.

[a] *Will* make *her glorious perch,*] The old copy has *mark.*

Flav. Call me
Thy friend, thou hast deserv'd me. Now attend
The duke. [*exit Clau.*] — So! now my next art must be
How to come off with Leonato; if
His arm prevail, the duke must be instructed.—
Honorio thinks his sister still i' the nunnery;
That thought must be preserv'd. A thousand wheels
Move in my spacious brain, whose motions are
Directed by my ambition, to possess,
And call Fioretta mine; while shallow princes
I make my state decoys, then laugh at them.

Alarum; HONORIO, *wounded, led in by* CLAUDIO.

The prince Honorio wounded! fate, I bless thee.—
How is it with your highness?
Hon. I am shot, sir.
Flav. Would it were dangerous! [*aside.*]—Be careful of him.— [*Exeunt Clau. and Hon.*
A curse upon that hand that miss'd his heart!—
So, so! Fortune, thou shalt have eyes again,
If thou would'st smile on mischief; I will build thee
An altar, and upon it sacrifice
Folly, and all her children; from whose blood
A curled smoke shall rise, thick as the mists
That breathe from incense, to perfume and hide
The sacrificing priest. [*alarum.*]—Fight on!
Ye are brave fellows; he that conquers may
Get honour, and deep wounds, but I the day. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Same.—Before the Gates of the City.

Alarum and retreat. Enter LEONATO, VOLTERINO, HORTENSIO, *and Soldiers, in triumph, at one side; at the other, Men with boughs of laurel, singing before the* Duke, FLAVIANO, *and* CLAUDIO.

You virgins, that did late despair
To keep your wealth frow cruel men,
Tie up in silk your careless hair,
Soft peace is come agen.

Now lovers' eyes may gently shoot
A flame that will not kill;
The drum was angry, but the lute
Shall whisper what you will.

Sing Iö, Iö! for his sake,
Who hath restor'd your drooping heads;
With choice of sweetest flowers, make
A garden where he treads:

Whilst we whole groves of laurel bring,
A petty triumph to his brow,
Who is the master of our spring,
And all the bloom we owe.

Duke. Our hearts were open, sir, before the gates,
To entertain you. I see laurels grow
About your temples, where, as in a grove,
Fair Victory, enamour'd, on your brow
Delights to sit, and cool her reeking head,
And crimson tresses, in your shade.
Flav. The city,

In glory of this day, shall build a statue
To you, their great preserver, whose tough brass,
Too hard for the devouring teeth of age,
Shall eat up time, to keep your fame eternal.
Our active youth, in honour of your name,
Shall bring again the old Olympic games,
And willing to forget what's past in time
And story, count their years from this day's triumph,
As if the world began but now. The wives,
As if there were no legends past of love,
Shall only talk of you, and your great valour;
And careless how man's race should be continu'd,
Grow old in wonder of your deeds. Our virgins,
Leaving the natural tremblings that attend
On timorous maids, struck pale at sight of blood,
Shall take delight to tell what wounds you gave,
Making the horror sweet to hear them sing it;
Their hands, at the same time, composing garlands
Of roses, myrtle, and the conquering bay,
To adorn our temples, and the priests'; and while
The spring contributes to their art, make in
Each garden a remonstrance[3] of this battle,
Where flowers shall seem to fight, and every plant
Cut into forms of green artillery,
And instruments of war, shall keep alive
The memory of this day, and your great victory.
Yet all that can be studied, short of you;
Our best, a rude imperfect monument
Of your deserved honours!

Leo. You are too bountiful
In language, sir: the service we have done
May merit your acknowledgment, which, though

[3] *Each garden a* remonstrance *of this battle,*] The whole of this speech is studiously inflated and bombastic, and marks the insincerity of the speaker. *Remonstrance* is sufficiently catachrestic; but it seems to be used in a kind of military sense, for a representation, a mimic show.

The justice of your cause directed first
To this success, was not without a hope
Of a reward you promis'd; and I value it
More than you can esteem all your preservings;
So much hath fame preferr'd your daughter's virtue
To every excellence.

Duke. This adds to what
We held before excess of honour to us.
I had but a part i' the universal benefit
Your valour gave; but this affection
Falls like a happy influence on myself
And blood, whose aged streams you fill with blessings.
My daughter shall be your's, in which I sum
My life's chief satisfaction.—My lord,
Go to the house of Benedictine nuns,
Among whose sweet society our daughter,
During this war and tumult, went to offer
Her prayers for our deliverance.—I am in a storm, and now must stand my desperate fate. [*Exit Flav.* [*Aside.*

Hort. I hope she's not turn'd nun?

Leo. I should not like it.

Vol. May not we visit the holy house? 'tis pity so much
Sweet flesh should be engross'd, and barrell'd up
With penitential pickle, 'fore their time,
That would keep fresh and fair, and make just work
For their confessions. I do not like the women
Should be cabled up.

Hort. I think so.

Vol. I would this virgin would be peevish now!

Hort. Why so?

Vol. That we might have some sport among the leverets;
For I would so inflame the general
He were affronted, that we should have all
Commission to work into the warren.

Leo. We
Do want a person here, whose name is great
I' the register of honour; it would much
Enlarge our present happiness to embrace him,
Your son, the prince Honorio.
Duke. 'Twas his chance,
Upon a sally, when your colours gave
Us invitation to the field, and spirited
Our soldiers, to receive a shot, whose cure
May excuse the want of his attendance, sir;
Nor will I doubt his wounds are doubled by
The thought he cannot wait upon your person.
Leo. He should have honour'd us, and made
me proud,
To know whom so much fair desert hath made
Dear in the voice and love of men;—but I
Shall not despair to see him. We want [too]
A limb of our own army: where is signior
Bertoldi, that came with us to see fashions?
I hope we have not lost him.
Hort. Sir, I know not;
I fear he's slain.
Vol. He will not die so nobly;
He'll ne'er give up the ghost without a feather bed.
He was sick last night at the report we were
But three leagues off the enemy, and call'd
For a hot caudle. I, that knew his cold
Disease, persuaded him to drink, which he
Did, fiercely as I could wish, in hope to see him
Valiant, and walk the round; but, quite against nature
His ague shook him more, and all the drink,
Which was the full proportion of a gallon,
Came out at's forehead in faint sweat; he had
Not mov'd ten paces, but he fell down backward,
And swore he was shot with a cold bullet. How
They roll'd him, like a barrel, back to his tent,
For levers could not raise him to make use
Of's feet again, I know not, nor since saw him.

Hort. I hope he's still asleep.
Vol. But when he wakes,
And finds the army march'd away, he dares not
Go home again alone; and how he'll venture
O'er the dead bodies hither—he has done't!

Enter BERTOLDI, *with muskets, pikes, &c.*

Ber. Where is the general?
Leo. Here comes our mirth.
Hort. A walking armory.—Noble signior Bertoldi!
Ber. If you want pikes or muskets, there! I could
Have brought field-pieces, but I durst not venture
My chine.
Leo. Where had you these?
Ber. Ask, ask
The men I kill'd; if they deny a syllable,
I'll forswear the wars.
Vol. He has disarm'd,
And robb'd the dead.
Hort. A coward
Has impudence to rob a church.
Vol. He durst not take them from a man that had
But so much life in him to gasp or groan;
That noise would fright him.
Hort. I rejoice, signior,
You are safe come home.
Ber. I would I were at home!
An you get me among your guns again.—
How is it, Volterino?
Vol. This news will much exalt your mother's heart.

Re-enter FLAVIANO.

Leo. He is
Return'd, but with a melancholy face.
Where is the princess?
Duke. Where is our daughter?

Flav. Where her devotion, I fear, will make
This dukedom most unhappy, if your virtue
Exceed not what is read in other princes.
It was my fear, that place and conversation
Would mortify too much that active heat
Should wait on the desires of high-born ladies.
Leo. The mystery?
Vol. Do not you find it? they have nunnified her.
Flav. Sir, your pardon;
She, whom first fear and fright of war persuaded
To join her prayer and person with the virgins,
In the religious cloister; by what art
Or holy magic won, is now resolv'd—
Leo. What hath she vow'd?
Flav. Until a year be finish'd,
By revolution of the day's great guide,
Not to forsake the nunnery, but spend
Her hours in thankful prayers to heaven for this
Great victory.
Vol. So, so! it will come to the battery I talk'd on.
Duke. It cannot be.
Leo. It must not be.
Vol. I am of that opinion, my lord;
It must not be; this is a stratagem.
Flav. She humbly prays you would interpret this
No breach of filial piety;—nor your highness
A will [in her] to wrong so great a merit,
As hath engag'd all fortunes here, and lives
To bleed for you; but weigh in your best charity,
That duties are first paid to heaven, the spring
And preservation of what makes us happy;
And she is confident, when you consider—
Leo. How much my honour suffers,—to employ
The strength I have, to punish this affront.
Ber. A pox upon it! we shall have more fighting now.

Duke. I hope you have no thought of any practice
Here, to deserve that language?
Vol. You are abus'd.
Leo. If you be her father, sir, I must expect
What did engage me hither, and without
Delays; or leave this city in a flame.
Ber. More fireworks!
Leo. In whose ashes I will bury
This foul ingratitude.
Duke. We are ruin'd all. [*Aside.*
Ber. There is not so much danger, to be put
In rank and file, with pie-meat in an oven,
If a man were certain to come out again
Dough-baked.
Leo. Yet stay; I have consider'd.
I may have leave to see this frozen lady?
Duke. We are more undone. [*Aside.*
Flav. Your person may prevail, sir,
And, by some better charm, gain her consent;
Or, if you please not to engage yourself
Upon the trouble of a hasty visit,
The presence of her father, and what else
We can prepare to keep your smile upon us,
Shall be enforced, to clear how much we aim
At the perfection of your wishes.
Ber. So, so!
Leo. Prosper.
Flav. I have now courage, sir, to serve your will,
And am o' the sudden confident.
Leo. It pleases.
[*Exeunt Leo. Hort. Vol. and Ber.*
Duke. It is impossible.
Flav. Promise any thing
In such a strait, and not despair to effect it.
Be private men content with their poor fathom!
Since heaven we limit not, why should not kings,
Next gods, perform the second mighty things?
Your ear— [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Mantua.—*A Convent.*

Enter FLAVIANO, *and* Abbess *with a letter.*

Flav. You will obey the duke's command?
Abb. Good princes
Punish, not teach us sacrilege; I'll obey
A thousand sufferings ere such a rape—
Flav. A rape!
Abb. Of honour, honesty, religion.
I am placed here to preserve, and not betray
The innocent. Should I, instead of prayer,
Chaste life, the holiness of vow, of discipline,
With those austerities that keep wild blood
In calm obedience, now begin to teach
Soul-murdering liberty, the breach of all
Was promis'd heaven?
Flav. Why, madam, you mistake;
We ask no virgin to turn whore; we only
Desire you would persuade some pretty nun,
In this extremity, to take upon her
The princess Fioretta, whom Leonato
Ne'er saw, and be his wife in honest marriage.
Abb. Can you be thus
Unjust to him, so late preserv'd your lives?
Flav. Trouble you not your reverend head with that;
He shall be satisfied, and you remain
Still mother of the maids. No more sour faces,
But turn your wit to the business.
Abb. Never, sir.
Flav. Take heed, and have a care of this inclosure;

The duke's breath makes all flat; 'tis yet no common.
You are old, and should be wise.
Abb. I would be honest.
Flav. Shew it in your obedience. Will you do it?
Abb. Never.
Flav. Do you hear? I sent unto this holy place
A damsel call'd Juliana; she's in your catalogue,
And yet but in probation: 'cause I see,
You make so nice a conscience, so severe
I' the rules of honesty, and would not have
Your virgin province touch'd with least defilement,
Pray let me speak with her; it will concern you.
Abb. Would you pervert her?
Flav. I know not what you call
Perverting; but she has not too much nun's flesh:
And, 'tis my charity to your chaste order,
To give you timely notice.
Abb. What do I hear!
Flav. No more than you may justify in time,
If things prove right. She was a merry soul,
An you have not spoil'd her. If you mean to be
No midwife, let me talk with her awhile.
Abb. Protect us, virgin thoughts! [*Exit.*
Flav. So, so! this was
Reserv'd to wind up all; it may be fortunate.
I know her spirit's high, and apt to catch at
Ambitious hopes and freedom; some good counsel
May form her to my purpose. I have plung'd
Too far, to hope for safety by return;
I'll trust my destiny to the stream, and reach
The point I see, or leave myself a rock
In the relentless waves. She's here; I'm arm'd.

Re-enter Abbess, *with* JULIANA.

Jul. By your own goodness, reverend mother, give
No belief to him; though he be a great man,

He hath not been held guilty of much virtue:
Yet, 'tis my wonder he should stain my innocence.
Pray, in your presence, give me leave to acquit
My virgin honour; for the wealth of all
The world, I would not have this shame be whis-
per'd,
To the stain of our profession.

Enter a Nun.

Nun. Madam, the duke.
Abb. The duke!
Flav. Peace to the fair Juliana.
[*Exeunt Abb. and Nun.*
Jul. You are not noble;
A most dishonour'd lord; your titles cannot
Bribe my just passion. Who will trust a man?
Oh, sir, you are as black, nay, have a soul
As leprous with ingratitude, as the angels
Are white with innocence. Was't not enough
To rob me of my honour, the chief wealth
Of virgins, and confine me to my tears,
Which ne'er can wash away my guilt, (should I
Live here to melt my soul into a stream
With penitence,) but, when I had resign'd
The world, with hope to pray, and find out mercy,
You must thus haunt me with new shame, and
brand
My forehead here, as if you meant to kill
My better essence by despair, as you
Have stain'd my body?
Flav. Dear Juliana, I
Confess I injur'd thee; thou knew'st no sin
But from my charm; 'twas only I betray'd thee
To loss of thy dear honour, then of liberty:
For 'twas my practice, not thy pure devotion,
Made thee a recluse first. But let not passion
Lose, what I would not only save from shipwreck,
But make as happy as thy thoughts can wish thee.

By thy wrong'd self 'tis true! nor could I choose
Another way, than by discovery
Of both our shames, to right thee. I am come
To make thee satisfaction in so high
And unexampled way of honour, thou
Shalt say I did deserve to be more wicked,
When thou hast weigh'd the recompense.

Jul. You amaze me.

Flav. Collect thy senses, and discreetly mind me;
Thou canst not be concern'd so much alive
In any other story. Hear me gently,
And prize the wealth of every syllable.
[*Takes her aside.*

Re-enter Abbess, *with* Duke.

Abb. Had you been pleas'd to have left your daughter still
My charge and sweet companion, I should
Have left no duty unessay'd, to have shewn
In what degree I honour'd her; but I
Must not dispute your royal pleasure: though,
With some sad thoughts to separate, I resign'd her
To your commands.

Duke. It was your virtue, madam. She found no
Consent to be profess'd; nor love the prince
To whom I promis'd her a wife, although
Our fears keep warm his hope, in his belief
She's here enclosed still; but without thy help
We are all lost.

Jul. The prince Leonato?

Flav. There's a preferment! this is considerable.

Jul. If you, my lord, be serious. A princess!
The change would do well.

Flav. Be but confident
To manage it.

Jul. Hath he not seen the princess
By picture?

Flav. Never.

Jul. Strange!
Flav. 'Twas a ceremony,
In the necessities of our state, the duke
Ne'er thought on; and I meant not to insert it,
As knowing Fioretta had no zeal
To what her father darkly had contracted.
His highness doth expect thee.
Jul. It would be
More for my honour, if he took the pains
To visit our religious house, and then—
Flav. It shall be so.
Jul. But 'twill be necessary
You purge me to the abbess; no suspicion
Must live within her thought.
Flav. I apprehend.— [*Comes forward with Jul.*
Oh, you have shot a trembling through my soul;
I dare not kiss your hand; the earth you tread on
Would too much grace the lips have so profan'd you.
Madam, your pardon.—Sir, be you the witness,
I have wrong'd this noble virgin's honour.—
It was my anger, and revenge upon
Your goodness, that so late oppos'd me, made
Me careless where I flung disgrace and scandal;
Thus I implore her mercy and forgiveness:
Take her white thoughts to your's again; she is
As innocent from sinful act by me,
As the chaste womb that gave me life.
Duke. 'Tis piety
Thus to restore the innocent.—I conceive not
His aim in this. [*Aside.*
Abb. 'Tis satisfaction.
Jul. When I stray
From your sweet precepts—
Abb. In! I am confirm'd. [*Exit Jul.*
Flav. All to our expectation; she's prepar'd
A mistress for the prince.
Duke. But, now I think on't,
She must not marry him; it will breed ill blood.

Flav. By all means marry him; there's no other way
To send him hence, and quit us of the army.
I'll instantly acquaint him how I prosper. [*Exit.*
Duke. It must not be; my honour will bleed for it.
I have been too much guided by Flaviano.—
Madam—
Abb. Your face is troubled.
Duke. No, my heart;
Which you may cure with honour, as I have
Contriv'd it now.
Abb. I shall study, with my loss of life,
To gain your bosom peace.
Duke. I like this virgin.
I know my lord here hath been practising,
But finds her not inclin'd to that extent
We had propos'd; she is virtuous: you shall
Counsel her only but to take the name
Of my Fioretta, but not change her life
To marry with the prince. I do believe
Her chaste; oh, let your goodness keep her still so,
And fortify her virtuous thoughts. I doubt not
But she, with holy eloquence, and pretence
Of vow and virgin sanctity, may so
Prevail upon him both to save herself,
Our honours, and the kingdom from a sacrifice.—
May not this be?
Abb. Such extremes I know not.
Duke. If she persist a chaste and noble virgin,
You must dispense;—we have but little time
For pause. Unless this present cure be found,
We all must bleed to death upon the wound.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter BERTOLDI.

Ber. Hum! shall I never fight? drink will not do't;
No, nor a whore, the greater provocation.
I speak it to my shame, I never durst
Fight for my wench; yet gentlemen commend
My confidence at paying of a reckoning:
There I can kill them all with courtesy;
Discharge my pieces like a master gunner,
At a great supper; yet I am not valiant:
This must be mended some way.—

Enter VOLTERINO.

Volterino! a word.
'Tis not unknown to you that I am a coward.
Vol. No, not a coward; but you are not, sir,
If I were put to answer upon oath,
So valiant altogether as don Hercules,
That strangled a great bull with his fore finger
And's thumb, and kill'd the king of Troy's great coach-horse
With a box o' the ear.
Ber. Pox on't! do not abuse me;
I shall take it scurvily an you deny it.
Vol. But you will not beat me?
Ber. There's the thing; I know't,
As well as you can tell me, I am base,
And in plain terms a coward.
Vol Why dost not beat thyself for being one?
Ber. Then I durst fight. No, [no]; I was begotter

In a great frost, between two shaking agues;
I never shall be valiant: who can help it?
But when you come home again, if you will but
Swear I am valiant—

Vol. You shall pardon me.

Ber. Come, my mother shall make you amends. Aha!
You love her; she's a lady, and a widow
That has the goldfinches. Hark in your ear;
You shall have her.

Vol. Shall I have her?

Ber. A word to the wise.

Vol. Would I
Were sure on't! If I have thy mother, I will
Not only swear thou art, but make thee, valiant.

Ber. Would it were possible! upon that condition
You should have my sister too.

Vol. She's dead.

Ber. If she were alive, I mean.

Vol. Farewell! we'll treat again; and, if I live,
Thou shalt be Julius Cæsar. [*Exit.*

Enter HORTENSIO.

Ber. When I die,
Thou shalt be Cæsar's heir.—Noble Hortensio.

Hor. I am in haste. What's the matter?

Ber. There lies your way; a hundred thousand ducats
Will find entertainment somewhere else.

Hort. Canst thou help me to them?

Ber. Yes, and a better business.

Hort. How? where? noble Bertoldi!

Ber. Why—but you are in haste.

Hort. No, no. Where is all this money?

Ber. Safe enough in a place.

Hort. But how shall I come by it?

Ber. You know my mother?
Hort. The rich lady Florelia, the court widow?
She is my mistress.
Ber. You shall have her.
Hort. Shall I?

Enter LEONATO, FLAVIANO, *and* VOLTERINO.

Ber. Yes, and be master of as much money as
Will make you mad. The prince! Hark in your
ear. [*They walk aside.*
Flav. I knew I should prevail, and I am happy.
There's no frost now within her. If your excellence
Would grace the monastery with a visit,
And satisfy yourself, your presence will
Perfect the business, and be a just excuse
To some nice ceremonies that detain
Her person, to comply with virgin modesty.
The duke will meet you there.
Leo. I will attend him.
Flav. You will consider, sir, it is a place
Not us'd to public treaties, though dispens'd with
For this your solemn view and conference;
Your person may be trusted there without
A numerous train.
Leo. You shall direct me, sir.
Volterino, you shall only wait upon me.—
Sir, when you please.
Flav. I'm proud to be your conduct.
[*Exeunt Leo. Flav. and Vol.*
Ber. You shall have her,
And her estate; that's fair. She has enough
To undo the devil, if he go to law with her;
My father's dead, and has told him that already.
Hort. I'll do't.
Ber. Here is my hand, my mother's thine.
Hort. Not my mother.
Ber. She shall be any thing I'll have her.

Do you but persuade her I am valiant,
And I'll venture to beat her, an she dare
Deny to marry any man I please
To call my father-in-law.
Hort. Let's walk, and think on't.
Ber. You may swear any thing; an you pawn your soul
For me, you know you cannot be a loser. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Convent.

Nuns discovered singing.

O, fly my soul! What hangs upon
Thy drooping wings,
And weighs them down
With love of gaudy mortal things?
The sun is now i' the east; each shade
As he doth rise
Is shorter made,
That earth may lessen to our eyes:
Oh, be not careless then, and play
Until the star of peace
Hide all his beams in dark recess.
Poor pilgrims needs must lose their way,
When all the shadows do encrease.

During the Song, enter Duke, LEONATO, FLAVIANO, *and* VOLTERINO. *The Song ended, enter* JULIANA, Abbess, *and* Nuns.

Leo. She is exceeding fair! what pity 'twere
Such beauty and perfection should be
Confin'd to a melancholy cell!—I approach
You, madam, with the reverence of a votary,

You look so like a saint; yet nature meant
You should not with such early haste translate
Yourself to heaven, till earth had been made happy
With living models from your excellent figure.
You that become a cloud, and this dull dress
So well, whose sight doth pale and freeze the blood,
How will you shine to admiration
Of every eye, when you put on those ornaments
That fit your name and birth! If, like a statue,
Cold and unglorified by art, you call
Our sense to wonder, where shall we find eyes
To stand the brightness, when you're turn'd a shrine,
Embellish'd with the burning light of diamonds,
And other gifts, that dwell, like stars, about you?

Jul. If you do fancy me an object so
Prodigious, for the safety of your eyes
And others, tender-sighted, give consent
I may not change this poverty and place,
More pleasing to myself than all the pride
Can wait those goddesses at court you bow to.

Leo. And yet 'twere heresy in me to say
You could receive addition or glory
By the contributary blaze of wealth,
Or other dress, which art and curiosity
Can form: you are not by them graced, but they
By you made beautiful. Jewels, near your eye,
Take soul and lustre, which, but once remov'd,
Look dull as in their quarry.

Flav. He is taken. [*Aside.*

Leo. I now applaud my fate, and must account
My undertaking in this war, to save
Your dukedom, but the shadow of a service,
When I consider my reward. Oh, haste
To make me envied of the world, and, once
Possess'd of you, to undervalue all
But heaven, of which you are the fairest copy.

Jul. My lord, our study here is life, not language;

And in that little time I've had of practice,
My tongue hath learn'd simplicity and truth.
You are a prince, [sir,] and, in your creation,
But one degree from angels; strive to rise
That one round higher, and you're perfect. I am,
By my good father's leave, and the sweet rules
Of this religious order, now i' the way
To meet another bridegroom, before whom,
While you stand a competitor, you fall
To atoms.—Sir, my love is planted here;
And I have made a vow, which your own charity
Will bid me not to violate, (your triumph
Being the spring of my imperfect duty,)
That for a year I'll spend my time among
This happy quire, to offer up my prayers
And humble gratitude to heaven, a weak
Oblation for our safeties.
Flav. Ha! how's this?
Leo. My lord, did you not say you had prevail'd?
What mockery is this?
Flav. I am undone.
What does the gipsey mean? she'll betray all.—
[*Aside.*
Most excellent madam.
Jul. Oh, my lord, employ
Your counsel to advance, not kill our virtue:
Remember where and what I am.
Flav. So, so!
Vol. Sir, will you suffer this? a new affront!
Jul. I am resolv'd
To live, and pay you better tribute here
For your affection, and unequall'd service.
Here no distraction will afflict my prayers,
Which, trust me, I will offer chastely for you
At every hour of my devotion.
'Tis you, next heaven, that gave this blessing to us
To meet, and in the holy quire breathe up
Our sacred hymns, while angels echo to us,

And heaven, delighted with our harmony,
Opening her azure curtains, will present us
A vision of all the joys we pray and hope for.
Flav. This my instructions? [*Aside.*
Jul. O, think, my lord,
To what a loss of heaven your love invites me;
Yet let [it] not be thought, while I pretend
The choice and sweetness of a recluse, I
Should in a thought accuse your worth, who are
The man, of all the world, I most could fancy.
If I be seen to blush, make it no sin;
I know it is but honourable love
Wings your desire; and that which should prefer you,
Is merit of your sword, that cut our way
To freedom and soft peace, religion's pillow,
The nurse of science, and the general blessing.
You have a title yet more strong pleads for you,
The contract, and the promise of a prince,
A chain with many links of adamant,—
Duke. I like not that. [*Aside.*
Jul. To bind and make me your's.—
When I have nam'd these several interests,
And look upon myself so short of merit,
I chide your unkind destiny, at such
Expense of honour to go off unsatisfied;
And quickly should despise myself, the cause
Of your distaste, but that my vow confirms me,
And mustering up religious thoughts, prevails,
Above my other will, made to obey you.
'Tis but a year, my lord, that I have bound
Myself this exile.
Leo. 'Tis an age.
Jul. But while
Time hath one minute in his glass of that,
Nothing shall take me hence, unless you bring
An impious strength upon this holy dwelling,
And force me from my cell; but you are far

From such a sacrilege.—Oh, think not on it!
I'll place you in my heart, while you are virtuous;
But such an act might lose those noble thoughts
Of you I wish preserv'd. But I offend,
And am too large in this unwelcome argument.
May wisdom guide your princely thoughts, whilst I
Return to pray for you!
[*Exit with Abbess and Nuns.*

Flav. She has o'erthrown all!

Vol. Sir, if you love her, she
Hath taught you a cunning way to make her your's;
This habit is compell'd; a little force,
For form, will disengage her: she does love you,
And pleaded handsomely against herself.

Leo. No more.—I'll not despair yet of your daughter;
This is but virgin nicety; at the next
Meeting she may incline to smile upon me.
She's too much treasure to be won at first
Assault.—Volterino. [*Exeunt Leo. Vol. and Hort.*

Duke. Flaviano.

Flav. I did expect a storm.

Duke. We are not safe yet.

Flav. I wonder why Juliana kept not promise;
The dog-days thaw her chastity! I'm mad.
Oh for some stratagem to save all yet!
But you, sir, (give me leave to say,) are timorous;
Princes should fix in their resolves; your conscience
Should be as subject to your will as I am.

Duke. I must confess, Flaviano, I had no fancy
To Juliana's marriage.

Flav. That was all my hope.—
How could I love the man durst kill him now!
[*Noise within.*

Duke. I shudder. What noise is that?

Flav. These horrors will eternally affright us.

Re-enter LEONATO, BERTOLDI, VOLTERINO, *and* HORTENSIO, *with swords drawn.*

Leo. The man that dares be guilty of least insolence
To any virgin, dies. [*Exeunt Leo. Vol. and Hort.*
Ber. My hopes are nipp'd;
I thought to have tasted nun's flesh, but the general
Has made it fasting-day. [*Exit.*
Flav. I hope he means to force away Juliana.
[*Cries within.*
Ha! they attempt it; prosper them, dear fate!
Blest beyond expectation.
Duke. Dost think
We shall be safe?

Re-enter LEONATO, *with* JULIANA, VOLTERINO, *and* HORTENSIO.

Leo. I enjoy the other benefit of my sword
In peace; this shall be mine.
[*Exeunt all but Flav. and Duke.*
Flav. The stars dote on us!

Enter HONORIO *and* CLAUDIO.

Hon. What unexpected tumults fright the city?
Duke. You are too bold upon your wound, Honorio,
To come abroad.
Flav. The prince has stolen your sister
From the nunnery.
Hon. He dares not
Blemish his honour so; though he deserv'd her,
And all our lives, should she be obstinate.
Flav. 'Tis done.
Hon. This act shall lose him. Death upon

The surgeon that hath dallied with my wounds!
But I'll revenge this rape. [*Exit with Claud.*
Duke. Look to the prince. [*Exit.*
Flav. I could adore my destiny. The wench, sure,
Meant to be ravish'd thus: I kiss thy policy.
This chance hath made a dancing in my blood;
While sin thrives, 'tis too early to be good. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Ferrara.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter FIORETTA *and* ANTONIO.

Fio. Is this Ferrara's court?
Ant. Yes, madam.
Fio. I will not yet discover.—I shall find
A time, Antonio, to reward thy faith
And service to me.

Enter DONABELLA, FLORELIA, *and Ladies.*

Ant. Here are ladies, madam.
Don. I have a great desire to see this wonder,
The princess Fioretta, so much fam'd
For beauty,
Flor. Comes she with his excellence?
Don. Most certainly; so speaks the prince Leonato,'s
My brother,'s letters, and that with some difficulty
He gain'd her from the nunnery.
Flor. Who is this?
Don. She has an excellent shape; some stranger, [sure.]
Prithee, Florelia, ask.
Ant. This lady, madam,

Seems to make some address this way. [*walks aside. Flor. advances and speaks with Fio.*]
—I know not
Upon what jealousy my lady left
Placentia so privately, where she
Was entertain'd by Flaviano's mother;
Though old, a lady of no decrepid brain.
Fio. Antonio. [*Whispers him.*
Flor. [*to Don.*] A lady, madam, calls herself Lauriana,
Born in Placentia; but the wars affrighting
Both Mantua and the confines, she came hither
With confidence of safety, till the storm
At home be over. [*Exit.*
Don. It is not fit a person of your quality
And presence should be engag'd to common persons;
And if I may entreat, you shall consent
To be my guest at court, which will be proud
To entertain such beauty.
Fio. It must be
Too great an honour, madam.
Don. Leonato,
My brother, hath secur'd your peace at home;
Which cannot be less pleasing, if you taste
The freedom I can here provide and promise you.
We expect him every minute with the princess
Fioretta, in whose love he holds more triumph
Than—
Fio. And yet his fame was earlier than this conquest,
For many noble virtues. But has your grace
A confidence that he brings Fioretta with him?
Don. Since he left Mantua, we received such letters.

Enter PETRONIO.

Pet. Madam, the prince is come to court, and with him
The gallant lady we expected.

Fio. I am not well o' the sudden.
Don. Virtue defend!
Pet. The good old duke, your father, will
Shew comfort in his sick bed, to behold
A son and daughter.
Fio. Are they married?
Pet. No, madam; but I am confident
So great a joy will not be long deferr'd;
'Twere sin such hope should wither by delay.
They both wish to be happy in your presence;
And you, at first sight of this princely sister,
Will much applaud your brother's fate.
Don. I hope so.—
How is it, madam, yet?
Fio. I do beseech you,
Let not your grace's too much care of me
Detain you from the joy your brother brings.—
Another Fioretta! [*Aside.*

Enter LEONATO.

Leo. Donabella!
Don. I shall not fear a surfeit in my joys,
To see you safe.
Fio. A gallant gentleman. [*Aside.*
Leo. What lady's that?
Don. A stranger, sir, with whom I have prevail'd
To grace our court awhile, which will be honour'd
In such a guest.
Leo. And I should call it happiness,
If you would please to dwell for ever with us.
I have brought home such a companion
For both your beauties, you will not repent.
Fio. The duke of Mantua's daughter. I congratulate
Your double victory; and, if I may,
Without imputed flattery, speak my thoughts,

You did deserve her, had she to her birth
All the additions that grace a woman.
Leo. You have conferr'd a bounty on me, madam,
And leave me hopeless, to reward the debt
I owe this fair opinion.
Fio. Sir, the venture
You made, through blood and danger, doth deserve it;
And she were impious, did not think herself
Much honour'd to be call'd your valour's triumph.—
I shall betray myself. [*aside.*]—Censure me not
Immodest, or suspectful of her virtue,
Whom you have made the darling of your heart.

Enter BERTOLDI.

Ber. Sir, the duke calls for you.
Don. Signior Bertoldi.
Ber. Your grace's creature.
Leo. Will it please you, madam?
Fio. I humbly pray your highness to excuse me.
I may have time and happiness to attend you,
When, with more health, I may present my services.
I dare not see this lady.
Leo. Wait you upon that lady, signior.
Ber. With all my heart.—Incomparable lady—
Fio. I have servants to attend me.
Ber. But not one
More humble, or more active for your service.
You cannot choose but know my lady mother;
I have not seen her yet, but she shall stay:
I'll kneel to her when I have done with you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Florelia's *House.*

Enter Florelia *and* Volterino.

Flor. But is my son so valiant, signior?
This war hath wrought a miracle upon him.
Vol. He was a coward beyond Ela, madam, [1]
I must acknowledge; to whom men, in pity
Of his birth, and care of your much-loved honour,
Often forgave his life; but, see the turn!
He that went forth (for all our conjurings
And promise of no danger) as he had
Been marching towards Ætna, nay, before
The instant fight, would have given all the world
To have been assur'd, when he came home, but one
Of every thing about him—
Flor. What do you mean?
Vol. One eye, one ear, one arm, and but one leg
To have hopp'd home withal,—strange, how, i' the heat
O' the battle, he grew double, and there fought
As he had two souls! O, [madam,] had you seen,
When, like a magazine, he march'd, with pikes,
With guns, and corslets, which he took from the enemy,
With swords, more than a surgeon's sign, stuck round,
And seeming like a porcupine, to shoot
The iron quills—
Flor. But is this possible?
Vol. I never saw a dragon do such things.
Flor. This was not by instinct, but some example

[1] *He was a coward beyond* Ela, *madam;*] The highest note in the scale of music. Our old dramatists frequently use the expression, to denote the extreme of any quality.

He saw in you, that wak'd his sleeping spirit;
And he must owe all that is valiant in him
To your brave soul, which, like a burning comet,
Flew with prodigious terror to the enemy.
Vol. You do not jeer your servant?
Flor. And so he,
By your great blaze, saw his next way to honour;
Nor can I but acknowledge all my joys
Now in my son do flow from you. A soldier
Was ever high in my esteem, but you
Have placed the title nearest to me. Pray
Favour me often with your visit.
Vol. The town's my own! [*Aside.*
Flor. No complement, good signior; your love,
If placed on me, shall find an object, though
Not equal to your favours, not ungrateful.
I wonder he absents himself so long.
Vol. My care shall be to find him out, and bring him,
A welcome present to your eye.—She's caught!
[*Aside, and exit.*
Flor. These soldiers think, if they but once lay siege,
We must come in by force or composition.
Although a maiden town may not hold out,
A widow, but well victualled with the bare
Munition of her tongue, will tire an army.
I must suspect my son, for all this legend,
No mighty man at arms. He's here.

Enter Bertoldi *and* Hortensio.

Hort. Your blessing?
Flav. Take it: and with it all my prayers thou may'st
Grow up in honour, and deserve to be
Thy father's son.
Ber. Kiss her, Hortensio, do;
She is thine own.

Hort. 'Twas my ambition, madam,
To wait upon my convert, and to kiss
Your white hand.
Flor. Signior Volterino was here but now, and has
Told me such stories, son—
Ber. Of me?
He had better eat my Spaniard, than mention me
With any scruple of dishonour.
Flor. He
Extols you for a soldier, and tells me wonders.
Hort. If you dare believe me, madam, your son has
Behav'd him like a gentleman.
Ber. I confess
I was— but that's no matter—thank this cavalier:
I can receive and give a gash, and look on't
When I have done, without your cordial waters.
Shall I cut you o'er the face, mother?
Flo. Sir, I am poor, to recompense the honour
You have done my son; I see he is your convert:
You that infus'd a soul in him, cannot
Enough be glorified.
Hort. 'Tis within your power,
Madam, to overpoise all my deserts.
True, I did stir those dormant seeds of nobleness
Your blood left in him, and made glow those sparks
Into a flame were hid in hills of ashes.
Now he is your's; and if you, madam, think
I have done any service by an act
Or precept, that could light your son to honour,
You make me fortunate, and [do] encourage
A soldier to employ his whole life here.
Flor. How do you mean?
Hort. Without more complement,
To love you, and—
Flor. What?

Hort. Wish myself with you, madam, when you dream.
Flor. You would be with me when I dream?
Hort. But I
Should wake you.
Flor. But I should be very angry
To have my sleep broke.
Hort. But I would please you again,
And rock you into a trance with so much harmony,
You should wish to die in't.—I am very plain.
Flor. Methinks you are very rough.
Hort. A soldier's garb,
The old, but the best fashion; a sword
And flattery were not meant for one man's wearing.
Madam, I love you, but not dote upon you,
For you are something old.
Flor. I am, indeed, sir.
Hort. Yet you are very handsome, and I love you;
You're witty, fair, and honest, but a widow,
And yet I love you; I do know you are rich,
Exceeding, mighty rich—
Flor. And yet you love me?
Hort. But, madam, I am a man.
Flor. I do not mean
To try you, signior.—Pray, son, do you.
Hort. Now put your vote in.
Ber. What should I do, madam?
Flor. Try whether he be a man or no.
Ber. Should I?
Flor. Do you hear? they say you are grown valiant;
Upon my blessing, I command you strike
This gentleman, and do it presently.
Ber. Strike him?
Flor. Yes.
Bert. Away, away! what! here?
Flor. Even here, this very minute.

Ber. Not for your house, and all the monies in it;
Not for my father's wardrobe, an I were
An Adamite a-top o' the Alps; though you
Admire the relics, and have turn'd your gallery
Into a chapel, where his several suits
Hang up, like images, for you to pray to.
Strike one taught me to fight! [*Exit Flor.*
Hort. Is she gone? what said she?
Ber. The foolish woman—
Hort. Why, what's the matter?
Ber. She shews her breeding; but do not you despair.

Re-enter FLORELIA.

Flor. If I mistake not, sir, you would pretend
You love me honourably?
Hort. May I perish else.
Flor. When you can make 't appear in visible wounds
Upon your head or body, that my son
Dares fight, you and I will be married.
Ber. I told you, signior, you should have my mother.
Hort. The devil
Shall have you both on easier conditions—
Visible wounds upon my head or body!
Flor. And here's my hand, upon the sight thereof
I'll be your wife; and so—farewell till doom's-day!
Hort. But hark you, lady.
Ber. My mother is a witch.
I shall ne'er be valiant in this world;
What quarrels I may have i' the next I know not;
There are some dead threaten'd to cudgel me.
Hort. Is there no hope that I may catch you in
The noose of matrimony, unless your son
First break my head?

Flor. I will not swear.
Hort. It is not your best course; take heed of vows.
Flor. Why, my dear signior?
Hort. For your soul's sake; and yet,
Dispose that as you please, I'll see who dare
Carry your body from me. Spite o' Lucifer,
I will have that, and come by't lawfully;
And so, my service. Think on't. [*Exit.*
Flor. A fine fellow! [*Exit.*
Ber. Would I had his audacity! My mistress
Yet knows not what I mean; but I will to her,
And kiss her glove immediately. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Part of the Palace.

Enter HONORIO.

Hon. This court is like a twilight, where I cannot
Distinguish day, or perfect night. Some faces
Are cheerful as the morn; others again
Are dark, and wrapp'd, like evening's, in a mist.
Is it instinct for my approach, that brings
A resolution to revenge the rape
Upon my sister?—Grow more strong, my thoughts,
And let no fear distract you.—Prince, I have
Consider'd thee in all thy pride of merit,
Allow'd my father's contract, and did give thee
My sister's heart in thy own vote; but when
She only made a pause, for ceremony,
Not disaffection, since thou could'st forget
Thy honour of a prince, to invade her chastity,
And forfeit thy religion, thus I come,
To whip thy blood, or leave my own a sacrifice.—

Enter PETRONIO.

Sir, may a stranger ask, without offence, why
The court, like Janus, doth present a double
Face, as it labour'd 'twixt the fierce extremes
Of triumph and despair?

Pet. Sir, you mistake not
The mixture of our passions; the court
Smiles in our happiness, to entertain
The prince, and his fair mistress; but doth wear
A grief and paleness for the duke, whose want
Of health delays their marriage.

Hon. I apprehend.
Sir, I am bold.—May not a gentleman,
Engag'd to visit other courts of Italy,
Make his ambition fortunate, to receive
A favour from this prince, and kiss his hand,
Before he leave the dukedom?

Enter LEONATO.

Pet. He is here, sir.

Leo. Lord Petronio, entreat the princess Fioretta,
And my sister, meet me i' the grove.— [*Exit Pet.*
This gentleman— [*Hon. kisses his hand.*

Hon. You have made me happy,
Though I want honour to be known. Your fame
Speaks you a valiant prince, and fortunate;
And I must, with the world, congratulate
Your victory at Mantua, upon which
So rich a triumph waits.

Leo. What triumph, sir?

Hon. The princess Fioretta.

Leo. I acknowledge
That garland is my glory; such a treasure
Was worth more service than my sword could merit:



But I must be a debtor to my stars,
And can release all other happiness
Within their influence to come, so they
Confirm me lord still of her beauty's empire.
Hon. This doth become your excellence. What error
(Receive it not profane) should heaven and nature
Have made, to have kept your hearts too long asunder?
And yet, I may mistake; for, though your grace
Affect her with all height your soul can fancy,
I know not how her love may answer this
Desert in you.
Leo. How, sir?
Hon. Your highness' pardon.
I am no prophet; nor do wish to see
Upon your spring another wind, than what
The wings of pregnant western gales do enrich
The air withal, which, gliding as you walk,
May kiss the teeming flowers, and with soft breath
Open the buds, to welcome their preserver.
I wish you might grow up two even cedars,
Till your top boughs kiss heaven, that made you flourish;
When, stooping to behold the numerous branches
That prosper in your growth, and what refreshing
The world below receives by your cool shade,
You wave your heads in the applause and wonder.
This is the song I bring to your chaste Hymen,
And thus would every good man pray, but that
They fear,—
Leo. Fear! what?
Hon. The blessings they invoke,
With all their importunity of prayers,
Will not descend.
Leo. I cannot reach you, sir,
Without a perspective. But this wanders from
The doubt you made of Fioretta's love,

To answer mine; that talk was dangerous;
I must not hear't again.
Hon. You must, unless
You can be deaf, or cut the tongue of fame out.
Leo. The man hath somewhere lost his senses.
—Go back,
And find thy strangled wits; this language has
No chain of reason.—I lose breath upon
A thing distracted.
Hon. 'Tis not come to that;
I have no such hot vexation, but a soul
Possess'd with noble anger, and with pity.
Prince, I must tell you there are dangerous symptoms
Of a state apoplex; those airy stilts
Of fame you walk on, will deceive your pride,
When every honest breath, angry at what
You did so late in the contempt of goodness,
Will tell the wind how it mistook your praise,
And in a sigh conclude her sad repentance.
I come not, sir, to flatter.
Leo. It appears so.
Hon. But tell you what hath eat into your soul
Of honour, and there poison'd all the worth
The world once loved you for.
Leo. You talk as if
You had consulted with my fate, and read
The leaves of my inevitable doom.—
What action hath so much incens'd my late
Kind stars to this revolt, and threat'neth like
To busy tongues in my disgrace?
Hon. The noise
Is loud already. Would there were no truth
In men, who say you ravish'd Fioretta,
Sweet princess, from her prayers, and left a monument
Of such a sacrilege committed by you,
The very stones since groan in her behalf

You ravish'd from the nunnery![2] On this
Must needs depend her hate,
Whose person and religious vow you have,
Unlike a prince, profan'd.
Leo. You are very bold.
What confidence can that outside raise in you,
To be thus saucy?
Hon. Saucy!
Leo. Impudent.
Is life a burden, that you dare my anger?
What art?
Hon. A gentleman, that have more right to honour,
Than he that is a prince, and dares degenerate.
Leo. There's something in thy face would have me think
Thou may'st be worth my punishment. That I
Could uncreate thee! If thy veins do house
But common blood, to make thee a fit enemy
In birth and soul to me, that I might kill thee
Without a blush to honour! Do not tempt
My just rage, that, provok'd, will scorn a sword,
And make thee nothing with a look. Begone!
Get hence with the same speed thou would'st avoid
A falling tower, or had'st new seen a lioness
Walking upon some cliff, and gazing round
To find a prey, which she pursues with eyes
That shoot contracted flame; but when her teeth
And paws arrive, they quickly leave no part,
Or sign of what there was.
Hon. Just heaven, how high
He talks, and counterfeits your noise! I have
A charm against your thunder. If thou hast

[2] *You ravish'd from the nunnery!*] I have continued this useless passage; doubtful whether it be an accidental repetition of a preceding line, or the fragment of some lost, or dislocated sentence.

Courage to stay, thou quickly shalt repent
Heaven's justice in my arm, sent to revenge
Thy sacrilege. The more to encourage thee
To fight, I am thy equal, and a prince,
[*They draw.*
Or may thy sin o'ertake my blood, and set
A weight upon my soul when thou hast kill'd me.
[*They fight.*

Enter DONABELLA *and* JULIANA.

Jul. Alas! my lord!
Don. Dear brother!—
Help! What traitor's this?
Leo. Away, sweet Fioretta!
Hon. Fioretta!
Jul. Ha! I am undone! [*aside.*]—Alas! what do you mean?
My brother, prince Honorio!
Leo. Thy brother?
Jul. Oh, let me hold thee safe in my embraces.
Don. } Honorio!
Leo. }
Hon. The same; but not her brother.
Leo. Pardon me;
Whose soul disdain'd, in my belief thou wert
An insolent stranger, to acknowledge any thing
Of satisfaction; but let thy sister
Now speak for both.
Hon. Give space to my amazement.
Jul. If changing thus soft kisses, arms, and heart,
You interpret violence, Fioretta then,
Thy sister, has been ravish'd. Who hath thus
Abus'd your faith, and wrong'd this prince's virtue,
Clear as the light of stars? I must confess,
I seem'd to wave his courtship, when he first
Beheld me veil'd, which modesty instructed:

And though my heart were won, I kept it secret,
To make more proof of his, who, not consenting
To be depriv'd too long of what he lov'd,
He brought a force to the cloister; but took me,
His own, away without a rape; and since,
All his addresses have been honourable.
Hon. Instead of satisfaction, you enlarge
My wonder.—What IMPOSTURE's here? The prince
Is cozen'd; yet she owns me.—Pardon, sir;
I was made [to] believe you did most impiously
Compel my sister, and by force enjoy'd her;
But now I find we are all abus'd. To what
Misfortune might this error have engag'd us!
Leo. This is my sister.
Hon. You cannot want a charity,
That are so fair.
Jul. Would Leonato's sword
Had prosper'd in his death! I must be confident.
[*Aside.*
You have not yet made glad my heart, Honorio,
With our good father's health; I have some trembling
Within my blood, and fear all is not well.
Hon. Gipsey!
Jul. You look not cheerfully.
Hon. My father
Enjoys a perfect health.
Jul. That word hath blest me.—
Sister, and Leonato, you'll excuse,
If I transgress with joy to see my brother;
Were but the duke my father here, I summ'd
All my delights on earth—
Hon. She confounds me. [*Aside.*
Jul. Honorio and I will follow you.
[*Exeunt Leo. and Don.*
Hon. You are not my sister.
Jul. Sir, 'tis very true.
Hon. Where is she?

Jul. You shall know what will make you happy, sir,
If you preserve this wisdom.
Hon. I have seen you before.
Jul. But I am destin'd here
To do such service to your family,—
You shall know more.
Hon. Give me breath for two minutes,
Be confident of my silence; they expect you.
[*Exit Jul.*
So! let me have some air. Am I Honorio?

Enter FIORETTA *and* BERTOLDI.

What prodigies are these? we are all bewitch'd.—
Ha! sister!
Fio. Brother! Honorio!
Hon. 'Tis she. What's he?
Fio. Not worth the interruption of one kiss.
Ber. My friend.
Hon. My fool.—Fioretta, shew me where
We may enjoy a shade; I'll tell thee wonders.
[*Exeunt Fio. and Hon.*
Ber. Sir, I shall meet with you again.—A pretty fellow!
[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Park.

Enter FIORETTA *and* DONABELLA.

Fio. Madam, I fear this walk into the park
May engage your grace too far, without some more
To attend you.
Don. Our own thoughts may be our guard;

I use it frequently. But to our discourse
Of prince Honorio, for we cannot find
A nobler subject; I observe that he
And you have been acquainted.
Fio. 'Twas my happiness
To have my breeding in the court of Mantua,
Where I, among the rest of his admirers,
Seeing his youth improv'd with so much honour,
Grew into admiration of his virtues;
Which, now he writes man, do so fully crown him,
His father's dukedom holds no ornament
To stand in competition.
Don. You speak him high,
And with a passion too, that tastes of love.
Fio. Madam, I honour him,
As may become his servant.
Don. As his mistress
Rather.
Fio. My heart is clear from such ambition.
Don. But yet not proof against all Cupid's shafts:
I do not think but you have been in love.
Fio. Who hath not felt the wounds? but I ne'er look'd
Above my birth and fortunes. Prince Honorio
May become your election, and great blood.
Don. I find it here already.
Fio. Nor could you
Endear it where so much desert invites it
To be belov'd.
Don. My looks do sure betray me.—
I do believe him all compos'd of honour,
And have receiv'd your character from the world
So noble, all your praise can be no flattery.
I know not by what powerful charm within
His person, madam, I confess my eyes
Take some delight to see him, but I fear—
Fio. I find your jealousy, and dare secure you.
If in your amorous bosom you feel, madam,

A golden shaft, the cure is made by cherishing
The happy wound ; my destiny hath placed
My thoughts of love where they cannot concern
Your trouble or suspicion, nor indeed
My hope,—for I despair ever to meet
His clear affection whom I honour.
Don. Would
This court contain'd whom you would make so precious!
I should with as much cheerfulness assist
Your wishes, as desire your aid to mine:
I do believe you have much credit with
His thoughts, and virtue to deserve it, madam.
Fio. If you trust me,
The favour I have with his highness shall not
Create your prejudice. Be confident;
Your birth, your beauty, and those numerous graces
That wait upon you, must command his heart.
Don. Madam, you force a blush, for my much want
Of what you're pleas'd to impute my ornaments.
You are acquainted with yourself, and shew
What I should be, if I were rich like you;
But my disparity of worth allow'd,
Would you would call me sister, and impose
Something on me! my act of confidence,
And free discovery of my soul, may [, happily,]
Deserve [a] faith from you, that I shall never
Injure his name you love.
Fio. There is no hope
In my desires, and therefore I beseech,
Dear madam, your excuse; yet thus much I
Dare borrow of my grief to say, he lives
Now in the court, for whose sake I thus wither.
Don. Alas! I fear again. Is he compos'd
Of gentle blood, and can to thee be cruel?
Fio. No, he is very kind, for he did promise
To be my husband; we have been contracted.

Don. Disperse these mists, and clear my wonder, madam.
Fio. When time and sorrow shall by death prepare
My sad release of love, you may know all;
Were the condition of my fate like others,
It were no grief to name him.
Don. This doth [the] more enlarge my jealousy.
Fio. But let us leave this subject, till time fit
To ope the maze of my unhappy fortune. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Same.

Enter behind BERTOLDI.

Ber. I heard that she was come into the park;
They cannot be far [off]; they are in view,
And no man with them. I will now be valiant.

Enter FLORELIA *and* HONORIO.

Flor. It was her highness' charge I should direct you;
I know her walk.
Ber. The blustering prince again!
Who sent him hither? I think he conjures.
Now dare I with as much confidence undertake
To cure a lion rampant o' the tooth-ache,
As but go forward: and my valiant mother!
Hon. Your son; I must excuse myself, then, to him.
Ber. Now shall I be fit for a carbonado.
Hon. I hope you'll pardon, sir, if I appear'd
Less smooth when I last saw you.

Ber. My good lord, your grace is too much humble.
I'm your blow-ball; your breath dissolves my being.
But to shew how free my wishes are to serve you,
If you have any mind, or meaning to my mother—
Hon. How do you mean?
Ber. In what way your grace pleases;
She shall be your's: your highness may do worse.
Although I say't, she has those things may give
A prince content.
Hon. Your son is very courteous.
Flor. I should prepare you, sir, to look with mercy
Upon his folly. But the princess.
Ber. Mother.
Flor. Will you be still a fool?—
What said you, sir, to the prince?
Ber. Will you be wise,
And use him tenderly?
Flor. Stain to thy father's blood!—
[*Hon.*] I was coming, madam.
[*Exeunt Flor. and Hon.*
Ber. Umph! he is my rival.
Would my hilts
Were in his belly!—they are out of sight.
It is no rutting time! no trick!

Enter FLAVIANO *and* CLAUDIO, *disguised.*

Flav. Signior Bertoldi!
Ber. I do not know you, friends; but, howsoever,
There is a purse of money.
Flav. Sir, I want not.
Ber. That gentleman, perhaps, can drink.—I like not
Their goggle eyes; 'twas well I gave them money.— [*Aside.*
What do you want else? you are soldiers;
I love a soldier.
Flav. I am a gentleman of Mantua, sir,

That owe my life to your command, as one
That had an interest in the preservation
Your army brought, when the enemy besieg'd us.
Ber. Your mercy, signior; and how do all
Our limber friends i' the nunnery? I was one
O' the cavaliers went with the general
Into the orchard of [the] Hesperides,
To fetch the golden dragon.
Flav. Golden apple,
You mean, the princess Fioretta, signior.
Is she married, sir?
Ber. No, no; the duke will neither die nor live,
To any purpose; but they will be shortly.
Have you a mind to kiss her hand?
Flav. I shall be proud—
Ber. You shall be as proud as you please, sir.
Flav. You can resolve me, is Honorio,
Our duke of Mantua's son, here?
Ber. Yes, he is here;
Heaven were a fitter place for him.
Flav. Ha! look to him,
For he is come with bloody thoughts to murder
Your prince Leonato. Caution him to walk
With a strong guard, and arm himself with all
That can be proof against his sword or pistol.
He cannot be too safe against the treason
And horrid purpose of Honorio.
Ber. His mouth is musket bore. But are you sure
He did resolve to kill our prince?
Flav. Most certain.
Ber. I am very glad to hear it.
Flav. Glad, sir?
Ber. Yes;
I cannot wish him better than a traitor.
Now I shall be reveng'd.
Flav. Has he been guilty
Of any affront to you?
Ber. He is my rival.

Flav. Why do not you kill him then?
Ber. Pox on him!
I cannot endure him.
Flav. He is then reserv'd
To fall by me.
Ber. 'Tis too good to be true.
Are you married, signior?
Flav. What then?
Ber. If you be not,
Do this, and you shall have my mother,
A lady that has gold enough to pave
The streets with double ducats. Here's my hand;
Kill but this huffing prince, my mother's your's,

HONORIO *passes over the stage.*

And all her moveables.—'Tis he! alone too.
There's a convenient bottom, sir, hard by,
The finest place to cut his throat. I'll not
Be seen.
Flav. I am resolv'd.—Charge home thy little murderers,
And follow.
Clau. I warrant you, my lord.
[*Exeunt after Hon.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Same.

Enter VOLTERINO *and* HORTENSIO.

Vol. But tell me,
Hast thou any hopes of madam Florelia?
Hor. I had a lusty promise.
Vol. From her?
Hor. The coxcomb, her sweet son.
Vol. Why, so had I; he did contract her to me:
A flat bargain, and sale of all she had,
So I would say he was valiant.

Hor. That was the price he made to me; but I
Had hope last visit from herself.
Vol. Be plain:
I'll tell thee, she gave me strong expectation,
And came on like a cheveril.
Hor. I hear
She has given out she will have one of us.

Enter FLORELIA *behind.*

Vol. She cannot love us both.
Hor. Would she had one! and then the toy were over;
I could make shift to love her.
Vol. And to lie
With her estate; one helps the t'other well.
Flor. I find a change within myself; I hope
I shall not prove in love, now, after all
My jesting, and so many coy repulses
To men of birth and honour.
Vol. It is she!
Flor. Why do I think upon him then? I fear
This man of war has done't.
Hor. I have it; we'll find whether she affect,
Or juggle with us, presently.
[*They draw their swords.*
Flor. Those postures
Would shew some difference. Here I can observe—
Vol. Your mistress?
Hor. Mine, if she be pleas'd. What interest
Can all your merit challenge above me?
Vol. You will repent this insolence; I must
Forget to wear a sword, and hear thee name
Florelia, with that confident relation
To her fair thoughts, and not correct your pride!
I'll search your heart, and let out those proud hopes
That thus exalt you.
Hort. You are cozen'd, signior;

I do not fear your probe. [*they fight.*]—She let's
us fight;
If we had no more wit, we might foin in earnest.
Flor. Ha, ha, ha! are you at that ward, gentle-
men?
Vol. She laughs to see us fence o' this fashion;
Let's come a little closer. [*They fight.*
Flor. Hold, hold, gentlemen!
For your own honours. Is this valour well
Employ'd? What cause can urge effusion
Thus of that noble blood was given you
To serve your country? Are you mad?
Hort. We are
But little better, to be both in love.
Flor. What woman,
Consider'd in her best, is worth this difference?
She is cruel cannot find a better way
To reconcile you, than by letting blood.
Do you both love one?
Vol. It does appear so, madam.
Flor. I would I knew the lady makes you both
Unhappy; I would counsel her some way,
To set your hearts at peace.
Vol. 'Tis in your power.
Hort. Without more circumstance, do but look
upon
Yourself, and end our civil wars. We have both
Opinion of your virtue, and both hope
An interest in your love. If you will please
To point which of us two is most concern'd
In your affection, you conclude our danger,
And oblige one your everlasting servant.
Vol. This, madam, is a charitable way
To know your own, and save two lives; for we
Shall fix upon your sentence, and obey
The fate you give us.
Flor. Do you fight for me?
And will it save incision, and preserve

Your noble veins, to know whom I prefer
In my best thoughts of love? This is but rea-
sonable,
And 'twill be hard to set a period
To this contention, for I love you both
So equally, observe me, cavaliers,
'Tis most impossible to distinguish which
Is first in my neglect; for I love neither:
Fight, or be friends; you have your choice, and I
My liberty. I had forgot to thank you
For your infusion of that fierce courage
Into my son; there is great hope, if he
Live till next year, he may be a constable;
He has an excellent art to keep the peace.
Farewell! [*Going.*

Vol. Madam, for all this, I believe you love—

Hort. I believe now she's old, and has no teeth,
Else she would bite at one of us.—Reverend
madam,—
That word has fetch'd her,—we have no other cor-
dial
At this dead pang, for your disdain, but drink now.
If you will have your son made a fine gentleman,
Be sure you send him to the tavern to us;
He knows the rendezvous; though you despair,
We may wind him up yet with spirit of wine.
However, we'll be merry, and perhaps,
For all this, drink your health.

Vol. Bye, madam.

Hort. If you love your baby, send him.
[*Exeunt Vol. and Hort.*

Flor. I am to blame, but I must help it some
way. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A retired Part of the Park.

Enter HONORIO, FLAVIANO, *and* CLAUDIO *with pistols.*

Hon. Two engines of so small extent, to do
Such mighty execution! May I see
These instruments you say you have invented,
And so commend for service?
Flav. Yes, my lord.—
Shew them to the prince.—Do they not fright already?
Your grace may take full view, and quickly be the
Proof of what force they have.
Hon. I am betray'd.
Who hath conspir'd my death?
Flav. To vex you, see him. [*Discovers himself.*
Hon. Flaviano! what mak'st thou here?
Flav. To put off these commodities. You are
A princely merchant, and affect this kind
Of traffic; that you may not die i' the dark,
I'll tell you a brief story, which you may
Report i' the other world: I did affect
Ambitiously thy sister Fioretta;
Abus'd thy father with a false opinion
Of Leonato; for my end remov'd
His mistress from the cloister, and persuaded
A witty nun to take her name, and cheat
The prince, whom he suspects not yet.
Hon. Damn'd rascal!
Flav. For pure love to your sister I did this.
Hon. Why, having been so impious, does thy malice
Pursue me, ignorant of all thy treasons?

Flav. Would you know that?—because I am undone
In my chief hope: the princess, whom I thought
Thus placed secure, and apt for my own visit,
Is gone, is vanish'd; and as soon I may
Find the impression of a ship at sea,
And by the hollow track in waves o'ertake
The winged bark; distinguish where the birds,
At chase i' the air, do print their active flight,
As find in what part of the envious world
Fioretta is bestow'd. This sad intelligence
Surpris'd me like a storm; nor was it safe
To look upon the duke, who must too late
Repent his trust, and punish it. In this conflict
Of desperate thoughts, I thus resolv'd to see
Ferrara, and the lady I preferr'd,
But find things cannot prosper if you live,
Whose angry breath will throw down what my policy
Wrought high, and strike my head beneath the ruins.
Are you now satisfied why you must not live?

Hon. Hear me: she's still in silence, and believ'd
My sister by the prince.

Flav. When you are dead, then
You will be sure to tell no tales.—Now shoot.

Clau. In my opinion, if all this be truth,
The mischief you have done may be sufficient,
And he may live.

Flav. Villain! wilt thou betray me?

Clau. You have betray'd yourself; and after this
Confession, as I take it, I may be
Your ghostly father, and prescribe you a penance.
[*Points the pistol at him.*

Flav. Hold!

Clau. I will but physic you; your soul has caught

A vehement cold, and I have two hot pills
Will warm you at heart.
Hon. Shall my revenge be idle?
[*Draws his sword.*
Clau. Good prince, you are too forward; an you be
So hasty, I'm o' this side.—Did you think
I would be false? yet, lest my aim be unlucky,
Trust your own hand to guide them.
[*Gives the pistols to Flav.*
Flav. Thou art honest.—
Thus I salute thy heart, Honorio. [*snaps the pistol at Hon.*]—Ha! no charge?
Clau. 'Tis time, sir, to be honest. I could serve you
In some court sins, that are but flesh-colour,
A wickedness of the first die, whose brightness
Will fade, and tincture change: your murder is
Crimson in grain; I have no fancy to't.—
Sir, you are safe.
Hon. I see thou hast preserv'd me.
Flav. I am lost for ever!
Hon. It is but a minute
Since you were found. You must be pleas'd to walk
Into the court? the vestal you preferr'd
No doubt will bid you welcome.—Fate, I thank thee.
Flav. False stars, I dare you now!
Clau. I shall wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter JULIANA.

Jul. I have collected all my brain, and cannot,
In any counsel of my thoughts find safety.
Honorio's death will not secure my strength,
Or prop my languishing greatness: 'tis but like
A cordial when the pangs of death hang on us;
Nay, to my present state, no other than
Some liberal potion of a quivering stream,
Drank to abate the scorching of my fever;
It cools to the taste, and creeps, like ice dissolv'd,
Into my blood; but meeting with the flame,
It scalds my bosom, and augments the fire
That turns my heart to ashes. Poor Juliana!
To what a loss hath thy first sin betray'd thee!
Ambition hath reveng'd thy breach of honour,
And death must cure ambition; for I have
No prospect left, but what invites to ruin.
I am resolv'd not to expect my fate,
But meet it this way. [*Shews a poniard.*

Enter LEONATO.

Leo. Dearest Fioretta.
Ha! what offends my princess? There is something
That dwells like an eclipse upon thy eyes;
They shine not as they did; a discontent
Is, like a mildew, fallen upon thy cheek;
'Tis pale and cold, as winter were come back
To over-run the spring.
Jul. My dearest lord,
My face is but the title to a volume

Of so much misery within, as will
Tire your amazed soul to read.
Leo. Thou dost
Freeze up my blood already. O, call back
Part of this killing language, if thou mean'st
To make me understand thee; the amazement
Doth fall so like a deluge, I am drown'd
Ere I can think my fears. How have we liv'd
At distance, thou should'st walk upon this earthquake,
And my ground tremble not?—but with this fright
I am awake. Open the volume now,
I will read every circumstance.
Jul. Observe then,
What first becomes my sorrow. [*Kneels.*
Leo. Dost thou kneel?
That posture is for them have lost their innocence:
We must do this to heaven.
Jul. I must to you.
Leo. What guilt can weigh thee down so low? Dost weep too?
Jul. I should not love my eyes, if they were silent;
They know this story will too soon o'ercharge
My feeble voice. That every tear could fall
Into some character, which you might read,
That so I might dispense with my sad tongue,
And leave my sorrows legible! Oh, my lord,
I have wrong'd you above hope to find your mercy.
Leo. Take heed, and think once more what thou hast done,
Ere thou describe such an offence, lest I
Believe a fault will drown us both with horror.
Thou hast not broke thy vow, nor given away
Thy honour, since thy faith did seal thee mine?
Jul. Not in a thought.
Leo. I will not see thee kneel.
Rise, and be welcome to my arms; thou hast
Done nothing can offend me, Fioretta.

Jul. Alas! I am not Fioretta.
Leo. Ha!
This doth confirm me; thou hast all this while
But mock'd my fear; and yet this weeping is
Not counterfeit: thou art to blame my love;
Is it thy jealousy, that I am cold
In my returns to answer thy affection?
Or, have I less in thy esteem of merit
Than thy hopes flatter'd thee? or doth the time,
That dully moves, and intermits the joys
We promis'd, when the altar had confirm'd us,
Sit heavy on thy thought? We will awake
From this our sullen sleep, and quit of those
Sick feathers that did droop our wings, fly to
The holy man, whose charm shall perfect us,
And chain our amorous souls.
Jul. Divide us rather.
Joy is a fugitive of late; and while
You think of Hymen, you remove your wishes.
Fioretta will forbid the priest.
Leo. Canst thou
Forget thy love so much?
Jul. Alas, my lord,
You have been all this while abused; and when
I have said enough, to assure your faith that I
Am not your Fioretta, but a virgin
Compell'd to take her name, you will, I hope,
Kill me yourself, and save me a despair,
That will conclude my breath else in few minutes.
Leo. Are not you Fioretta, but a virgin
Compell'd to take her name? Who durst compel thee?
Jul. The duke of Mantua.
Leo. I dissolve in wonder.
Durst Mantua use me thus?—Thy name?
Jul. Juliana.
My blood (excepting what does fill the veins
Of princes) flowing from the noblest spring
Of honour.

Leo. Where was Fioretta then?
Jul. Convey'd I know not whither, ere you came
To save their lives that did betray you thus.
I was too careless of my fate, that I
Kept such a glowing secret still within me;
I had no fear to be consum'd, that had
Another fire within me, whose wide flame
Had soon devour'd all my considerings.
Alas, my lord, you did appear so full
Of honour, virtue, and such princely love,
'Twas easy to forget on whom you smil'd.
I had no thought to wish myself unhappy,
Or own another name to my undoing;
Yet now, more tender of your birth and fame
Than my own life, I cast myself beneath
Your feet, a bleeding sacrifice.
Leo. Am I
Awake, and hear all this?
Jul. I see, my lord,
In your enraged eye, what lightning is
Prepar'd; 'tis welcome: since I dare not hope
To live upon your smile, I would fain die
Betime, before the shame of my dishonour
Enforce a mutiny upon myself.
But think, my lord, while I confess all this
Against myself, how free I might have been,
How happy, how near heaven, above those glories,
Had not you forced me from the blessed garden
Where I was planted, and grew fair, though not
Oblig'd by any solemn vow; 'twas you,
Your own hand, ravish'd me from that sweet life,
Where, without thought of more than should concern
Your welfare in my prayers, I might have sung,
And had converse with angels.

Enter PETRONIO.

Pet. Sir, I bring sad news.

Leo. I prithee speak; I am prepar'd for all.
Pet. The duke is dead.
Leo. My father dead!
Pet. I do not like the princess at that posture. [*Aside.*
Leo. I have forgot your name, lady,—you may rise.

Enter HONORIO, FLAVIANO, CLAUDIO, *and Guard.*

Hon. My lord, I bring you news welcome as health
Or liberty; your soul will not be spacious
Enough to entertain what will with joys
And strong amazement fill it. How I swell
With my own happiness, to think I shall
Redeem your noble heart from a dishonour
Will weigh down death! You think you walk on roses,
And feel not to what dragon's teeth and stings
You were betray'd. I bring a disenchantment,
And come with happy proofs—
Leo. To tell me this is not
Your sister Fioretta, but a nun
Suborn'd to cheat me. I know all the business,
And am resolv'd in my revenge.—Juliana,
Sweet suffering maid, dry thy fair eyes, 'tis I
Must make thee satisfaction; I thus,
By thy own name, receive thee to my bosom:—
But you, that practis'd cunning, shall, ere time
Contract the age of one pale moon, behold
The country I preserv'd, a heap of ruins.
Jul. Flaviano! [*aside.*]—Sir!
Hon. Do you know
Whom you embrace? Flaviano has confess'd
Himself the traitor, and the black contriver
Of all this mischief. Leonato, hear me,
Or by thy father, newly fall'n to ashes,

I shall repent I had an honourable
Thought of thee.—Flaviano!—Madam witchcraft!
My rage will strangle my discourse; my soul
Is leaping forth to be reveng'd upon
That devil.— Prince, keep off, his very breath
Will stifle thee, and damn thy honour to
All ages. Fioretta's now in court.

Flav. Ha! in the court?

Leo. This is some new device.

Hon. I charge thee, by thy blood, throw off these harpies,
And do my sister justice, whom their treason
Hath made a scorn. That minute she usurps
Her name of bride, I shall forget the altar,
And turn myself the priest, with all your blood
To make a purging sacrifice.

Leo. If, when we
Receive our rites, thou dost but frown, or whisper
To interrupt one ceremony, I
Will make thee hold the tapers, while the priest
Performs the holy office. Tell thy sister,
Here I bestow what you have made me forfeit.
Present her to the nunnery, and counsel
Thy ignoble father, when I next see Mantua,
To be asleep in's coffin, and his vault
Deep, and thick-ribb'd with marble, my noise else
Will shake his dust. Thy youth finds mercy yet;
Take the next whirlwind, and remove. — Our guard!—
Petronio, we confine him to your house.

[*Exeunt all but Hon. and Pet.*

Hon. Thou coward prince! there's not one honest man
In all the world. Our sins ascend like vapours,
And will, if justice sleep, stupify heaven.
For thine own glory wake; if thou dispense
With this, proud man will cry down providence.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Tavern; a table and stools set out.

Enter VOLTERINO, HORTENSIO, *and* PANDOLFO *with a towel.*

Vol. Such wine as Ganymede doth skink to Jove,
When he invites the gods to feast with him
On Juno's wedding-day.
Pan. Jove never drank
So brisk a nectar as I'll draw. But does
Signior Bertoldi come?
Hort. What else, my alderman o' the cellar?
Vol. He is our Hilas. Shall we not have music?
Hort. By all means, and the mermaids.
Pan. You shall have any thing.
But if signior Bertoldi come, I have
A boon to beg; I have a pretty plot
To make you laugh.
Vol. What is't?
Pan. As you are gentlemen, do not deny me.
I have been your up-and-down-stairs-man, to draw
The best blood o' the grape [for you] these ten years;
Troy held out no longer. I have a device
Shall make you merry when he comes, if you
Will give me leave to shift, and help a jest.
He is a coward still, under the rose?
Hort. As any lives under the sun; be confident.
Vol. The same senseless piece of timber;
You may cut him into a bed-staff.
Pan. I'll send you wine. Say I am valiant;
Let me alone with the catastrophe. [*Exit.*
Hort. What will he do?
Vol. I know not;

He were best make us laugh; I shall expound
The matter else.

Enter BERTOLDI, *and Drawer with wine.*

Ber. My mother remembers her service, gentlemen.
I left my mistress to come to you: and how?
Shall we drink like fishes? *Tolle roll lolly, &c.*
Vol. Sit, sit! A health to the lady you kiss'd last! [*Drinks.*
Ber. Let it come; I'll pledge it,
An it were the gulf of Venice. [*Drinks.*
Hort. And who's your mistress?
Ber. Faith, I do not know her name, nor ever kissed any thing but her glove in my life.
Vol. But you have told her your mind?
Ber. Not I, by this wine! But that's all one;
She is a lady, well bred, and companion
To the princess; that's enough.—
Here, signior. Would we had some wenches here!
Hort. Some bouncing bona-robas. Hang this dull city!
There is no music in't, no silken music.
Vol. Oh, for a wench
Could spit fire now! that could whiz like a rocket,
And fall into a hundred blazing stars:
Such a firedrake would be warm company
In a close room, signior.
Hort. An it were in a cellar under the Alps,
It would make Hercules melt in the back.
Ber. But for all that, I do not like a sinner
Of such a fiery constitution.
Hort. You would not venture upon the Golden Fleece then,
Which is but the moral of a maidenhead?
Ber. I never heard that afore.
Hort. So say the learned; first, for the difficulty

to obtain it, being watch'd by a dragon; and then for the rarity, there being but one in all the world.

Ber. But one maidenhead?

Vol. And that some hold as doubtful as the phœnix or unicorn. Such things are in history; but the man's not alive that will take his oath in what climate they are visible. Here's to the swan that broke her heart with singing last! [*Drinks.*

Hort. And to the dolphin, that was in love with a fidler's boy of Thebes, who carried him cross the seas on her back a-fishing, while he sung the siege of Troy to the tune of *Green-sleeves*, and caught a whale with an angling rod. [*Drinks.*

Ber. I'll pledge them both; they are very fine healths. [*Drinks.*

Are these your mistresses' names, gentlemen?

Re-enter PANDOLFO, *dressed like a soldier.*

Vol. Mystical, mystical.

Ber. I understand they are mystical.—Who's this?

Pan. Save you, gentlemen.

Vol. 'Tis the drawer. [*Aside to Hort.*

Pan. I do not like the odour of your wine. [*He throws it in Bertoldi's face.*

Ber. Was it a health? let it go round, gentlemen. I am troubled with sore eyes, and this signior Has wash'd them for me. I hope I shall see to thank him.

Hort. Cry mercy, signior! you are like a noble gentleman I saw at Rome: you are the very same to whom his holiness gave a pension for killing six great Turks in Transylvania, whose heads were boiled, and brought home in a portmanteau.

Pan. It was but five, sir, and a Saracen.

Hort. You are the man.

Vol. Pray give me leave to honour you.

Ber. I desire to be your poor admirer too.

My eyes are clear to see your worth; my name is
Bertoldi, at your service.
Pan. To you, signior,
A health to Julius Cæsar, Prester John,
And the Grand Cham of Tartaria. [*Drinks.*
Vol. You shall not pledge him.
Ber. No!
Vol. Make your exceptions,
I'll justify them.
Hort. This cavalier drank to you, sir.
Ber. I do remember, but I cannot pledge him.
Pan. How, sir?
Ber. No, sir, I'll pledge my friend Prester Jack;
But for Julius Cæsar and the Grand Cham, they are
Pagans;
I have nothing to say to them.

Re-enter a Drawer.

Draw. Here is a gentleman, he seems of quality,
Enquiring for signior Volterino and Hortensio.
Hort. Admit him, an he be a gentleman.
[*Exit Draw.*

Enter FLORELIA, *dressed in man's clothes.*

Flor. You'll pardon, if a stranger, that has had
A long ambition to kiss your hands,
Rather entreat for his access, than lose
The happiness of your knowledge.
Vol. Sir, you are
Most welcome.
Hort. If you will keep us company,
You must be equally engag'd.
Ber. My humble service.
Signior Hortensio's mistress! [*Drinks.*
Flor. You honour me.—
Would I were off again! [*Aside.*
Ber. Excuse me, signior.
Flor. You are too full of ceremony.

Pan. Sir, is there any difference between you
And Julius Cæsar, you would not pledge his health?
Ber. No difference in the world.
Pan. How! no difference
Between you and a Roman emperor?
Flor. Divide them. What's the matter?
Hort. O, for some trumpets!
Ber. Somebody hold my sword. Give me the wine;
I'll drink it. [*Drinks.*
Pan. So! we are friends.
Flor. O, shameful!
Ber. But I shall find a time—
Pan. Find twenty thousand years; there's time enough.
Vol. I'll be your stickler.
Ber. I have not pledg'd the Cham yet, nor I will not:
Come, I know you well enough.
Pan. Know me! for what?
Ber. For a brave fellow; and a man may believe thou hast done things as well as the best on them; but I know not where, nor I care not. Tell me of Julius Cæsar! I am a gentleman, and have seen fighting afore now: here's a cavalier knows it. I scorn to be baffled by any Transylvanian Turk-killer in christendom, I; thou'rt a mufti.
Vol. Well said, and a sandiack.
Ber. And a sandiack! I defy the Grand Cham, and all his Tartars. You are a stinking obstreperous fellow; and—I honour you with all my heart.
Hort. He call'd you mufti.
Pan. What's that?
Hon. And a sandiack; that is, son of whore in two languages.
Pan. How! in two languages? then my honour is concerned.
Have I in thirty battles 'gainst the Turk

Stood the dire shock, when the granadoes flew,
Like atoms in the sun?
Have I killed twenty bashaws, and a musselman,
And took the sultan's turban prisoner,
And shall I be affronted by a thing
Less than a lanceprezado?
Ber. Will nobody hold me?
Flor. Gentlemen, this heat
Must needs be dangerous.
Pan. Let me but speak with him.
Vol. No danger, o' my life; let them go together,
And let us mind our business.
Pan. Signior, I am your friend, and pity you
Should lose so much your honour. Be advis'd;
I'll show a way how to repair your fame,
And without danger.
[*Pan. and Ber. talk privately.*
Hort. To Volterino's mistress! [*Drinks.*
Flor. I receive it; I shall have my share.—I now
Repent my curiosity to see
Their humours, and to hear what they would say
Of me. [*Aside.*
Hort. Let them alone.—To Volterino's mistress!
[*Drinks.*
Vol. Come; to my whore! [*Drinks.*
Flor. Your whore, signior?
Vol. Does that offend you?
Flor. Not me; I have done you right.—
I am well enough rewarded an they beat me.
[*Aside.*
Ber. I know not how to deserve this courtesy,
Being a stranger: but if you want a wife, noble sir,
And will accept of my mother, you shall have her
Before any man in Italy.
Pan. I thank you, sir;
But be sure you hit me full o' the head.

Ber. 'Tis too much;
A cut o' the leg, an't please you?
Pan. No, let it be o' the head.
Ber. You will not strike again?
Pan. Mine's but a foil.
Hort. They measure, and give back.
[*Ber. strikes Pan.*
Pan. Oh, I am slain! a surgeon.
Flor. I'll take my leave.
Hort. By this hand, I'll drink his mother's health first!
There's no danger an he were dead.—A health to the lady
Florelia! I drink it for his sake. [*Drinks.*
Vol. Away, and get a surgeon. [*Exit Pan.*
Ber. Come, to my lady mother! [*Drinks.*
A man is not born to be a coward all his life.
Flor. I can no more, sir.
Hort. You should have told me, sir, at first;
There is no remedy, 'tis to an honourable lady.
Flor. You must excuse me, sir.
Ber. Throw't in his eyes.
Hort. At your request.
[*Hort. throws the wine in Florelia's face.*
Flor. You are most uncivil.
Hort. You are a mushroom. [*Strikes Flor.*
Flor. So, sir!
You are a multitude, and in a tavern.
I did believe you, sir, a gentleman;
If you be, give me satisfaction nobly.
Hort. With all my heart.
Flor. Then thus. [*Whispers Hort.*

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Signior Bertoldi, fly! his wound is dangerous;
We fear he will bleed to death before the surgeon come.

Vol. Out by the postern!
Ber. Pox! a conspiracy!
I shall kill but one, I see that. Would I were
A mite in a Holland cheese now! [*Exit.*
Hort. I will not fail you, sir.
Draw. He desires to speak with you before he die.
Hort. Is Bertoldi gone?
Vol. Hortensio, I guess you may be engag'd.
Leave me to these things, there may be danger.
Hort. I know the private way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Garden.

Enter HONORIO.

Hon. Virtue and honour, I allow you names;
You may give matter for dispute, and noise,
But you have lost your essence; and that truth
We fondly have believ'd in human souls,
Is ceas'd to be: we are grown fantastic bodies,
Figures, and empty titles, and make haste
To our first nothing. He that will be honest,
Must quite throw off his cold decrepid nature,
And have a new creation.—My poor sister;

Enter FIORETTA.

She has heard the duke's resolve.
Fio. Oh, let me die
Upon thy bosom, brother; I have liv'd
Too long: they say the duke resolves to marry
With Juliana, so they call her now,
Whose sorcery hath won upon his soul.
I have walk'd too long in dark clouds, and accuse

Too late my silence. I am quite undone;
There was some hope, while he did love my name;
But that, and all is banish'd. Is't not in
The power of fancy to imagine this
A dream, that hath perplex'd us all this while?
If it be real, I will be reveng'd;
'Tis but forgetting what I am, and then
I am not concern'd.

Hon. Rather forget the duke,
And live to triumph in a love more happy.
He is not worth a tear.

Enter behind DONABELLA.

Don. How's this? My heart!

Hon. Come, I will kiss these sorrows from thy cheek.
This garden wants no watering; preserve
This rain, it is a wealth should ransom queens.
As thou dost love me, chide thy saucy grief,
That will undo the spring here, and enforce
My heart to weep within me equal drops
Of blood for these

Don. Oh, my abused confidence!
Lauriana now, I find, hath but betray'd me;
Instruct me, Rage and Jealousy. [*Exit.*

Fio. I am resolv'd.

Hon. Well said; take courge, Fioretta;
Appear with thy own name and sufferings,
Thy sight will strike the proud impostors from
Their pyramids of glory.

Fio. It were more
Revenge to die.

Hon. Not so, dear Fioretta. Something glides
Like cheerfulness o' the sudden through my blood;
Despair not to be happy: let's consult,
And form the aptest way for all our honour.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter FLAVIANO.

Flav. There's but one cloud in all our sky; were that
Remov'd, we were above the rage of storms:
That Claudio knows too much. I look upon
His life like a prodigious blazing comet;
He palls my blood; if I but meet him handsomely,
I'll make him fix'd as the north star. I hear
No whisper of him yet; were but he dead,
Juliana and her friend might revel here:
The duke should have the name, but we would steer
The helm of state, and govern all. I have
Gain'd much upon Leonato's easy faith,
Who thinks me innocent, and that only duty
Misled my nature and my tongue, to obey
The duke of Mantua and the prince, upon
Whose heads I have translated all my guilt,

Enter LEONATO *and* CLAUDIO.

And fram'd their jealousy at home my cause
Of flight for refuge hither.—Ha! my eyes
Take in confusion! the duke and Claudio!
'Tis doomsday in my soul.

Leo. Can this be justified?

Clau. I dare confirm this truth with my last blood.

Flav. I dare not hear it. That I now could fling
Myself upon the winds! [*Exit.*

Clau. And should be happy

Were Flaviano's life put into balance
Against my own, to make it clear by his
Confession. To my shame I must acknowledge
I was the agent 'twixt them; he was pleas'd
To choose me his smock officer, a place
Poor gentlemen at court are forced to serve in,
To please luxurious greatness; younger brothers,
Who cannot live by fair and honest ways,
Must not starve, sir.

Leo. Flaviano's whore!
Where can we hope to trust our faith, when such
White brows deceive us?

Enter JULIANA.

Jul. I do not like
This Claudio's business here; the duke is troubled:
My whole frame trembles.

Leo. Madam Juliana,
My excellent white devil, you are welcome.
Where is your cat-a-mountain Flaviano?
You are no serpent's spawn!

Jul. Oh, hear me, sir,
By your own goodness.

Leo. When didst thou kneel to heaven?

Jul. I see my leprosy unveil'd; that sin,
Which, with my loss of honour, first engag'd
My misery, is with a sunbeam writ
Upon my guilty forehead; but I have not
(Excepting the concealment of my shame,
Which charity might privilege) offended
Above what I confess'd, and you have pardon'd.

Leo. She hath a tongue would almost tempt a saint
To unbelieve divinity: she learn'd
Some accents from that first apostate angel
That mutinied in heaven.—Away!
I dare not trust my frailty. Where's Flaviano?

[*Exeunt Leo. and Clau.*

Jul. My soul doth apprehend strange shapes of horror.

Enter FIORETTA.

Ha! 'tis the princess Fioretta!
Fio. Can you direct me, madam, how I may
Speak with the noble lady Juliana?
Jul. I can instruct you, madam, where to find
A miserable woman of that name.
Fio. Where?
Jul. Here. [*Kneels.*
Fio. Do not deceive me.
I came to visit her whom the duke's love,
And confluence of glories, must create
A duchess, to whose greatness I must pay
My adoration.
Jul. Do not mock her, madam,
To whose undoing nothing wants but death.
Let not my sin, which cannot hope your pardon,
Make you forget your virtue. Princely natures,
As they are next to forms angelical,
Shew the next acts of pity, not derision,
When we are fall'n from innocence.
Fio. Do you know me?—
Jul. For the most injur'd princess, Fioretta.
Fior. You must know more; I come to take revenge,
And kill thee.
Jul. Thus I kneel to meet your wounds,
And shall account the drops my proud veins weep,
Spent for my cure. Oh, madam, you are not cruel;
You have too soft, too merciful a look.
When you see me, your countenance should wear
Upon it all the terrors that pale men
Can apprehend from the wild face of war,
A civil war, that will not spare the womb

That groan'd, and gave it life; this would become you:
Or fancy meagre famine, when she hunts
With hollow eyes, and teeth able to grind
A rock of adamant to dust, or what
Complexion the devouring pest should have,
Were it to take a shape; and when you put
Their horrors in your visage, look on me.
Fio. What hath prepared this bold resolve?
Jul. A hope
To be your sacrifice. I was not before
Without a thought to wish myself thus laid
And at your feet, to beg you would destroy me.
Fio. Can you so easily consent to die,
And know not whither afterwards this guilt
Would fling thy wand'ring soul?
Jul. Yes; I would pray,
And ask yourself, and the wrong'd world forgiveness.
Fio. Why didst thou use me thus? [*Weeps.*
Jul. I could, if you
Durst hear me, say something, perhaps, would take
Your charity. Do you weep, gentle madam?
And not one crimson drop from me, to wait
Upon those precious showers? Not to invite
Your patience upon the lost Juliana,
But to call back your tears into their spring,
And stay the weeping stream, I can inform you,
The duke looks on me now with eyes of anger:
I have no interest in a thought from him,
That is not arm'd with hate and scorn against me.
Fio. This will undo my pity, and assure me
Thou hast all this while dissembled with my justice.
Jul. I would I might as soon invest my soul
With my first purity, as clear this truth!
Or, would the loss of him were all that sits
Heavy upon my heart! I cannot hope

For comfort in delays of death, and dare
Attend you to him, though it more undo me.
Fio. Rise, and obey me, then.
Jul. I follow, madam;
My use of life is only meant to serve you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Wood.

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hort. This is the place within the wood he promis'd
To meet in; there is saint Felice's chapel,
That father Ciprian's cell. I hope my gamester
Will think it fit I should not walk, and wait
Too long for him. These businesses of fighting
Should be dispatch'd as doctors do prescribe
Physical pills, not to be chew'd, but swallow'd.
Time spent in the considering, deads the appetite.
If I were not to fight now, I could pray;
These terms of honour have but little grace with them:
Like oysters, we do open one another
Without much preface; he that fights a duel,
Like a blind man that falls, but cares to keep
His staff, provides with art to save his honour,
But trusts his soul to chance: 'tis an ill fashion.

Enter Friar.

Fri. This is the gentleman, by her description,
That comes to fight. Another champion!

Enter Flaviano.

Flav. Do none pursue me! What a timorous hare
This guilty conscience is! I am not safe;
I had no time to think of a disguise,
And this can be no wilderness. The duke
Would give his palace for my head.
Hort. Say [you] so? [*Aside.*
Flav. Oh for some Pegasus to mount! A friar!
His habit will serve rarely: seeming holiness
Is a most excellent shrowd to cheat the world.—
Good father sanctity, I must be bold,
Or cut your throat; nay, I can follow.
Fri. Help! help! [*Runs off.*
Hort. Thou sacrilegious villain!
Flav. I am caught already.
Hort. My good lord Flaviano!—Father,
You may come back, and help to bind the gentleman.

Re-enter Friar.

If I did understand him well, he said
The duke has some affairs to use his head-piece.
I would not have him out o' the way when I
Return.—To that tree. [*they bind Flav. to a tree.*]—
You were best be gentle.
Flav. I can but die.
Hort. Oh yes, you may be damn'd
All in good time, and it is very likely.
Fri. You have preserv'd my life, son.
Hort. It was my happiness to be so near,
When virtue was distress'd.
Fri. You have not done, sir.
As you are noble, follow me; there is
Another enemy to meet; but I
Dare be your second, and direct you.
Hort. What means the friar? I'll walk, and
see the worst on't. [*Exeunt all but Flav.*

Enter BERTOLDI.

Ber. Oh, for a tenement under ground to hide me!
This wood will hardly do't. If I can lurk
Here but till night, I am furnish'd well with ducats.
Your melancholy mole is happy now;
He fears no officers, but walks invisible.
Would I were chamber-fellow to a worm!
The rooks have princely lives that dwell upon
The tops of trees; the owls and bats are gentlemen,
They fly, and fear no warrants; every hare
Outruns the constable; only poor man,
By nature slow and full of phlegm, must stay,
And stand the cursed law. I do not think
'Tis so much penance to be hang'd indeed,
As to be thus in fear on't.
Flav. Sir, look this way.
Ber. Oh, if I had but the heart of a woman's tailor,
I might run away now.
Flav. I am robb'd and bound.
Ber. Umph! are you bound? there's the less danger in you.
Flav. For charity release me.
Ber. You are surely bound.—What's that?
I hear another whispering o' that side.
Now I sweat all over; I but think if I
Were naked, [now,] how maids might gather dew
From every part about me.—'Tis the wind
Among the leaves. I do not like the trees
Should lay their heads together o' this fashion.—
You are my fast friend still.
Flav. Signior Bertoldi.
Ber. Does he name me?—
You and the tree shall grow together now.

I came not hither to be known.—Some thief,
Or sturdy rogue; I have heard of these devices
In woods before. Should I unbind him now,
He'd cut my throat, or rob me for my charity.
Flav. I am the man, for your sake, undertook
To kill the prince, your rival.
Ber. Did you so?
I'll trust you ne'er the sooner. Well remembered;
I'm glad you're not at leisure:
You that will kill your prince, will make but little
Conscience to quarter me.
Flav. But he is still alive.
Ber. Is he so?
Why, then I am the less beholding to you;
So you shall cancel your own bonds yourself.

Re-enter HORTENSIO *and* Friar, *with* FLORELIA.

How now! more persecution?
Hort. Here was a duel quickly taken up,
And quaintly too; I did not think to marry
The gentleman that challeng'd me to fight:
I thank your device, madam.
Flor. Thank the blow
You gave me, sir; I love a man dares strike.
Hort. I'll please you better with my after stril
ing.
Ber. My mother and Hortensio!

Enter VOLTERINO *and* Officers.

Vol. Signior Bertoldi, well met.—Lay hand
him,
And bind him fast; he has a dangerous spirit
Ber. Who, I? you may as well say I have
In the black art.—Volterino, gentlemen,
There is my mother.

Vol. Your son is valiant, madam, now, I hope,
As you can wish; he has kill'd his man; but I,
Studious to gain your favour, have procur'd
His pardon from the duke.
Hort. Is the drawer dead?
Vol. Dead as the wine he sometimes drew.
Hort. Farewell he!—
Will you salute my lady, signior,
And give us joy? yon friar married us.
Ber. Let me go, I have my pardon.
Vol. Not yet; now
You shall be hang'd again. Did not you swear
I should have your mother?
Ber. You shall have her yet.
Flor. If it be so,
He shall be worth your suit, and compound fairly.
Vol. No, I have thought of my revenge. Because
I cannot have your mother, do you observe?
If you expect the benefit of this pardon,
You shall marry mine.
Ber. I'll marry any living soul.
Vol. She's something old: till the last night, I saw her not
These forty years; since when, she's grown so ugly,
I dare not own her; and some think the reason
Of her deformity to proceed from witchcraft.
Ber. Alas, good gentlewoman!
Vol. I mean she is
A witch herself, and has two cats, they say,
Suck her by turns, which some call her familiars.
She has not had a tooth this thirty years;
And you may kiss her with a spunge i' your mouth,
She is so full of phlegm, else she'll go near
To strangle you: and yet they say she has
A most devouring appetite to man's flesh.
You may have a devil of your own to attend you;
And when your're melancholy,

She'll make you ghosts and goblins dance before you,
Bring bears and bandogs, with an o'ergrown ape,
Playing upon the gittern.

Hort. Where is this creature? shall he not see her first?

Vol. I left her in a sieve was bound for Scotland
This morn, to see some kindred, whence she was
Determin'd to take egg-shell to Schiedam:
From thence, when she has dined, she promis'd me
To ride post hither on a distaff.

Ber. How!

Enter PANDOLFO, *disguised as an old woman.*

Vol. Oh, here she is!—What think you of a husband,
Mother? Can you love this gentleman? he's one
Will be a great comfort to you.

Pan. I like the stripling well;
He will serve to watch my pots, and see that none
Of my spirits boil over.

Ber. Is this your mother?
Come, I'll be hang'd; 'tis the more handsome destiny,
Unless you will take composition.

Pan. Let me talk with the gentleman.
[*Walks aside with Ber.*

Hort. I am at leisure now to wait on you, sir.—
Unbind, and lead him to the duke.

Vol. Flaviano! you are the gentleman his highness
Gave strict commands should be pursu'd; I shall
Be proud to wait upon you to the court.

Flav. I will not lose my passion on such bloodhounds.

Ber. We are agreed.—Hey! here's my pardon.

Pan. Yes, I am satisfied, and can thank you, signior,
In several shapes. [*Discovers himself.*
Hort. The drawer!
Pan. I did want
A sum like this to set me up. I was
Provided 'gainst your sword, a pretty night-cap,
And almost pistol proof. I shall be rich;
I thank your bounty, and so rid the witch. [*Exit.*
Flor. Here's none of the duke's hand.
Vol. It needs not, madam.
I know not yet by what device you came
Together thus.
Hort. I'll tell you as we walk.
Ber. Pay for a pardon, and not kill my man!
The duke shall hear of this. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter LEONATO.

Leo. No news of Flaviano yet? Some furies
Have sure transported him.

Enter PETRONIO.

Pet. A gentleman
With letters, sir, from Mantua.
Leo. Ha! Admit him.

Enter duke of Mantua.

Leave us. [*exit Pet.*]—The duke himself!
Duke. That comes to offer
A pledge for young Honorio, not in thought
Guilty of that unprincely entertainment

You had at Mantua. If my son, as fame
Is busy in Ferrara, be expos'd
To your displeasure, change my fate with his,
That, to my shame, in part consented to
The practice of a traitor, Flaviano,
Who us'd my power to advance his own ambition
To your dishonour; and, instead of my
Fioretta, whether now alive or dead,
I know not, cheat your faith with Juliana,
To quit the noble safety your sword brought us.
My life is troublesome in the loss of fame,
And Fioretta.

Leo. Where is Flaviano?

Duke. Fled, like a guilty villain, from my justice —
May horror overtake him! Let my son
Live, by some noble deeds to expiate
His father's forfeit and disgrace. I come
Without a guard; and were it not a crime
To my eternity, could sacrifice
Myself, without expecting your revenge,[1]
Or nature to conclude my age.

Enter DONABELLA, FIORETTA, *and* JULIANA.

Don. Let me have justice.

Fio. Give me justice, prince.

Jul. Let me have justice too.

Leo. Against whom, sister?

Don. Against this lady;
She hath conspir'd to take away my life.

Fio. My enemy is duke Leonato, sir,
Who hath conspir'd to take away himself,
A treasure equal with my life.

Jul. My enemy
Is Juliana, sir, that hath conspir'd
To rob herself, both of her life and honour.

[1] *Without* expecting *your revenge,*] i. e. without waiting for it: the old copy reads, "*excepting* your revenge."

Duke. 'Tis she! my aged eyes take leave of seeing;
Expect no object after this so welcome.—
My daughter Fioretta!
Fio. Dearest father!
Don. How! Fioretta? she is then but sister
To my Honorio, life of all my joys?
My feet have wings at this glad news. [*Exit.*
Leo. Were you the suffering lady, Fioretta?
How could you live so long within the court,
And no good angel all this while acquaint me!
Fio. This joy is too, too mighty, and I shall not
Repent my exile to be thus rewarded.
Leo. Confirm my happiness again; no treason
Shall now divide us.
Duke. Your hearts grow together!
Leo. I have receiv'd by Claudio the particular
Of Flaviano's treason: he has guilt
Above your knowledge, sir; Juliana finds it,
And is confess'd his strumpet.
Duke. You amaze me.
Fio. I bless now my suspicion, when I was
Convey'd from Mantua, which directed me
To leave Placentia secretly, and invite
Myself a stranger to this court, where now
I meet as much joy as my soul can fancy.
Jul. You have not all this while pronounced my doom.
I fear you hold intelligence with my soul,
And know what pains I feel while I am living;
You will not be so merciful to kill me.

Enter CLAUDIO, VOLTERINO, HORTENSIO, FLORELIA, BERTOLDI, *and* FLAVIANO *bound.*

Clau. Flaviano!
Hort. I present you with a gentleman
I took rifling a hermit in the wood,

As it appears, in hope to 'scape pursuit,
Hid in a friar's habit, who [was] dispatch'd
After a matrimonial [feat] betwixt
This lady and myself.
Ber. That old gentleman
Should be [the] duke of Mantua;—what think you, sir?
Clau. And that his daughter, Fioretta.
Ber. She is my mistress.
Clau. She is like to prove the duchess of Ferrara.
Ber. His grace will not use me so.
I will have justice.—Justice, gentle duke.
Flor. Are you mad?
Ber. I'll be reveng'd of somebody.

Enter HONORIO *and* DONABELLA.

Leo. Honorio, your son, to meet your blessing.
Don. This was the life I fear'd to lose by her,
Whom I suppos'd my rival.—Pardon, madam.
Duke. Thus circled, I must faint beneath my happiness.
Leo. Forgive my passion, and receive a brother.
Hon. That name doth honour us. Where is Flaviano?
Flav. Whose witty brain must sentence me? Let it
Be home and handsome; I shall else despise,
And scorn your coarse inventions.
Fio. Let me obtain,
Since providence hath wrought this happy change,
You would not stain our joys with any blood;
Let not their sins exceed our charity.
Leo. Let him for ever then be banish'd both
Our dukedoms.
Hon. What shall become of Juliana?
Duke. She (if your grace, more fit to judge, consent,)
Shall to a house of converts and strict penance;

Where Flaviano, as the price of her
Lost honour, shall pay her dowry to religion.
What doth remain of his estate shall be
Employ'd toward the redeeming christian captives.
Jul. I cheerfully obey, and call it mercy.
Leo. 'Tis a most pious justice.
Ber. Justice!
That's my cue; justice! justice to Bertoldi,
Against signior Volterino! I am cheated.
Flor. Will you be
A fool upon record?
Leo. You shall have justice.—
Volterino, we appoint you, till he learn
More wit, to be his guardian, and at your
Discretion govern his estate. So, leave us.
Vol. I shall with my best study manage both.
Ber. I am as good as begg'd for a fool.
Leo. And thus we chain our hearts and provinces.—
Madam, I wish you joys:—to Fioretta
I give myself; my sister to Honorio.
Treason is sick in her short reign; but when
Heaven sees his time, Truth takes her throne again.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY JULIANA.

Now the play's done, I will confess to you,
And will not doubt but you'll absolve me too;
There is a mystery; let it not go far,
For this confession is auricular:
I am sent among the nuns, to fast and pray,
And suffer piteous penance; ha, ha, ha!
They could no better way please my desires:
I am no nun—but one of the Black Friars.



THE

CARDINAL.



THE CARDINAL.] This Tragedy was licensed by the Master of the Revels in November 1641, and forms one of the six plays first published by Shirley in an 8vo. volume in 1652-3. The title of the old copy is: "*The Cardinal, a Tragedie, As it was acted at the private House in Black Fryers. Written by James Shirley.*" It was among the pieces revived after the Restoration.

TO

MY WORTHILY HONOURED FRIEND,

G. B. Esq.

Sir,

I did suffer at the first some contention within me, and looking upon myself, was inclined to stifle my ambitious thoughts in this dedication; but when some time, and a happy conversation, had preferred me to more acquaintance with you, (which was more argument to me than the fame I had heard of your reputation, with the most temperate and ingenious men,) I found you not only an excellent judge, but a good man: at this my modesty took full encouragement, to make this offering, which, as I conceive, to be the best of my flock, I knew not a better altar whereon to make it a sacrifice, with this protestation, that it comes (and that is it only which makes all devotions acceptable) from the heart; and your candid acceptance will bind me with all my services and remembrance, to merit a reception with you in the quality and honour of,

Sir,

your most humble devoted Servant,

JAMES SHIRLEY.



PROLOGUE.

The CARDINAL! *'Cause we express no scene,*
We do believe most of you, gentlemen,
Are at this hour in France, and busy there,
Though you vouchsafe to lend your bodies here;
But keep your fancy active, till you know,
By the progress of our play, 'tis nothing so.
A poet's art is to lead on your thought
Through subtle paths and workings of a plot;
And where your expectation does not thrive,
If things fall better, yet you may forgive.
I will say nothing positive; you may
Think what you please; we call it but a Play:
Whether the comic Muse, or ladies' love,
Romance, or direful tragedy it prove,
The bill determines not; and would you be
Persuaded, I would have't a Comedy,
For all the purple in the name, and state
Of him that owns it; but 'tis left to fate:
Yet I will tell you, ere you see it play'd,
What the author, and he blush'd too, when he said,
Comparing with his own, (for't had been pride,
He thought, to build his wit a pyramid
Upon another's wounded fame,) this play
Might rival with his best, and dar'd to say—
Troth, I am out: he said no more. You, then,
When 'tis done, may say your pleasures, gentlemen.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King of Navarre.
The CARDINAL.
Columbo, *the Cardinal's nephew.*
Count d' Alvarez.
Hernando, *a colonel.*
Alphonso, *a captain.*
Lords.
Antonio, *secretary to the duchess.*
Colonels.
Antonelli, *the Cardinal's servant.*
Gentleman-Usher.
Surgeon.
Jaques, Pedro, *and other Servants.*
Guard.
Attendants, &c.

Duchess Rosaura.
Valeria, } *ladies.*
Celinda, }
Placentia, *the duchess's waiting-woman.*

SCENE, the Capital of Navarre, *and once on the frontiers.*



THE

CARDINAL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter at one door, two Lords; *at the other,* ANTONIO.

1 *Lord.* Who is that?
2 *Lord.* The duchess' secretary.
1 *Lord.* Signior!
Ant. Your lordship's servant.
1 *Lord.* How does her grace, since she left [off] her mourning
For the young duke Mendoza, whose timeless death
At sea left her a virgin and a widow?
2 *Lord.* She's now inclining to a second bride-[groom.]
When is the day of mighty marriage
To our great Cardinal's nephew, don Columbo?
Ant. When they agree, they will not steal to church;
I guess the ceremonies will be loud and public.
Your lordships will excuse me. [*Exit.*
1 *Lord.* When they agree! Alas! poor lady, she
Dotes not upon Columbo, when she thinks
Of the young count d'Alvarez, divorced from her
By the king's power.

2 *Lord.* And counsel of the Cardinal,
To advance his nephew to the duchess' bed;
It is not well.
1 *Lord.* Take heed; the Cardinal holds
Intelligence with every bird i' the air.
2 *Lord.* Death on his purple pride! he governs all;
And yet Columbo is a gallant gentleman.
1 *Lord.* The darling of the war, whom victory
Hath often courted; a man of [a most] daring,
And most exalted spirit. Pride in him
Dwells like an ornament, where so much honour
Secures his praise.
2 *Lord.* This is no argument
He should usurp, and wear Alvarez title
To the fair duchess; men of coarser blood,
Would not so tamely give this treasure up.
1 *Lord.* Although Columbo's name is great in war,
Whose glorious art and practice is above
The greatness of Alvarez, yet he cannot
Want soul, in whom alone survives the virtue
Of many noble ancestors, being the last
Of his great family.
2 *Lord.* 'Tis not safe, you'll say,
To wrestle with the king.
1 *Lord.* More danger if the Cardinal be displeas'd,
Who sits at helm of state. Count d'Alvarez
Is wiser to obey the stream, than by
Insisting on his privilege to her love,
Put both their fates upon a storm.
2 *Lord.* If wisdom,
Not inborn fear, make him compose, I like it.
How does the duchess bear herself?
1 *Lord.* She moves by the rapture of another wheel,[1]

[1] *She moves by the* rapture *of another wheel,*] If this expression be genuine, it must mean, she is seized, and hurried on by

That must be obey'd; like some sad passenger,
That looks upon the coast his wishes fly to,
But is transported by an adverse wind,
Sometimes a churlish pilot.
2 *Lord.* She has a sweet and noble nature.
1 *Lord.* That
Commends Alvarez; Hymen cannot tie
A knot of two more equal hearts and blood.

Enter ALPHONSO.

2 *Lord.* Alphonso!
Alph. My good lord.
1 *Lord.* What great affair
Hath brought you from the confines?
Alph. Such as will
Be worth your counsels, when the king hath read
My letters from the governor: the Arragonians,
Violating their confederate oath and league,
Are now in arms: they have not yet march'd towards us;
But 'tis not safe to expect, if we may timely
Prevent invasion.
2 *Lord.* Dare they be so insolent?
1 *Lord.* This storm I did foresee.
2 *Lord.* What have they, but
The sweetness of the king, to make a crime?
1 *Lord.* But how appears the Cardinal at this news?
Alph. Not pale, although
He knows they have no cause to think him innocent,
As by whose counsel they were once surpris'd.
1 *Lord.* There is more
Than all our present art can fathom in
This story, and I fear I may conclude,
This flame has breath at home to cherish it;

a superior force, i. e. by the king: but there is, I suspect, some corruption of the text.

There's treason in some hearts, whose faces are
Smooth to the state.
Alph. My lords, I take my leave.
2 *Lord.* Your friends, good captain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Duchess's *House.*

Enter Duchess, VALERIA, *and* CELINDA.

Val. Sweet madam, be less thoughtful; this obedience
To passion will destroy the noblest frame
Of beauty that this kingdom ever boasted.
Cel. This sadness might become your other habit,
And ceremonies black, for him that died.
The times of sorrow are expir'd; and all
The joys that wait upon the court, your birth,
And a new Hymen, that is coming towards you,
Invite a change.
Duch. Ladies, I thank you both;
I pray excuse a little melancholy
That is behind; my year of mourning hath not
So clear'd my account with sorrow, but there may
Some dark thoughts stay, with sad reflections,
Upon my heart, for him I lost. Even this
New dress, and smiling garment, meant to shew
A peace concluded 'twixt my grief and me,
Is but a sad remembrance; but I resolve
To entertain more pleasing thoughts; and if
You wish me heartily to smile, you must
Not mention grief, not in advice to leave it.
Such counsels open but afresh the wounds
You would close up, and keep alive the cause,
Whose bleeding you would cure. Let's talk of something

That may delight. You two are read in all
The histories of our court: tell me, Valeria,
Who has thy vote for the most handsome man?—
Thus I must counterfeit a peace, when all
Within me is at mutiny. [*Aside.*

Val. I have examin'd
All that are candidates for the praise of ladies,
But find—may I speak boldly to your grace?
And will you not return it in your mirth,
To make me blush?

Duch. No, no; speak freely.

Val. I will not rack your patience, madam; but
Were I a princess, I should think count d'Alvarez
Had sweetness to deserve me from the world.

Duch. Alvarez! she's a spy upon my heart.
[*Aside.*

Val. He's young and active, and compos'd most sweetly.

Duch. I have seen a face more tempting.

Val. It had then
Too much of woman in't: his eyes speak movingly,
Which may excuse his voice, and lead away
All female pride his captive; his hair, black,
Which, naturally falling into curls—

Duch. Prithee, no more; thou art in love with him.—
The man in your esteem, Celinda, now?

Cel. Alvarez is, I must confess, a gentleman
Of handsome composition; but with
His mind, the greater excellence, I think
Another may delight a lady more,
If man be well consider'd, that's Columbo,
Now, madam, voted to be your's.

Duch. My torment! [*Aside.*

Val. She affects him not.

Cel. He has person, and a bravery beyond
All men, that I observe.

Val. He is a soldier,

A rough-hewn man, and may shew well at distance.
His talk will fright a lady; War, and grim-
Faced Honour are his mistresses; he raves:
To hear a lute; Love meant him not his priest.—
Again your pardon, madam. We may talk,
But you have art to choose, and crown affection.
[*Cel. and Val. walk aside.*
Duch. What is it to be born above these ladies,
And want their freedom! they are not constrain'd,
Nor slav'd by their own greatness, or the king's;
But let their free hearts look abroad, and choose
By their own eyes to love. I must repair
My poor afflicted bosom, and assume
The privilege I was born with, which now prompts me
To tell the king, he hath no power nor art
To steer a lover's soul.—

Enter ANTONIO.

What says count d'Alvarez?
Ant. Madam, he'll attend you.
Duch. Wait you, as I directed. When he comes,
Acquaint me privately.
Ant. Madam, I have news;
'Tis now arriv'd the court; we shall have wars.
Duch. I find an army here of killing thoughts.
Ant. The king has chosen don Columbo general,
Who is immediately to take his leave.
Duch. What flood is let into my heart! How far
Is he to go?
Ant. To Arragon.
Duch. That's well
At first; he should not want a pilgrimage
To the unknown world, if my thoughts might convey him.
Ant. 'Tis not impossible he may go thither.

Duch. How?
Ant. To the unknown world; he goes to fight,
That's in his way: such stories are in nature.
Duch. Conceal this news.
Ant. He will not be long absent;
The affair will make him swift
To kiss your grace's hand. [*Exit.*
Duch. He cannot fly
With too much wing to take his leave.—I must
Be admitted to your conference; you have
Enlarg'd my spirits; they shall droop no more.
Cel. We are happy, if we may advance one thought
To your grace's pleasure.
Val. Your eye before was in eclipse; these smiles
Become you, madam.
Duch. I have not skill to contain myself. [*Aside.*

Enter PLACENTIA.

Pla. The Cardinal's nephew, madam, don Columbo.
Duch. Already! Attend him. [*Exit Pla.*
Val. Shall we take our leave?
Duch. He shall not know, Celinda,[1] how you prais'd him.
Cel. If he did, madam, I should have the confidence
To tell him my free thoughts.

Enter COLUMBO.

Duch. My lord, while I am in study to requite
The favour you have done me, you increase

[1] Duch. *He shall not know,* Celinda,] The old copy reads, *Valeria*; but erroneously, as appears from the dialogue, p. 281, and the commencement of the third act. In fact, the names of these two ladies are strangely confounded; and in a subsequent part of this scene it has been found necessary to make them every where change places.

My debt to such a sum, still by new honouring
Your servant, I despair of my own freedom.
Col. Madam, he kisses your white hand, that must
Not surfeit in this happiness—and, ladies,
I take your smiles for my encouragement;
I have not long to practise these court tactics.
[*Kisses them.*
Cel. He has been taught to kiss.
Duch. There's something, sir,
Upon your brow I did not read before.
Col. Does the character please you, madam?
Duch. More,
Because it speaks you cheerful.
Col. 'Tis for such
Access of honour, as must make Columbo
Worth all your love; the king is pleas'd to think
Me fit to lead his army.
Duch. How! an army?
Col. We must not use the priest, till I bring home
Another triumph, that now stays for me,
To reap it in the purple field of glory.
Duch. But do you mean to leave me, and expose
Yourself to the devouring war? No enemy
Should divide us; the king is not so cruel.
Col. The king is honourable; and this grace
More answers my ambition, than his gift
Of thee, and all thy beauty, which I can
Love, as becomes thy soldier, and fight
To come again, a conqueror of thee. [*She weeps.*
Then I must chide this fondness.

Re-enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Madam, the king, and my lord Cardinal.
[*Exit.*

Enter King, Cardinal, *and Lords.*

King. Madam, I come to call a servant from you,
And strengthen his excuse; the public cause
Will plead for your consent; at his return
Your marriage shall receive triumphant ceremonies;
Till then you must dispense.
Car. She appears sad
To part with him.—I like it fairly, nephew.
Cel. Is not the general a gallant man?
What lady would deny him a small courtesy?
Val. Thou hast converted me, and I begin
To wish it were no sin.
Cel. Leave that to narrow consciences.
Val. You are pleasant.
Cel. But he would please one better. Do such men
Lie with their pages?
Val. Wouldst thou make a shift?
Cel. He is going to a bloody business;
'Tis pity he should die without some heir:
That lady were hard-hearted now, that would
Not help posterity, for the mere good
Of the king and commonwealth.
Val. Thou art wild; we may be observ'd.
Duch. Your will must guide me; happiness and conquest
Be ever waiting on his sword!
Col. Farewell.
[*Exeunt King, Col. Car. and Lords.*
Duch. Pray give [me] leave to examine a few thoughts.—
Expect me in the garden.
Cel. We attend. [*Exeunt Cel. and Val.*
Duch. This is above all expectation happy.



Forgive me, Virtue, that I have dissembled,
And witness with me, I have not a thought
To tempt or to betray him, but secure
The promise I first made, to love and honour.

Re-enter ANTONIO.

Sec. The count d'Alvarez, madam.
Duch. Admit him,
And let none interrupt us. [*exit Ant.*]—How shall I
Behave my looks? The guilt of my neglect,
Which had no seal from hence, will call up blood
To write upon my cheeks the shame and story
In some red letter.

Enter ALVAREZ.

Alv. Madam, I present
One that was glad to obey your grace, and come
To know what your commands are.
Duch. Where I once
Did promise love, a love that had the power
And office of a priest to chain my heart
To your's, it were injustice to command.
Alv. But I can look upon you, madam, as
Becomes a servant; with as much humility,
(In tenderness of your honour and great fortune,)
Give up, when you call back your bounty, all that
Was mine, as I had pride to think them favours.
Duch. Hath love taught thee no more assurance in
Our mutual vows, thou canst suspect it possible
I should revoke a promise, made to heaven
And thee, so soon? This must arise from some
Distrust of thy own faith.
Alv. Your grace's pardon;
To speak with freedom, I am not so old
In cunning to betray, nor young in time,

Not to see when and where I am at loss,
And how to bear my fortune, and my wounds,
Which, if I look for health, must still bleed inward,
A hard and desperate condition.
I am not ignorant your birth and greatness
Have placed you to grow up with the king's grace
And jealousy, which, to remove, his power
Hath chosen a fit object for your beauty
To shine upon, Columbo, his great favourite.
I am a man, on whom but late the king
Has pleas'd to cast a beam, which was not meant
To make me proud, but wisely to direct,
And light me to my safety. Oh, dear madam!
I will not call more witness of my love
(If you will let me still give it that name)
Than this, that I dare make myself a loser,
And to your will give all my blessings up.
Preserve your greatness, and forget a trifle,
That shall, at best, when you have drawn me up,
But hang about you like a cloud, and dim
The glories you are born to.

Duch. Misery
Of birth and state! That I could shift into
A meaner blood, or find some art to purge
That part which makes my veins unequal! yet
Those nice distinctions have no place in us;
There's but a shadow difference, a title:
Thy stock partakes as much of noble sap
As that which feeds the root of kings; and he
That writes a lord hath all the essence of
Nobility.

Alv. 'Tis not a name that makes
Our separation; the king's displeasure
Hangs a portent to fright us, and the matter
That feeds this exhalation is the Cardinal's
Plot to advance his nephew; then Columbo,
A man made up for some prodigious act,
Is fit to be considered: in all three

There is no character you fix upon
But has a form of ruin to us both.
Duch. Then you do look on these with fear?
Alv. With eyes
That should think tears a duty, to lament
Your least unkind fate; but my youth dares boldly
Meet all the tyranny o' the stars, whose black
Malevolence but shoots my single tragedy.
You are above the value of many worlds,
Peopled with such as I am.
Duch. What if Columbo,
Engag'd to war, in his hot thirst of honour,
Find out the way to death?
Alv. 'Tis possible.
Duch. Or say, (no matter by what art or motive,)
He give his title up, and leave me to
My own election?
Alv. If I then be happy
To have a name within your thought, there can
Be nothing left to crown me with new blessing;
But I dream thus of heaven, and wake to find
My amorous soul a mockery. When the priest
Shall tie you to another, and the joys
Of marriage leave no thought at leisure to
Look back upon Alvarez, that must wither
For loss of you; yet then I cannot lose
So much of what I was once in your favour,
But, in a sigh, pray still you may live happy.
[*Exit.*
Duch. My heart is in a mist; some good star smile
Upon my resolution, and direct
Two lovers in their chaste embrace to meet!
Columbo's bed contains my winding sheet. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the Walls of the frontier City.—Columbo's *Tent.*

COLUMBO, HERNANDO, *two* Colonels, ALPHONSO, *two* Captains, *and other Officers, seated at a Council of War.*

Colu. I see no face in all this council that
Hath one pale fear upon't, though we arriv'd not
So timely to secure the town, which gives
Our enemy such triumph.
1 *Col.* 'Twas betray'd.
Alph. The wealth of that one city
Will make the enemy glorious.
1 *Col.* They dare
Not plunder it.
Alph. They give fair quarter yet;
They only seal up men's estates, and keep
Possession for the city's use: they take up
No wares without security; and he,
Whose single credit will not pass, puts in
Two lean comrades, upon whose bonds 'tis not
Religion to deny them.
Colu. To repair this
With honour, gentlemen?
Her. My opinion is
To expect awhile.
Colu, Your reason?
Her. Till their own
Surfeit betray them; for their soldiers,
Bred up with coarse and common bread, will shew
Such appetites on the rich cates they find,
They'll spare our swords a victory, when their own
Riot and luxury destroys them.

1 *Col.* That
Will shew our patience too like a fear.
With favour of his excellence, I think
The spoil of cities takes not off the courage,
But doubles it on soldiers; besides,
While we have tameness to expect, the noise
Of their success and plenty will encrease
Their army.
Her. 'Tis considerable; we do not
Exceed in foot or horse, our muster not
'Bove sixteen thousand both; and the infantry
Raw, and not disciplin'd to act.
Alph. Their hearts,
But with a brave thought of their country's honour,
Will teach them how to fight, had they not seen
A sword. But we decline our own too much;[1]
The men are forward in their arms, and take
The use with avarice of fame.
[*They rise, and talk aside.*
Colu. [*staying Her.*]—Colonel,
I do suspect you are a coward.
Her. Sir!
Colu. Or else a traitor; take your choice. No more.
I call'd you to a council, sir, of war;
Yet keep your place.
Her. I have worn other names.
Colu. Deserve them. Such
Another were enough to unsoul an army.
Ignobly talk of patience, till they drink
And reel to death! we came to fight, and force them
To mend their pace: thou hast no honour in thee,
Not enough noble blood to make a blush
For thy tame eloquence.
Her. My lord, I know

[1] *But we* decline *our own too much;*] i. e. we form too low an estimate of the military qualities of our own troops. This is said in answer to Hernando.



My duty to a general; yet there are
Some that have known me here. Sir, I desire
To quit my regiment.

Colu. You shall have license.—
Ink and paper!

Enter an Attendant, with ink and paper.

1 *Col.* The general's displeas'd.

2 *Col.* How is't, Hernando?

Her. The general has found out employment for me;
He is writing letters back.

Alph. } To his mistress?
Capt. }

Her. Pray do not trouble me; yet, prithee speak,
And flatter not thy friend. Dost think I dare
Not draw my sword, and use it, when [a] cause,
With honour, calls to action?

Alph. }
1 *Col.* } With the most valiant man alive.

Her. You'll do me some displeasure in your loves:
Pray to your places.

Colu. So; bear those letters to the king;
[They] speak my resolution before,
Another sun decline, to charge the enemy.

Her. A pretty court way
Of dismissing an officer.—I obey; success
Attend your counsels! [*Exit.*

Colu. If here be any dare not look on danger,
And meet it like a man, with scorn of death,
I beg his absence; and a coward's fear
Consume him to a ghost!

1 *Col.* None such [are] here.

Colu. Or, if in all your regiments you find
One man that does not ask to bleed with honour;
Give him a double pay to leave the army;

There's service to be done will call the spirits
And aid of men.

1 *Col.* You give us all new flame.

Colu. I am confirm'd, and you must lose no time;
The soldier that was took last night, to me
Discover'd their whole strength, and that we have
A party in the town. The river, that
Opens the city to the west, 's unguarded;—
We must this night use art and resolution;
We cannot fall ingloriously.

1 *Capt.* That voice
Is every man's.

Enter Soldier, *and* ANTONIO *with a letter.*

Colu. What now?

Sold. Letters.

Colu. Whence?

Sold. From the duchess.

Colu. They are welcome.— [*Takes the letter.*
Meet at my tent again this evening;
Yet stay, some wine.—The duchess' health! [*Drinks.*
See it go round. [*Opens the letter.*

Ant. It will not please his excellence.

1 *Col.* The duchess' health. [*Drinks.*

2 *Capt.* To me! more wine.

Ant. The clouds are gathering, and his eyes shoot fire;
Observe what thunder follows.

2 *Capt.* The general has but ill news. I suspect
The duchess sick, or else the king.

1 *Capt.* May be
The Cardinal.

2 *Capt.* His soul has long been look'd for.

Colu. She dares not be so insolent. It is
The duchess' hand. How am I shrunk in fame
To be thus play'd withal! She writes, and counsels,
Under my hand, to send her back a free
Resign of all my interest to her person,

Promise, or love; that there's no other way,
With safety of my honour, to revisit her.
The woman is possess'd with some bold devil,
And wants an exorcism; or, I am grown
A cheap, dull, phlegmatic fool, a post, that's carv'd
I' the common street, and holding out my forehead
To every scurril wit to pin disgrace
And libels on't.—Did you bring this to me, sir?
My thanks shall warm your heart. [*Draws a pistol.*
Ant. Hold, hold! my lord!
I know not what provokes this tempest, but
Her grace ne'er shew'd more freedom from a storm
When I receiv'd this paper. If you have
A will to do an execution,
Your looks, without that engine, sir, may serve.—
I did not [seek] the employment.
Colu. Ha! had she
No symptom, in her eye or face, of anger,
When she gave this in charge?
Ant. Serene, as I
Have seen the morning rise upon the spring;
No trouble in her breath, but such a wind
As came to kiss, and fan the smiling flowers.
Colu. No poetry.
Ant. By all the truth in prose,
By honesty, and your own honour, sir,
I never saw her look more calm and gentle.
Colu. I am too passionate; you must forgive me.
I have found it out; the duchess loves me dearly;
She express'd a trouble in her when I took
My leave, and chid me with a sullen eye:
'Tis a device to hasten my return;
Love has a thousand arts. I'll answer it
Beyond her expectation, and put
Her soul to a noble test.—Your patience, gentlemen;
The king's health will deserve a sacrifice
Of wine. [*Retires to the table and writes.*

Ant. I am glad to see this change, and thank my wit
For my redemption. [*Aside.*
1 *Col.* Sir, the soldiers curse
On him loves not our master!
2 *Col.* And they curse
Loud enough to be heard.
2 *Capt.* Their curse has the nature of gunpowder.
Ant. They do not pray with half the noise.
1 *Col.* Our general is not well mix'd;
He has too great a portion of fire.
2 *Col.* His mistress cool him, (her complexion
Carries some phlegm,) when they two meet in bed!—
2 *Capt.* A third may follow.
1 *Capt.* 'Tis much pity
The young duke liv'd not, to take the virgin off.
1 *Col.* 'Twas the king's act, to match two rabbit-suckers.
2 *Col.* A common trick of state;[a]
The little great man marries, travels then
Till both grow up, and dies when he should do
The feat; these things are still unlucky
On the male side.
Colu. This to the duchess' fair hand.
[*Gives Ant. a letter.*
Ant. She will think
Time hath no wing, till I return. [*Exit.*
Colu. Gentlemen,
Now each man to his quarter, and encourage
The soldier. I shall take a pride to know
Your diligence, when I visit all your several
Commands.

[a] *A common trick of state,* &c.] Shirley was thinking of his own government here; he had seen more than one example of the marriages which he mentions, and their unlucky termination "on the male side."

Omnes. We shall expect.
2 Col. And move
By your directions.
Colu. You are all noble. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Duchess's *House.*

Enter Cardinal, Duchess, *and* PLACENTIA.

Car. I shall perform a visit daily, madam,
In th' absence of my nephew, and be happy
If you accept my care.
Duch. You have honour'd me;
And if your entertainment have not been
Worthy your grace's person, 'tis because
Nothing can reach it in my power; but where
There is no want of zeal, other defect
Is only a fault to exercise your mercy.
Car. You are bounteous in all. I take my leave,
My fair niece, shortly, when Columbo has
Purchas'd more honours to prefer his name,
And value to your noble thoughts; meantime,
Be confident you have a friend, whose office
And favour with the king shall be effectual
To serve your grace.
Duch. Your own good deeds reward you,
Till mine rise equal to deserve their benefit.—
[*Exit Cardinal.*
Leave me awhile.— [*Exit Plac.*
Do not I walk upon the teeth of serpents,
And, as I had a charm against their poison,
Play with their stings? The Cardinal is subtle,
Whom 'tis not wisdom to incense, till I
Hear to what destiny Columbo leaves me:
May be the greatness of his soul will scorn
To own what comes with murmur;—if he can
Interpret me so happily.—Art come?

Enter Antonio, *with a letter.*

Ant. His excellence salutes your grace.
Duch. Thou hast
A melancholy brow. How did he take my letter?
Ant. As he would take a blow; with so much sense
Of anger, his whole soul boil'd in his face;
And such prodigious flame in both his eyes,
As they'd been the only seat of fire, and at
Each look a salamander leaping forth,
Not able to endure the furnace.
Duch. Ha! thou dost
Describe him with some horror.
Ant. Soon as he
Had read again, and understood your meaning,
His rage had shot me with a pistol, had not
I us'd some soft and penitential language,
To charm the bullet.
Duch. Wait at some more distance.—
My soul doth bathe itself in a cold dew;
Imagine I am opening of a tomb; [*Opens the letter.*
Thus I throw off the marble, to discover
What antic posture death presents in this
Pale monument to fright me.—Ha! [*Reads.*
My heart, that call'd my blood and spirits to
Defend it from the invasion of my fears,
Must keep a guard about it still, lest this
Strange and too mighty joy crush it to nothing.—
Antonio.
Ant. Madam.
Duch. Bid my steward give thee
Two thousand ducats. Art sure I am awake?
Ant. I shall be able to resolve you, madam,
When he has paid the money.
Duch. Columbo now is noble. [*Exit.*
Ant. This is better
Than I expected; if my lady be
Not mad, and live to justify her bounty. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King, ALVAREZ, HERNANDO, *and* Lords.

King. The war is left to him ; but we must have
You reconciled, if that be all your difference.
His rage flows like a torrent, when he meets
With opposition ; leave to wrestle with him,
And his hot blood retreats into a calm,
And then he chides his passion. You shall back
With letters from us.
Her. Your commands are not
To be disputed.
King. Alvarez. [*Takes him aside.*
1 *Lord.* Lose not
Yourself by cool submission ; he will find
His error, and the want of such a soldier.
2 *Lord.* Have you seen the Cardinal ?
Her. Not yet.
1 *Lord.* He wants no plot—
Her. The king I must obey:
But let the purple gownman place his engines
I' the dark, that wound me.
2 *Lord.* Be assur'd
Of what we can to friend you ; and the king
Cannot forget your service.
Her. I am sorry
For that poor gentleman.
Alv. I must confess, sir,
The duchess has been pleas'd to think me worthy
Her favours, and in that degree of honour,
That has oblig'd my life to make the best
Return of service, which is not, with bold
Affiance in her love, to interpose
Against her happiness, and your election.
I love so much her honour, I have quitted

All my desires; yet would not shrink to bleed
Out my warm stock of life, so the last drop
Might benefit her wishes.
King. I shall find
A compensation for this act, Alvarez;
It hath much pleased us.

Enter Duchess *with a letter.*

Duch. Sir, you are the king,
And in that sacred title it were sin
To doubt a justice; all that does concern
My essence in this world, and a great part
Of the other['s] bliss, lives in your breath.
King. What intends the duchess?
Duch. That will instruct you, sir. [*gives the letter.*]—Columbo has,
Upon some better choice, or discontent,
Set my poor soul at freedom.
King. 'Tis his character. [*Reads.*
Madam, I easily discharge all my pretensions to your love and person; I leave you to your own choice; and in what you have obliged yourself to me, resume a power to cancel, if you please.
COLUMBO.
This is strange!
Duch. Now do an act to make
Your chronicle belov'd and read for ever.
King. Express yourself.
Duch. Since by divine infusion,—
For 'tis no art could force the general to
This change, second this justice, and bestow
The heart you would have given from me, by
Your strict commands to love Columbo, where
'Twas meant by heaven; and let your breath return
Whom you divorced, Alvarez, mine.
Lords. This is
But justice, sir.
King. It was decreed above;

And since Columbo has releas'd his interest,
Which we had wrought him, not without some force
Upon your will, I give you your own wishes:
Receive your own Alvarez. When you please
To celebrate your nuptial, I invite
Myself your guest.

Duch. Eternal blessings crown you!

Omnes. And every joy your marriage!

[*As the King is going out, he meets the Cardinal; they converse together.*

Alv. I know not whether I shall wonder most,
Or joy to meet this happiness.

Duch. Now the king
Hath planted us, methinks we grow already,
And twist our loving souls, above the wrath
Of thunder to divide us.

Alv. Ha! the Cardinal
Has met the king! I do not like this conference;
He looks with anger this way. I expect
A tempest.

Duch. Take no notice of his presence;
Leave me to meet, and answer it. If the king
Be firm in's royal word, I fear no lightning.
Expect me in the garden.

Alv. I obey;
But fear a shipwreck on the coast. [*Exit.*

Car. Madam.

Duch. My lord.

Car. The king speaks of a letter that has brought
A riddle in't.

Duch. 'Tis easy to interpret.

Car. From my nephew? May I deserve the favour? [*Duch. gives him the letter.*

Duch. He looks as though his eyes would fire the paper.
They are a pair of burning glasses, and
His envious blood doth give them flame.

Car. What lethargy

Could thus unspirit him? I am all wonder. [*Aside.*
Do not believe, madam,
But that Columbo's love is yet more sacred
To honour and yourself, than thus to forfeit
What I have heard him call the glorious wreath
To all his merits, given him by the king,
From whom he took you with more pride than ever
He came from victory: his kisses hang
Yet panting on your lips; and he but now
Exchang'd religious farewell to return,
But with more triumph, to be your's.
Duch. My lord,
You do believe your nephew's hand was not
Surpris'd or strain'd to this?
Car. Strange arts and windings in the world! most dark
And subtle progresses! Who brought this letter?
Duch. I enquir'd not his name; I thought it not
Considerable[3] to take such narrow knowledge.
Car. Desert and honour urg'd it here, nor can
I blame you to be angry; yet his person
Oblig'd you should have given a nobler pause,
Before you made your faith and change so violent,
From his known worth, into the arms of one,
However fashioned to your amorous wish,
Not equal to his cheapest fame, with all
The gloss of blood and merit.
Duch. This comparison,
My good lord Cardinal, I cannot think
Flows from an even justice; it betrays
You partial where your blood runs.
Car. I fear, madam,

[3] —— *I thought it not Considerable*, &c.] i. e. I thought the letter not of sufficient importance to induce me to enquire narrowly after the bearer of it. This is not much in Shirley's usual way; and, indeed, it is remarkable that there are more harsh and awkward constructions in this drama than in any ten of the rest.

Your own takes too much license, and will soon
Fall to the censure of unruly tongues.
Because Alvarez has a softer cheek,
Can, like a woman, trim his wanton hair,
Spend half a day with looking in the glass,
To find a posture to present himself,
And bring more effeminacy than man,
Or honour, to your bed, must he supplant him?
Take heed, the common murmur, when it catches
The scent of a lost fame—
Duch. My fame, lord Cardinal?
It stands upon an innocence as clear
As the devotions you pay to heaven.
I shall not urge, my lord, your soft indulgence
At my next shrift.
Car. You are a fine court lady!
Duch. And you should be a reverend churchman.
Car. One,
That if you have not thrown off modesty,
Would counsel you to leave Alvarez.
Duch. 'Cause
You dare do worse than marriage, must not I
Be admitted what the church and law allows me?
Car. Insolent! Then you dare marry him?
Duch. Dare!
Let your contracted flame and malice, with
Columbo's rage, higher than that, meet us
When we approach the holy place, clasp'd hand
In hand, we'll break through all your force, and fix
Our sacred vows together there.
Car. I knew
When, with as chaste a brow, you promis'd fair
To another. You are no dissembling lady!
Duch. Would all your actions had no falser lights
About them!
Car. Ha!
Duch. The people would not talk, and curse so
loud.

Car. I'll have you chid into a blush for this.
Duch. Begin at home, great man, there's cause enough:
You turn the wrong end of the perspective
Upon your crimes, to drive them to a far
And lesser sight; but let your eyes look right,
What giants would your pride and surfeit seem!
How gross your avarice, eating up whole families!
How vast are your corruptions and abuse
Of the king's ear! at which you hang a pendant,
Not to adorn, but ulcerate, while the honest
Nobility, like pictures in the arras,
Serve only for court ornament. If they speak,
'Tis when you set their tongues, which you wind up,
Like clocks, to strike at the just hour you please.
Leave, leave, my lord, these usurpations,
And be what you were meant, a man to cure,
Not let in, agues to religion:
Look on the church's wounds.
Car. You dare presume,
In your rude spleen to me, to abuse the church?
Duch. Alas, you give false aim, my lord; 'tis your
Ambition and scarlet sins, that rob
Her altar of the glory, and leave wounds
Upon her brow; which fetches grief and paleness
Into her cheeks, making her troubled bosom
Pant with her groans, and shroud her holy blushes
Within your reverend purples.
Car. Will you now take breath?
Duch. In hope, my lord, you will behold yourself
In a true glass, and see those unjust acts
That so deform you, and by timely cure
Prevent a shame, before the short-hair'd men[4]
Do crowd and call for justice; I take leave. [*Exit.*

[4] —— *before the* short-hair'd men
Do crowd and call for justice.] I am not sure that I understand this: but it seems as if the poet was again thinking of England, and meant to warn the prelates not to push their



Car. This woman has a spirit, that may rise
To tame the devil's: there's no dealing with
Her angry tongue; 'tis action and revenge
Must calm her fury. Were Columbo here,
I could resolve; but letters shall be sent
To th' army, which may wake him into sense
Of his rash folly, or direct his spirit
Some way to snatch his honour from this flame:
All great men know the soul of life is fame. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter VALERIA *and* CELINDA.

Val. I did not think, Celinda, when I prais'd
Alvarez to the duchess, that things thus
Would come about. What does your ladyship
Think of Columbo now? It staggers all
The court, he should forsake his mistress; I
Am lost with wonder yet.
Cel. 'Tis very strange,
Without a spell; but there's a fate in love;—
I like him ne'er the worse.

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.* Nothing but marriages and triumph now!
Val. What new access of joy makes you, my lord,
So pleasant?

pretensions too far, lest they should exasperate the *Puritans, (short-hair'd men,)* and unite them in a body against them. In 1641, (when this play was written,) this hint might not perhaps be very generous or charitable; but it might, unfortunately, be offered with impunity.

1 *Lord.* There's a packet come to court
Makes the king merry; we are all concern'd in't.
Columbo hath given the enemy a great
And glorious defeat, and is already
Preparing to march home.
Cel. He thriv'd the better for my prayers.
2 *Lord.* You have been
His great admirer, madam.
1 *Lord.* The king longs
To see him.
Val. This news exalts the Cardinal.

Enter CARDINAL.

1 *Lord.* He's here!
He appears with discontent; the marriage
With count d'Alvarez hath a bitter taste,
And's not worn off his palate: but let us leave him.
Cel. } We'll to the duchess. [*Exeunt.*
Val. }
Car. He has not won so much upon the Arragon
As he has lost at home; and his neglect
Of what my studies had contriv'd, to add
More lustre to our family by the access
Of the great duchess' fortune, cools his triumph,
And makes me wild.

Enter HERNANDO.

Her. My good lord Cardinal!
Car. You made complaint to the king about your general?
Her. Not a complaint, my lord; I did but satisfy
Some questions o' the king's.
Car. You see he thrives
Without your personal valour or advice,
Most grave and learned in the wars.
Her. My lord,
I envy not his fortune.



Car. 'Tis above
Your malice, and your noise not worth his anger;
'Tis barking 'gainst the moon.
Her. More temper would
Become that habit.
Car. The military thing would shew some spleen.
I'll blow an army of such wasps about
The world.—Go look your sting you left i' the camp, sir.

Enter King *and Lords.*

Her. The king!—This may be one day counted for. [*Exit.*
King. All things conspire, my lord, to make you fortunate.
Your nephew's glory—
Car. 'Twas your cause and justice
Made him victorious; had he been so valiant
At home, he had had another conquest to
Invite, and bid her welcome to new wars.
King. You must be reconcil'd to providence.
My lord,
I heard you had a controversy with
The duchess; I will have you friends.
Car. I am not angry.
King. For my sake, then,
You shall be pleas'd, and with me grace the marriage.—
A churchman must shew charity; and shine
With first example: she's a woman.
Car. You shall prescribe in all things, sir. You cannot
Accuse my love, if I still wish my nephew
Had been so happy, to be constant to
Your own, and my election: yet my brain
Cannot reach how this comes about; I know
My nephew lov'd her with a near affection.

Re-enter HERNANDO.

King. He'll give you fair account at his return.—
Colonel, your letters may be spar'd; the general
Has finish'd, and is coming home. [*Exit.*

Her. I am glad on't, sir.—My good lord Cardinal,
'Tis not impossible but some man provok'd,
May have a precious mind to cut your throat.

Car. You shall command me, noble Colonel;
I know you will not fail to be at the wedding.

Her. 'Tis not Columbo that is married, sir.

Car. Go teach the postures of the pike and musket;
Then drill your myrmidons into a ditch,
Where starve, and stink in pickle.—You shall find
Me reasonable; you see the king expects me. [*Exit.*

Her. So does the devil.—
Some desperate hand may help you on your journey.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Duchess's *House.*

Enter ANTONIO *and four* Servants, *with masques, dresses, &c.*

Ant. Here, this; ay, this will fit your part: you shall wear the slashes, because you are a soldier. Here's for the blue mute.[1]

1 *Serv.* This doublet will never fit me; pox on't! are these breeches good enough for a prince too? Pedro plays but a lord, and he has two laces more in a seam.

Ant. You must consider Pedro is a foolish lord; he may wear what lace he please.

[1] *Here's for the* blue *mute.*] i. e. for the mute who was to take the servant's part. Servants were in that age distinguished by the badges of their respective masters; but their general livery was *blue.*

2 *Serv.* Does my beard fit my clothes well, gentlemen?

Ant. Pox o' your beard!

3 *Serv.* That will fright away the hair.

1 *Serv.* This fellow plays but a mute, and he is so troublesome, and talks.

3 *Serv.* Master Secretary might have let Jaques play the soldier; he has a black patch already.

2 *Serv.* By your favour, master Secretary, I was asked who writ this play for us?

Ant. For us? Why, art thou any more than a blue mute?

2 *Serv.* And, by my troth, I said, I thought it was all your own.

Ant. Away, you coxcomb!

4 *Serv.* Dost think he has no more wit than to write a comedy? My lady's chaplain made the play, though he is content, for the honour and trouble of the business, to be seen in't.

Enter fifth Servant.

5 *Serv.* Did any body see my head, gentlemen? 'twas here but now.—I shall have never a head to play my part in.

Ant. Is thy head gone? 'tis well thy part was not in't. Look, look about; has not Jaques it?

4 *Serv.* His head? 'twill not come on upon my shoulders. [*Exit 5 Serv.*

Ant. Make haste, gentlemen, I'll see whether the king has supp'd. Look every man to his wardrobe and his part. [*Exit.*

2 *Serv.* Is he gone? In my mind, a masque had been fitter for a marriage.

4 *Serv.* Why, mute? There was no time for't, and the scenes are troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Half a score deal tack'd together in the clouds, what's that? a throne, to come down and

dance; all the properties have been paid forty times over, and are in the court stock:—but the secretary must have a play, to shew his wit.

4 *Serv.* Did not I tell thee 'twas the chaplain's? Hold your tongue, mute.

1 *Serv.* Under the rose, and would this cloth of silver doublet might never come off again, if there be any more plot than you see in the back of my hand.

2 *Serv.* You talk of a plot! I'll not give this for the best poet's plot in the world, an if it be not well carried.

4 *Serv.* Well said, mute.

3 *Serv.* Ha, ha! Pedro, since he put on his doublet, has repeated but three lines, and he has broke five buttons.

2 *Serv.* I know not; but by this false beard, and here's hair enough to hang a reasonable honest man, I do not remember, to say, a strong line indeed in the whole comedy, but when the chambermaid kisses the captain.

3 *Serv.* Excellent, mute!

Re-enter 5 Servant.

5 *Serv.* They have almost supp'd, and I cannot find my head yet.

4 *Serv.* Play in thine own.

5 *Serv.* Thank you for that! so I may have it made a property. If I have not a head found me, let master secretary play my part himself without it.

Re-enter Antonio.

Ant. Are you all ready, my masters? The king is coming through the gallery. Are the women dress'd?

1 *Serv.* Rogero wants a head.

Ant. Here, with a pox to you! take mine. You a player! you a puppy-dog. Is the music ready?

Enter Gentleman-Usher.

Gent. Gentlemen, it is my lady's pleasure that you expect till she call for you. There are a company of cavaliers, in gallant equipage, newly alighted, have offered to present their Revels in honour of this Hymen; and 'tis her grace's command, that you be silent till their entertainment be over.

1 *Serv.* Gentlemen?

2 *Serv.* Affronted?

5 *Serv.* Master Secretary, there's your head again; a man's a man. Have I broken my sleep, to study fifteen lines for an ambassador, and after that a constable, and is it come to this?

Ant. Patience, gentlemen, be not so hot; 'tis but deferr'd, and the play may do well enough cold.

4 *Serv.* If it be not presented, the chaplain will have the greatest loss; he loses his wits.

[*Hautbois.*

Ant. This music speaks the king upon entrance. Retire, retire, and grumble not.

[*Exeunt all but Ant.*

Enter King, Cardinal, ALVAREZ, Duchess, CELINDA, VALERIA, PLACENTIA, Lords, *and* HERNANDO, *and take their seats: then enter* COLUMBO *and five more, in rich habits, vizarded; between every two a torch-bearer: they dance, and after beckon to* ALVAREZ, *as desirous to speak with him.*

Alv. With me!

[*They embrace and whisper, and exeunt.*

King. Do you know the masquers, madam?

Duch. Not I, sir.

Car. There's one,—but that my nephew is abroad,
And has more soul than thus to jig upon
Their hymeneal night, I should suspect
'Twere he. [*Aside.*

Duch. Where's my lord Alvarez?
King. Call in the bridegroom. [*Recorders within.*

Re-enter COLUMBO, *followed by the five Masquers, bringing in the dead body of* ALVAREZ *in one of their habits, and having laid it down, exeunt, all but Columbo.*

Duch. What mystery is this?
Car. We want the bridegroom still.
King. Where is Alvarez?
[*Columbo points to the body; they take off the mask and habit, and find Alvarez bleeding.*
Duch. Oh, 'tis my lord! he's murder'd!
King. Who durst commit this horrid act?
Colu. I, sir. [*Throws off his disguise.*
King. Columbo? Ha!
Colu. Yes; Columbo, that dares stay
To justify that act.
Her. Most barbarous!
Duch. Oh, my dearest lord!
King. Our guard!

Enter Guard.

Seize on them all: this sight doth shake
All that is man within me. Poor Alvarez,
Is this thy wedding day!
Duch. If you do think there is a heaven, or pains
To punish such black crimes i' the other world,
Let me have swift, and such exemplar justice,
As shall become this great assassinate;
You will take off our faith else: and, if here
Such innocence must bleed, and you look on,
Poor men, that call you gods on earth, will doubt
To obey your laws, nay, practise to be devils,
As fearing, if such monstrous sins go on,
The saints will not be safe in heaven.

King. You shall,
You shall have justice.
Car. Now to come off were brave. [*Aside.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. The masquers, sir, are fled; their horse, prepar'd
At gate, expected to receive them, where
They quickly mounted: coming so like friends,
None could suspect their haste, which is secur'd
By advantage of the night.
Colu. I answer for them all; 'tis stake enough
For many lives: but if that poniard
Had voice, it would convince they were but all
Spectators of my act. And now, if you
Will give your judgments leave, though at the first
Face of this object your cool bloods were frighted,
I can excuse this deed, and call it justice;
An act, your honours, and your office, sir,
Is bound to build a law upon, for others
To imitate. I have but took his life,
And punish'd her with mercy, who had both
Conspir'd to kill the soul of all my fame.
Read there; and read an injury as deep
In my dishonour, as the devil knew
A woman had capacity or malice
To execute: read there, how you were cozen'd, sir, [*Gives the Duchess's letter to the King.*
Your power affronted, and my faith; her smiles,
A juggling witchcraft to betray, and make
My love her horse to stalk withal, and catch
Her curled minion.
Car. Is it possible
The duchess could dissemble so, and forfeit
Her modesty with you, and to us all?
Yet I must pity her. My nephew has
Been too severe; though this affront would call
A dying man from prayers, and turn him tiger;

There being nothing dearer than our fame,
Which, if a common man, whose blood has no
Ingredient of honour, labour to
Preserve, a soldier (by his nearest tie
To glory) is, above all others, bound
To vindicate:—and yet it might have been
Less bloody.

Her. Charitable devil!

King. [*reads.*] *I pray, my lord, release under your hand, what you dare challenge in my love or person, as a just forfeit to myself; this act will speak you honourable to my thoughts; and when you have conquered thus yourself, you may proceed to many victories, and after, with safety of your fame, visit again*

the lost ROSAURA.

To this your answer was a free resign?

Colu. Flatter'd with great opinion of her faith,
And my desert of her (with thought that she,
Who seem'd to weep and chide my easy will
To part with her, could not be guilty of
A treason, or apostasy so soon,
But rather meant this a device to make
Me expedite the affairs of war,) I sent
That paper, which her wickedness, not justice,
Applied (what I meant trial,) her divorce.
I lov'd her so, I dare call heaven to witness,
I knew not whether I lov'd most; while she,
With him, whose crimson penitence I provok'd,[2]
Conspir'd my everlasting infamy:
Examine but the circumstance.

Car. 'Tis clear;
This match was made at home, before she sent

[2] —— *whose crimson penitence I provok'd,*] That is, I suppose, whom I forced to repent in blood. This is exceedingly harsh, and unlike our poet; as is the preceding line, in which Columbo calls heaven to witness that he knew not whether he loved that (heaven) or Rosaura most.

That cunning writ, in hope to take him off,
As knowing his impatient soul would scorn
To own a blessing came on crutches to him.
It was not well to raise his expectation,
(Had you, sir, no affront?) to ruin him
With so much scandal and contempt.
King. We have
Too plentiful a circumstance, to accuse
You, madam, as the cause of your own sorrows;
But not without an accessary more
Than young Alvarez.
Car. Any other instrument?
King. Yes; I am guilty, with herself, and don
Columbo, though our acts look'd several ways,
That thought a lover might so soon be ransom'd;
And did exceed the office of a king,
To exercise dominion over hearts,
That owe to the prerogative of heaven
Their choice, or separation: you must, therefore,
When you do kneel for justice and revenge,
Madam, consider me a lateral agent
In poor Alvarez' tragedy.
1 *Lord.* It was your love to don Columbo, sir.
Her. So, so! the king is charm'd. Do you observe,
How, to acquit Columbo, he would draw
Himself into the plot. Heaven, is this justice?
Car. Your judgment is divine in this.
King. And yet
Columbo cannot be secure, and we
Just in his pardon, that durst make so great
And insolent a breach of law and duty.
2 *Lord.* Ha! will he turn again?
King. And should we leave
This guilt of blood to heaven, which cries, and strikes
With loud appeals the palace of eternity;
Yet here is more to charge Columbo than
Alvarez' blood, and bids me punish it,
Or be no king.

Her. 'Tis come about, my lords.
King. And if I should forgive
His timeless death, I cannot the offence,
That with such boldness struck at me. Has my
Indulgence to your merits, which are great,
Made me so cheap, your rage could meet no time
Nor place for your revenge, but where my eyes
Must be affrighted, and affronted with
The bloody execution? This contempt
Of majesty transcends my power to pardon,
And you shall feel my anger, sir.
Her. Thou shalt
Have one short prayer more for that.
Colu. Have I,
I' the progress of my life, no actions
To plead, deserving * * * * me up
Against this * * * * * ceremony?[3]
Car. Contain yourself.
Colu. I must be dumb then. Where is honour,
And gratitude of kings, when they forget
Whose hand secur'd their greatness? Take my
head off;
Examine then which of your silken lords,
As I have done, will throw himself on dangers;
Like to a floating island move in blood;
And where your great defence calls him to stand
A bulwark, upon his bold breast to take
In death, that you may live:—but soldiers are
Your valiant fools, whom, when your own securities

[3] *To plead, deserving * * * * me up*
*Against this * * * * * * ceremony?*] Here is a most hopeless passage. The old copy reads:
"No actions to plead me up deserving
"Against this ceremony?"
which is both corrupt and incomplete. What Columbo meant to say was—Have I no actions to plead, deserving *by their importance*, to *bear* me up against this *neglect* or *violation of court* ceremony? How the poet expressed this, it is impossible to say: all that remains therefore is to mark the oversight of the press by an occasional break.

Are bleeding, you can cherish; but when once
Your state and nerves are knit, not thinking when
To use their surgery again, you cast
Them off, and let them hang in dusty armories,
Or make it death to ask for pay.
King. No more;
We thought to have put your victory and merits
In balance with Alvarez' death, which, while
Our mercy was to judge, had been your safety;
But the affront to us, made greater by
This boldness to upbraid our royal bounty,
Shall tame, or make you nothing.
Lord. Excellent!
Her. The Cardinal is not pleas'd.
Car. Humble yourself
To the king.
Colu. And beg my life? Let cowards do't,
That dare not die; I'll rather have no head,
Than owe it to his charity.
King. To the castle with him!—
[*Columbo is led off by the Guard.*
Madam, I leave you to your grief, and what
The king can recompense to your tears, or honour
Of your dead lord, expect.
Duch. This shews like justice. [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter two Lords *and* HERNANDO.

1 *Lord.* This is the age of wonders.
2 *Lord.* Wonderous mischiefs!
Her. Among those guards, which some call tutelar angels,
Whose office is to govern provinces,
Is there not one will undertake Navarre?
Hath heaven forsook us quite?

1 *Lord.* Columbo at large!
2 *Lord.* And graced now more than ever.
1 *Lord.* He was not pardon'd;
That word was prejudicial to his fame.
Her. But, as the murder done had been a dream,
Vanish'd to memory, he's courted as
Preserver of his country. With what chains
Of magic, does this Cardinal hold the king?
2 *Lord.* What will you say, my lord, if they enchant
The duchess now, and by some impudent art,
Advance a marriage to Columbo yet?
Her. Say!
I'll say no woman can be sav'd; nor is
It fit, indeed, any should pretend to heaven,
After one such impiety in their sex:
And yet my faith has been so stagger'd, since
The king restor'd Columbo, I'll be now
Of no religion.
1 *Lord.* 'Tis not possible
She can forgive the murder; I observ'd
Her tears.
Her. Why, so did I, my lord;
And if they be not honest, 'tis to be
Half damn'd, to look upon a woman weeping.
When do you think the Cardinal said his prayers?
2 *Lord.* I know not.
Her. Heaven forgive my want of charity!
But, if I were to kill him,[4] he should have
No time to pray; his life could be no sacrifice,
Unless his soul went too.
1 *Lord.* That were too much.
Her. When you mean to dispatch him, you may give

[4] *But, if I were to kill him,* &c.] There have been frequent occasions to notice how familiar this horrible sentiment is to most of our old poets. It is somewhat peculiar, however, to Shirley, that he has the grace to feel its want of charity, and beg forgiveness for it.

Time for confession: they have injur'd me
After another rate.
2 *Lord.* You are too passionate, cousin.

COLUMBO, *Colonels*, ALPHONSO, *and Courtiers, pass over the stage.*

Her. How the gay men do flutter, to congratulate
His gaol delivery! There's one honest man:
What pity 'tis, a gallant fellow should
Depend on knaves for his preferment!
1 *Lord.* Except this cruelty upon Alvarez,
Columbo has no mighty stain upon him;
But for his uncle—
Her. If I had a son
Of twelve years old that would not fight with him,
And stake his soul against his cardinal's cap,
I would disinherit him. Time has took a lease
But for three lives, I hope; a fourth may see
Honesty walk without a crutch.
2 *Lord.* This is
But air and wildness.
Her. I will see the duchess.
[1 *Lord.*][1] You may do well to comfort her; we must
Attend the king.
Her. Your pleasures. [*Exit.*

Enter King *and* Cardinal.

1 *Lord.* A man of a brave soul.
2 *Lord.* The less his safety.—
The king and Cardinal in consult!
King. Commend us to the duchess, and employ
What language you think fit and powerful,
To reconcile her to some peace.—My lords.

[1] The old copy gives this speech to Hernando: but there is no end to these mistakes.

Car. Sir, I possess all for your sacred uses.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Duchess's *House.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* CELINDA.

Ant. Madam, you are the welcom'st lady living.
Cel. To whom, master Secretary?
Ant. If you have mercy
To pardon so much boldness, I durst say,
To me—I am a gentleman.
Cel. And handsome.
Ant. But my lady has
Much wanted you.
Cel. Why, master Secretary?
Ant. You are the prettiest,—
Cel. So!
Ant. The wittiest,—
Cel. So!
Ant. The merriest lady i' the court.
Cel. And I was wish'd, to make the duchess pleasant?
Ant. She never had so deep a cause of sorrow;
Her chamber's but a coffin of a larger
Volume, wherein she walks so like a ghost,
'Twould make you pale to see her.
Cel. Tell her grace
I attend here.
Ant. I shall most willingly.—
A spirited lady! would I had her in my closet!
She is excellent company among the lords.
Sure she has an admirable treble.—Madam. [*Exit.*
Cel. I do suspect this fellow would be nibbling,
Like some, whose narrow fortunes will not rise
To wear things when the invention's rare and new;

But treading on the heel of pride, they hunt
The fashion when 'tis crippled, like fell tyrants.
I hope I am not old yet; I had the honour
To be saluted by our cardinal's nephew
This morning: there's a man!

Re-enter ANTONIO.

Ant. I have prevail'd.
Sweet madam, use what eloquence you can
Upon her; and if ever I be useful
To your ladyship's service, your least breath commands me. [*Exit.*

Enter Duchess.

Duch. Madam, I come to ask you but one question:
If you were in my state, my state of grief,
I mean, an exile from all happiness
Of this world, and almost of heaven, (for my
Affliction is finding out despair,)
What would you think of don Columbo?
Cel. Madam?
Duch. Whose bloody hand wrought all this misery.
Would you not weep, as I do, and wish rather
An everlasting spring of tears to drown
Your sight, than let your eyes be curs'd to see
The murderer again, and glorious?
So careless of his sin, that he is made
Fit for new parricide, even while his soul
Is purpled o'er, and reeks with innocent blood?
But do not, do not answer me; I know
You have so great a spirit, (which I want,
The horror of his fact surprising all
My faculties,) you would not let him live:
But I, poor I, must suffer more. There's not
One little star in heaven will look on me,

Unless to choose me out the mark, on whom
It may shoot down some angry influence.

Enter PLACENTIA.

Pla. Madam, here's don Columbo says he must
Speak with your grace.
Duch. But he must not, I charge you.
[*Exit Pla.*
None else wait?—Is this well done,
To triumph in his tyranny?—Speak, madam,
Speak but your conscience.

Enter COLUMBO *and* ANTONIO.

Ant. Sir, you must not see her.
Colu. Not see her? Were she cabled up above
The search of bullet or of fire, were she
Within her grave, and that the toughest mine
That ever nature teem'd and groan'd withal,
I would force some way to see her.—Do not fear
I come to court you, madam; you are not worth
The humblest of my kinder thoughts. I come
To shew the man you have provok'd, and lost,
And tell you what remains of my revenge.—
Live, but never presume again to marry;
I'll kill the next at the altar, and quench all
The smiling tapers with his blood: if after,
You dare provoke the priest and heaven so much,
To take another, in thy bed I'll cut him from
Thy warm embrace, and throw his heart to ravens.
Cel. This will appear an unexampled cruelty.
Colu. Your pardon, madam; rage, and my revenge,
Not perfect, took away my eyes. You are
A noble lady, this not worth your eye-beam;
One of so slight a making, and so thin,
An autumn leaf is of too great a value
To play, which shall be soonest lost i' the air.

Be pleas'd to own me by some name, in your
Assurance, I despise to be receiv'd
There; let her witness that I call you mistress;
Honour me to make these pearls your carkanet.
[*Gives her a necklace.*
Cel. My lord, you are too humble in your thoughts.
Colu. There's no vexation too great to punish her. [*Aside, and exit.*
Ant. Now, madam.
Cel. Away, you saucy fellow!—Madam, I
Must be excus'd, if I do think more honourably
Than you have cause, of this great lord.
Duch. Why, is not
All woman kind concern'd to hate what's impious?
Cel. For my part—
Duch. Antonio, is this a woman?
Ant. I know not whether she be man or woman;
I should be nimble to find out the experiment.
She look'd with less state when Columbo came.
Duch. Let me entreat your absence. I am cozen'd in her.— [*Aside.*
I took you for a modest, honest lady.
Cel. Madam, I scorn any accuser; and
Deducting the great title of a duchess,
I shall not need one grain of your dear honour
To make me full weight: if your grace be jealous,
I can remove. [*Exit.*
Ant. She is gone.
Duch. Prithee remove
My fears of her return [*exit Ant.*]—She is not worth
Considering; my anger's mounted higher.
He need not put in caution for my next
Marriage.—Alvarez, I must come to thee,
Thy virgin wife, and widow; but not till
I have paid those tragic duties to thy hearse

Become my piety and love. But how?
Who shall instruct a way?

Enter PLACENTIA.

Pla. Madam, don
Hernando much desires to speak with you.
Duch. Will not thy own discretion think I am
Unfit for visit?
Pla. Please your grace, he brings
Something, he says, imports your ear, and love
Of the dead lord, Alvarez.
Duch. Then admit him. [*Exit Pla.*

Re-enter PLACENTIA *with* HERNANDO.

Her. I would speak, madam, to yourself.
Duch. Your absence. [*Exit Pla.*
Her. I know not how your grace will censure so
Much boldness, when you know the affairs I come for.
Duch. My servant has prepar'd me to receive it,
If it concern my dead lord.
Her. Can you name
So much of your Alvarez in a breath,
Without one word of your revenge? O, madam,
I come to chide you, and repent my great
Opinion of your virtue, that can walk,
And spend so many hours in naked solitude;
As if you thought that no arrears were due
To his death, when you had paid his funeral charges,
Made your eyes red, and wet a handkerchief—
I come to tell you, that I saw him bleed;
I, that can challenge nothing in his name
And honour, saw his murder'd body warm,
And panting with the labour of his spirits,



Till my amazed soul shrunk and hid itself:
While barbarous Columbo grinning stood,
And mock'd the weeping wounds. It is too much,
That you should keep your heart alive so long
After this spectacle, and not revenge it.
Duch. You do not know the business of my heart,
That censure me so rashly; yet I thank you:
And, if you be Alvarez' friend, dare tell
Your confidence, that I despise my life,
But know not how to use it in a service,
To speak me his revenger: this will need
No other proof, than that to you, who may
Be sent with cunning to betray me, I
Have made this bold confession. I so much
Desire to sacrifice to that hovering ghost
Columbo's life, that I am not ambitious
To keep my own two minutes after it.
Her. If you will call me coward, which is equal
To think I am a traitor, I forgive it,
For this brave resolution, which time,
And all the destinies must aid. I beg
That I may kiss your hand for this; and may
The soul of angry honour guide it—
Duch. Whither?
Her. To don Columbo's heart.
Duch. It is too weak, I fear, alone.
Her. Alone? are you in earnest? Why, will it not
Be a dishonour to your justice, madam,
Another arm should interpose? But that
It were a saucy act to mingle with you,
I durst, nay, I am bound in the revenge
Of him that's dead, (since the whole world has interest
In every good man's loss,) to offer it:
Dare you command me, madam?
Duch. Not command;

But I should more than honour such a truth
In man, that durst, against so mighty odds,
Appear Alvarez' friend, and mine. The Cardinal—
Her. Is for the second course; Columbo must
Be first cut up; his ghost must lead the dance:
Let him die first.
Duch. But how?
Her. How! with a sword; and, if I undertake it,
I will not lose so much of my own honour,
To kill him basely.
Duch. How shall I reward
This infinite service? 'Tis not modesty,
While now my husband groans beneath his tomb,
And calls me to his marble bed, to promise,
What this great act might well deserve, myself,
If you survive the victor; but if thus
Alvarez' ashes be appeas'd, it must
Deserve an honourable memory;
And though Columbo (as he had all power,
And grasp'd the fates) has vow'd to kill the man
That shall succeed Alvarez—
Her. Tyranny!
Duch. Yet, if ever
I entertain a thought of love hereafter,
Hernando from the world shall challenge it;
Till when, my prayers and fortune shall wait on you.
Her. This is too mighty recompense.
Duch. 'Tis all just.
Her. If I outlive Columbo, I must not
Expect security at home.
Duch. Thou canst
Not fly where all my fortunes, and my love
Shall not attend to guard thee.
Her. If I die—
Duch. Thy memory

Shall have a shrine, the next within my heart,
To my Alvarez.
Her. Once again your hand.
Your cause is so religious, you need not
Strengthen it with your prayers; trust it to me.

Re-enter PLACENTIA, *with the* Cardinal.

Pla. Madam, the Cardinal.
Duch. Will you appear?
Her. An he had all the horror of the devil
In's face, I would not baulk him.
[*He stares upon the Cardinal in his exit.*
Car. What makes Hernando here? I do not like
They should consult; I'll take no note. [*aside.*]—
The king
Fairly salutes your grace; by whose command
I am to tell you, though his will and actions
Illimited, stoop not to satisfy
The vulgar inquisition, he is
Yet willing to retain a just opinion
With those that are placed near him; and althongh
You look with nature's eye upon yourself,
Which needs no perspective to reach, nor art
Of any optic to make greater, what
Your narrow sense applies an injury,
(Ourselves still nearest to ourselves,) yet there's
Another eye that looks abroad, and walks
In search of reason, and the weight of things,
With which, if you look on him, you will find
His pardon to Columbo cannot be
So much against his justice, as your erring
Faith would persuade your anger.
Duch. Good, my lord,
Your phrase has too much landscape, and I cannot
Distinguish, at this distance you present,
The figure perfect; but indeed my eyes

May pray your lordship find excuse, for tears
Have almost made them blind.
Car. Fair peace restore them!
To bring the object nearer, the king says,
He could not be severe to don Columbo
Without injustice to his other merits,
Which call more loud for their reward and honour,
Than you for your revenge; the kingdom made
Happy by those; you only, by the last,
Unfortunate:—nor was it rational,
I speak the king's own language, he should die
For taking one man's breath, without whose valour
None now had been alive without dishonour.
Duch. In my poor understanding, 'tis the crown
Of virtue to proceed in its own track,
Not deviate from honour. If you acquit
A man of murder, 'cause he has done brave
Things in the war, you will bring down his valour
To a crime, nay, to a bawd, if it secure
A rape, and but teach those that deserve well,
To sin with greater license: but dispute
Is now too late, my lord; 'tis done; and you,
By the good king, in tender of my sorrows,
Sent to persuade me 'tis unreasonable
That justice should repair me.
Car. You mistake;
For if Columbo's death could make Alvarez
[A]live, the king had given him up to law,
Your bleeding sacrifice; but when his life
Was but another treasure thrown away,
To obey a clamorous statute, it was wisdom
To himself, and common safety, to take off
This killing edge of law, and keep Columbo
To recompense the crime by noble acts,
And sorrow, that in time might draw your pity.
Duch. This is a greater tyranny than that
Columbo exercis'd; he kill'd my lord;

And you have not the charity to let
Me think it worth a punishment.
Car. To that,
In my own name, I answer: I condemn,
And urge the bloody guilt against my nephew;
'Twas violent and cruel, a black deed;
A deed, whose memory doth make me shudder;
An act, that did betray a tyrannous nature,
Which he took up in war, the school of vengeance;
And though the king's compassion spare him here,
Unless his heart
Weep itself out in penitent tears,—
Duch. This sounds
As you were now a good man.
Car. Does your grace
Think I have conscience to allow the murder!
Although, when it was done, I did obey
The stream of nature, as he was my kinsman,
To plead he might not pay his forfeit life,
Could I do less for one so near my blood?
Consider, madam, and be charitable;
Let not this wild injustice make me lose
The character I bear, and reverend habit.
To make you full acquainted with my innocence,
I challenge here my soul, and heaven to witness,
If I had any thought, or knowledge with
My nephew's plot, or person, when he came,
Under the smooth pretence of friend, to violate
Your hospitable laws, and do that act,
Whose frequent mention draws this tear, a whirlwind
Snatch me to endless flames!
Duch. I must believe,
And ask your grace's pardon. I confess
I have not lov'd you since Alvarez' death,
Though we were reconciled.
Car. I do not blame
Your jealousy, nor any zeal you had

To prosecute revenge against me, madam,
As I then stood suspected, nor can yet
Implore your mercy to Columbo. All
I have to say is, to retain my first
Opinion and credit with your grace;
Which you may think I urge not out of fear,
Or ends upon you, (since, I thank the king,
I stand firm on the base of royal favour,)
But for your own sake, and to shew I have
Compassion of your sufferings.

Duch. You have clear'd
A doubt, my lord; and by this fair remonstrance,
Given my sorrow so much truce, to think
That we may meet again, and yet be friends.—
But be not angry, if I still remember
By whom Alvarez died, and weep, and wake
Another justice with my prayers.

Car. All thoughts
That may advance a better peace dwell with you!
[*Exit.*

Duch. How would this cozening statesman bribe my faith
With flatteries, to think him innocent!
No; if his nephew die, this Cardinal must not
Be long-liv'd. All the prayers of a wrong'd widow
Make firm Hernando's sword! and my own hand
Shall have some glory in the next revenge.
I will pretend my brain with grief distracted,
It may gain easy credit; and beside
The taking off examination
For great Columbo's death, it makes what act
I do in that believ'd want of my reason,
Appear no crime, but my defence.—Look down,
Soul of my lord, from thy eternal shade,
And unto all thy blest companions boast,
Thy duchess' busy to revenge thy ghost! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A retired Spot without the City.

Enter on one side, COLUMBO *and* ALPHONSO; *on the other,* HERNANDO *and a* Colonel.

Colu. Hernando, now I love thee, and do half
Repent the affront my passion threw upon thee.
Her. You will not be too prodigal o' your penitence.
Colu. This makes good thy nobility of birth;
Thou may'st be worth my anger and my sword,
If thou dost execute as daringly
As thou provok'st a quarrel. I did think
Thy soul a starveling, or asleep.
Her. You'll find it
Active enough to keep your spirit waking;
Which to exasperate, for yet I think
It is not high enough to meet my rage—
Do you smile?
Colu. This noise is worth it.—Gentlemen,
I'm sorry this great soldier has engag'd
Your travail; all his business is to talk.
Her. A little of your lordship's patience,
You shall have other sport, and swords that will
Be as nimble 'bout your heart as you can wish.
'Tis pity more than our two single lives
Should be at stake.
Colon. Make that no scruple, sir.
Her. To him then that survives, if fate allow
That difference, I speak, that he may tell
The world, I came not hither on slight anger,
But to revenge my honour, stain'd and trampled on
By this proud man; when general, he commanded
My absence from the field.

Colu. I do remember,
And I will give your soul now a discharge.
Her. I come
To meet it, if your courage be so fortunate.
But there is more than my own injury
You must account for, sir, if my sword prosper;
Whose point and every edge is made more keen
With young Alvarez' blood, in which I had
A noble interest. Does not that sin benumb
Thy arteries, and turn the guilty flowings
To trembling jelly in thy veins? Canst hear
Me name that murder, and thy spirits not
Struck into air, as thou wert shot by some
Engine from heaven?
Colu. You are the duchess' champion!
Thou hast given me a quarrel now. I grieve
It is determin'd all must fight, and I
Shall lose much honour in his fall.
Her. That duchess,
(Whom but to mention with thy breath is sacrilege,)
An orphan of thy making, and condemn'd
By thee to eternal solitude, I come
To vindicate; and while I am killing thee,
By virtue of her prayers sent up for justice,
At the same time, in heaven I am pardon'd for't.
Colu. I cannot hear the bravo.
Her. Two words more,
And take your chance. Before you all, I must
Pronounce that noble lady without knowledge,
Or thought of what I undertake for her.
Poor soul! she's now at her devotions,
Busy with heaven, and wearing out the earth
With her stiff knees, and bribing her good angel
With treasures of her eyes, to tell her lord
How much she longs to see him. My attempt
Needs no commission from her: were I
A stranger in Navarre, the inborn right
Of every gentleman to Alvarez' loss

Is reason to engage their swords and lives
Against the common enemy of virtue.
Colu. Now have you finish'd? I have an instrument
Shall cure this noise, and fly up to thy tongue,
To murder all thy words.
Her. One little knot
Of phlegm, that clogs my stomach, and I have done:—
You have an uncle, call'd a Cardinal,
Would he were lurking now about thy heart,
That the same wounds might reach you both, and send
Your reeling souls together! Now have at you.
Alph. We must not, sir, be idle.
[*They fight; Alph. is slain.*
Her. What think you now of praying?
Colu. Time enough. [*He kills Hernando's second.*
Commend me to my friend; the scales are even:
I would be merciful, and give you time
Now to consider of the other world;
You'll find your soul benighted presently.
Her. I'll find my way i' the dark.
[*They fight, and close; Columbo gets both the swords, and Hernando takes up the second's weapon.*
Colu. A stumble's dangerous.
Now ask thy life.—Ha!
Her. I despise to wear it,
A gift from any but the first bestower.
Colu. I scorn a base advantage. — [*Columbo throws away one of the swords; they fight; Hernando wounds Columbo.*]—Ha!
Her. I am now
Out of your debt.
Colu. Thou hast done't, and I forgive thee.
Give me thy hand; when shall we meet again?
Her. Never, I hope.

Colu. I feel life ebb apace: yet I'll look upwards,
And shew my face to heaven. [*Dies.*
Her. The matter's done;
I must not stay to bury him. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Garden.

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.* Columbo's death doth much afflict the king.
2 *Lord.* I thought the Cardinal would have lost his wits
At first, for's nephew; it drowns all the talk
Of the others that were slain.
1 *Lord.* We are friends.
I do suspect Hernando had some interest,
And knew how their wounds came.
2 *Lord.* His flight confirms it,
For whom the Cardinal has spread his nets.
1 *Lord.* He is not so weak to trust himself at home
To his enemy's gripe.
2 *Lord.* All strikes not me so much,
As that the duchess, most oppressed lady,
Should be distracted, and before Columbo
Was slain.
1 *Lord.* But that the Cardinal should be made
Her guardian, is to me above that wonder.
2 *Lord.* So it pleas'd the king; and she, with that small stock
Of reason left her, is so kind and smooth
Upon him.

1 *Lord.* She's turn'd a child again: a madness,
That would have made her brain and blood boil high,
In which distemper she might have wrought something,—
2 *Lord.* Had been to purpose.
1 *Lord.* The Cardinal is cunning; and howe'er
His brow does smile, he does suspect Hernando
Took fire from her, and waits a time to punish it.
2 *Lord.* But what a subject of disgrace and mirth
Hath poor Celinda made herself by pride,
In her belief Columbo was her servant!
Her head hath stoop'd much since he died, and she
Almost ridiculous at court.

Enter Cardinal, ANTONELLI, *and Servant.*

1 *Lord.* The Cardinal
Is come into the garden, now—
Car. Walk off.— [*Exeunt Lords.*
It troubles me the duchess, by her loss
Of brain, is now beneath my great revenge.
She is not capable to feel my anger,
Which, like to unregarded thunder spent
In woods, and lightning aim'd at senseless trees,
Must idly fall, and hurt her not, not to
That sense her guilt deserves: a fatal stroke,
Without the knowledge for what crime, to fright her,
When she takes leave, and make her tug with death,
Until her soul sweat, is a pigeon's torment,
And she is sent a babe to the other world.
Columbo's death will not be satisfied,
And I but wound her with a two-edg'd feather;
I must do more: I have all opportunity,
(She by the king now made my charge,) but she's
So much a turtle, I shall lose by killing her,

Perhaps do her a pleasure and preferment;
That must not be.

Enter CELINDA *with a parchment.*

Anton. [*stopping her.*] — Is not this she, that would be thought to have been
Columbo's mistress?—Madam, his grace is private,
And would not be disturb'd; you may displease him.
Cel. What will your worship wager that he shall
Be pleas'd again before we part?
Anton. I'll lay this diamond, madam, 'gainst a kiss,
And trust yourself to keep the stakes.
Cel. 'Tis done. [*Comes forward.*
Anton. I have long had an appetite to this lady;
But the lords keep her up so high—this toy
May bring her on.
Car. This interruption tastes not of good manners.
Cel. But where necessity, my lord, compels
The boldness may meet pardon, and when you
Have found my purpose, I may less appear
Unmannerly.
Car. To the business.
Cel. It did please
Your nephew, sir, before his death, to credit me
With so much honourable favour, I
Am come to tender to his near'st of blood,
Yourself, what does remain a debt to him.
Not to delay your grace with circumstance,
That deed, if you accept, makes you my heir
Of no contemptible estate.—This way [*He reads.*
Is only left to tie up scurril tongues
And saucy men, that since Columbo's death
Venture to libel on my pride and folly;
His greatness, and this gift, which I enjoy

Still for my life, (beyond which term a kingdom's
Nothing,) will curb the giddy spleens of men
That live on impudent rhyme, and railing at
Each wandering fame they catch. [*Aside.*
Car. Madam, this bounty
Will bind my gratitude, and care to serve you.
Cel. I am your grace's servant.
Car. Antonelli!— [*Whispers.*
And when this noble lady visits me,
Let her not wait.
Cel. What think you, my officious sir? His grace
Is pleas'd, you may conjecture: I may keep
Your gem; the kiss was never your's.
Anton. Sweet madam—
Cel. Talk if you dare; you know I must not wait;
And so, farewell for this time. [*Exit.*
Car. 'Tis in my brain already, and it forms
Apace—good, excellent, revenge, and pleasant!
She's now within my talons: 'tis too cheap
A satisfaction for Columbo's death,
Only to kill her by soft charm or force.
I'll rifle first her darling chastity;
It will be after time enough to poison her,
And she to the world be thought her own destroyer.
As I will frame the circumstance, this night
All may be finish'd: for the colonel,
Her agent in my nephew's death, (whom I
Disturb'd at counsel with her,) I may reach him
Hereafter, and be master of his fate.
We starve our conscience when we thrive in state.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Duchess's *House.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* PLACENTIA.

Ant. Placentia, we two are only left
Of [all] my lady's servants; let us be true
To her, and one another; and be sure,
When we are at prayers, to curse the Cardinal.
Pla. I pity my sweet lady.
Ant. I pity her too, but am a little angry;
She might have found another time to lose
Her wits.
Pla. That I were a man!
Ant. What would'st thou do, Placentia?
Pla. I would revenge my lady.
Ant. 'Tis better, being a woman; thou may'st do
Things that may prosper better, and the fruit
Be thy own another day.
Pla. Your wit still loves
To play the wanton.
Ant. 'Tis a sad time, Placentia;
Some pleasure would do well: the truth is, I
Am weary of my life, and I would have
One fit of mirth before I leave the world.
Pla. Do not you blush to talk thus wildly?
Ant. 'Tis good manners
To be a little mad after my lady;
But I have done. Who is with her now?
Pla. Madam Valeria.
Ant. Not Celinda? There's a lady for my humour!
A pretty book of flesh and blood, and well
Bound up, in a fair letter too. Would I
Had her with all the errata!

Pla. She has not
An honourable fame.
Ant. Her fame! that's nothing;
A little stain;—her wealth will fetch again
The colour, and bring honour into her cheeks
As fresh;—
If she were mine, and I had her exchequer,
I know the way to make her honest;
Honest to the touch, the test, and the last trial.
Pla. How, prithee?
Ant. Why,
First I would marry her, that's a verb material;
Then I would print her with an *index*
Expurgatorius; a table drawn
Of her court heresies; and when she's read,
Cum privilegio, who dares call her whore?
Pla. I'll leave you, if you talk thus.
Ant. I have done;
Placentia, thou may'st be better company
After another progress: and now tell me,
Didst ever hear of such a patient madness
As my lady is possess'd with? She has rav'd
But twice:—an she would fright the Cardinal,
Or at a supper if she did but poison him,
It were a phrensy I could bear withal.
She calls him her dear governor.—

Enter HERNANDO *disguised, with a letter.*

Pla. Who is this?
Her. Her secretary!—Sir,
Here is a letter, if it may have so
Much happiness to kiss her grace's hand.
Ant. From whom?
Her. That's not in your commission, sir,
To ask, or mine to satisfy; she will want
No understanding when she reads.
Ant. Alas!



Under your favour, sir, you are mistaken;
Her grace did never more want understanding.
Her. How?
Ant. Have you not heard? her skull is broken, sir,
And many pieces taken out; she's mad.
Her. The sad fame of her distraction
Has too much truth, it seems.
Pla. If please you, sir,
To expect awhile, I will present the letter.
Her. Pray do.— [*Exit Pla.*
How long has she been thus distemper'd, sir?
Ant. Before the Cardinal came to govern here,
Who, for that reason, by the king was made
Her guardian. We are now at his devotion.
Her. A lamb given up to a tiger! May diseases
Soon eat him through his heart!
Ant. Your pardon, sir.
I love that voice; I know it too a little.
Are not you—be not angry, noble sir,
I can with ease be ignorant again,
And think you are another man; but if
You be that valiant gentleman they call—
Her. Whom? what?
Ant. That kill'd—I would not name him, if I thought
You were not pleas'd to be that very gentleman.
Her. Am I betray'd?
Ant. The devil shall not
Betray you here: kill me, and I will take
My death you are the noble colonel.
We are all bound to you for the general's death,
Valiant Hernando! When my lady knows
You are here, I hope 'twill fetch her wits again.
But do not talk too loud; we are not all
Honest i' the house; some are the Cardinal's creatures.
Her. Thou wert faithful to thy lady. I am glad

'Tis night. But tell me how the churchman uses
The duchess?

Enter ANTONELLI.

Ant. He carries angels in his tongue and face, but I
Suspect his heart: this is one of his spawns.—
Signior Antonelli.
Anton. Honest Antonio!
Ant. And how, and how—a friend of mine—where is
The Cardinal's grace?
Her. That will be never answer'd. [*Aside.*
Anton. He means to sup here with the duchess.
Ant. Will he?
Anton. We'll have the charming bottles at my chamber.
Bring that gentleman; we'll be mighty merry.
Her. I may disturb your jollity. [*Aside.*
Anton. Farewell, sweet— [*Exit.*
Ant. Dear Antonelli!—A round pox confound you!
This is court rhetoric at the back-stairs.

Enter PLACENTIA.

Pla. Do you know this gentleman?
Ant. Not I.
Pla. My lady presently dismiss'd Valeria,
And bade me bring him to her bed-chamber.
Ant. The gentleman has an honest face.
Pla. Her words
Fell from her with some evenness and joy.—
Her grace desires your presence.
Her. I'll attend her. [*Exit with Pla.*
Ant. I would this soldier had the Cardinal
Upon a promontory, with what a spring

The churchman would leap down! it were a spectacle
Most rare, to see him topple from the precipice,
And souse in the salt water with a noise
To stun the fishes; and if he fell into
A net, what wonder would the simple sea-gulls
Have, to draw up the o'ergrown lobster,
So ready boil'd! He shall have my good wishes.
This colonel's coming may be lucky; I
Will be sure none shall interrupt them.

Enter CELINDA.

Cel. Is
Her grace at opportunity?
Ant. No, sweet madam;
She is asleep, her gentlewoman says.
Cel. My business is but visit. I'll expect.
Ant. That must not be, although I like your company.
Cel. You are grown rich, master Secretary.
Ant. I, madam? Alas!
Cel. I hear you are upon another purchase.
Ant. I upon a purchase!
Cel. If you want any sum—
Ant. If I could purchase your sweet favour, madam.
Cel. You shall command me, and my fortune, sir.
Ant. How's this? [*Aside.*
Cel. I have observ'd you, sir, a staid
And prudent gentleman—and I shall want—
Ant. Not me?
Cel. A father for some infant: he has credit
I' the world. I am not the first cast lady
Has married a secretary. [*Aside.*
Ant. Shall I wait upon you?
Cel. Whither?
Ant. Any whither.



Cel. I may chance lead you then—
Ant. I shall be honour'd to obey. My blood
Is up, and in this humour I'm for any thing.
Cel. Well, sir, I'll try your manhood.
Ant. 'Tis my happiness;
You cannot please me better.
Cel. This was struck
I' the opportunity. [*Aside, and exit.*
Ant. I am made for ever. [*Exit, following her.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter HERNANDO *and* Duchess.

Her. Dear madam, do not weep.
Duch. You're very welcome;
I have done; I will not shed a tear more
Till I meet Alvarez, then I'll weep for joy.
He was a fine young gentleman, and sung sweetly;
An you had heard him but the night before
We were married, you would have sworn he had been
A swan, and sung his own sad epitaph.
But we'll talk o' the Cardinal.
Her. Would his death
Might ransom your fair sense! he should not live
To triumph in the loss. Beshrew my manhood,
But I begin to melt.
Duch. I pray, sir, tell me,
For I can understand, although they say
I have lost my wits; but they are safe enough,
And I shall have them when the Cardinal dies;
Who had a letter from his nephew, too,
Since he was slain.
Her. From whence?



Duch. I know not where he is. But in some bower
Within a garden he is making chaplets,
And means to send me one; but I'll not take it;
I have flowers enough, I thank him, while I live.
Her. But do you love your governor?
Duch. Yes, but I'll never marry him; I am promis'd
Already.
Her. To whom, madam?
Duch. Do not you
Blush when you ask me that? must not you be
My husband? I know why, but that's a secret.
Indeed, if you believe me, I do love
No man alive so well as you: the Cardinal
Shall never know't; he'll kill us both; and yet
He says he loves me dearly, and has promis'd
To make me well again; but I'm afraid,
One time or other, he will give me poison.
Her. Prevent him, madam, and take nothing from him.
Duch. Why, do you think 'twill hurt me?
Her. It will kill you
Duch. I shall but die, and meet my dear-lov'd lord,
Whom, when I have kiss'd, I'll come again, and work
A bracelet of my hair for you to carry him,
When you are going to heaven; the poesy shall
Be my own name, in little tears, that I
Will weep next winter, which congeal'd i' the frost,
Will shew like seed-pearl. You'll deliver it?
I know he'll love, and wear it for my sake.
Her. She is quite lost.
Duch. Pray give me, sir, your pardon:
I know I talk not wisely; but if you had
The burthen of my sorrow, you would miss
Sometimes your better reason. Now I'm well;

What will you do when the Cardinal comes?
He must not see you for the world.
Her. He shall not;
I'll take my leave before he come.
Duch. Nay, stay;
I shall have no friend left me when you go.
He will but sup; he shall not stay to lie with me;
I have the picture of my lord abed;
Three are too much this weather.

Enter PLACENTIA.

Pla. Madam, the Cardinal.
Her. He shall sup with the devil.
Duch. I dare not stay;
The red cock will be angry. I'll come again.
[*Exeunt Duch. and Pla.*
Her. This sorrow is no fable. Now I find
My curiosity is sadly satisfied.—
Ha! if the duchess in her strangled wits
Let fall words to betray me to the Cardinal,
The panther will not leap more fierce to meet
His prey, when a long want of food hath parch'd
His starved maw, than he to print his rage,
And tear my heart-strings. Every thing is fatal;
And yet she talk'd sometimes with chain of sense,
And said she lov'd me. Ha! they come not yet.
I have a sword about me, and I left
My own security to visit death.
Yet I may pause a little, and consider
Which way does lead me to't most honourably.
Does not the chamber that I walk in tremble?
What will become of her, and me, and all
The world in one small hour? I do not think
Ever to see the day again; the wings
Of night spread o'er me like a sable hearse-cloth;
The stars are all close mourners too; but I
Must not alone to the cold silent grave,

I must not.—If thou canst, Alvarez, open
That ebon curtain, and behold the man,
When the world's justice fails, shall right thy ashes,
And feed their thirst with blood! thy duchess is
Almost a ghost already, and doth wear
Her body like an useless upper garment,
The trim and fashion of it lost.—Ha!

Re-enter PLACENTIA.

Pla. You need not doubt me, sir.—My lady prays
You would not think it long; she in my ear
Commanded me to tell you, that when last
She drank, she had happy wishes to your health.
Her. And did the Cardinal pledge it?
Pla. He was not
Invited to't, nor must he know you are here.
Her. What do they talk of, prithee?
Pla. His grace is very pleasant [*A lute is heard.*
And kind to her; but her returns are after
The sad condition of her sense, sometimes
Unjointed.
Her. They have music.
Pla. A lute, only,
His grace prepar'd; they say, the best of Italy,
That waits upon my lord.
Her. He thinks the duchess
Is stung with a tarantula.
Pla. Your pardon;
My duty is expected. [*Exit.*
Her. Gentle lady!—A voice too?

SONG *within.*

S. *Come, my Daphne, come away,*
We do waste the crystal day;
'Tis Strephon calls. D. *What would my love?*

S. *Come, follow to the myrtle grove,*
Where Venus shall prepare
New chaplets for thy hair.
D. *Were I shut up within a tree,*
I'd rend my bark to follow thee.
S. *My shepherdess, make haste,*
The minutes slide too fast.
D. *In those cooler shades will I,*
Blind as Cupid, kiss thine eye.
S. *In thy perfumed bosom then I'll stray;*
In such warm snow who would not lose his way?
Chor. *We'll laugh, and leave the world behind,*
And gods themselves that see,
Shall envy thee and me,
But never find
Such joys, when they embrace a deity.

If at this distance I distinguish, 'tis not
Church music; and the air's wanton, and no anthem
Sung to't, but some strange ode of love and kisses.
What should this mean? — Ha! he is coming hither. [*Draws his sword.*
I am betray'd; he marches in her hand.
I'll trust a little more; mute as the arras,
My sword and I here.
[*Conceals himself behind the arras.*

Enter Cardinal, Duchess, ANTONELLI, *and Attendants.*

Car. Wait you in the first chamber, and let none
Presume to interrupt us. [*exeunt Ant. and Att.*] — She is pleasant;
Now for some art, to poison all her innocence.
Duch. I do not like the Cardinal's humour; he
Little suspects what guest is in my chamber.
Car. Now, madam, you are safe. [*Embraces her.*
Duch. How means your lordship?

Car. Safe in my arms, sweet duchess.
Duch. Do not hurt me.
Car. Not for the treasures of the world! You are
My pretty charge. Had I as many lives
As I have careful thoughts to do you service,
I should think all a happy forfeit, to
Delight your grace one minute; 'tis a heaven
To see you smile.
Duch. What kindness call you this?
Car. It cannot want a name while you preserve
So plentiful a sweetness; it is love.
Duch. Of me? How shall I know't, my lord?
Car. By this, and this, swift messengers to whisper
Our hearts to one another. [*Kisses her.*
Duch. Pray do you come a wooing?
Car. Yes, sweet madam;
You cannot be so cruel to deny me.
Duch. What? my lord.
Car. Another kiss.
Duch. Can you
Dispense with this, my lord?—Alas, I fear
Hernando is asleep, or vanish'd from me. [*Aside.*
Car. I have mock'd my blood into a flame; and what
My angry soul had form'd for my revenge,
Is now the object of my amorous sense.
I have took a strong enchantment from her lips,
And fear I shall forgive Columbo's death,
If she consent to my embrace. [*aside.*]—Come, madam.
Duch. Whither? my lord.
Car. But to your bed or couch,
Where, if you will be kind, and but allow
Yourself a knowledge, love, whose shape and raptures
Wise poets have but glorified in dreams,

Shall make your chamber his eternal palace;
And with such active and essental streams
Of new delights glide o'er your bosom, you
Shall wonder to what unknown world you are
By some blest change translated. Why do you pause,
And look so wild? Will you deny your governor?
Duch. How came you by that cloven foot?
Car. Your fancy
Would turn a traitor to your happiness.
I am your friend; you must be kind.
Duch. Unhand me,
Or I'll cry out a rape.
Car. You will not, sure?
Duch. I have been cozen'd with Hernando's shadow;
Here's none but heaven to hear me.—Help! a rape!
Car. Are you so good at understanding? then,
I must use other argument.
[*He seizes her. Hernando rushes from the arras.*
Her. Go to, Cardinal. [*Strikes him; exit Duch.*
Car. Hernando? Murder! treason! help!
Her. An army shall not rescue thee. Your blood
Is much inflam'd; I have brought a lancet with me
Shall open your hot veins, and cool your fever.—
To vex your parting soul, it was the same
Engine that pierced[1] Columbo's heart.
Car. Help! murder! [*Stabs him.*

Enter ANTONELLI *and Servants.*

Anton. Some ring the bell, 'twill raise the court;
My lord is murder'd! 'Tis Hernando.
[*The bell rings.*
Her. I'll make you all some sport.—[*stabs himself.*]—So; now we are even.
Where is the duchess? I would take my leave
Of her, and then bequeath my curse among you.
[*He falls.*

[1] *That* pierced *Columbo's heart.*] The old copy reads *pinc'd.*

Enter King, Duchess, VALERIA, Lords, *and Guard.*

King. How come these bloody objects?

Her. With a trick my sword found out. I hope he's paid.

1 *Lord.* I hope so too.—A surgeon
For my lord Cardinal!

King. Hernando?

Duch. Justice! oh, justice, sir, against a ravisher!

Her. Sir, I have done you service.

King. A bloody service.

Her. 'Tis pure scarlet.

Enter Surgeon.

Car. After such care to perfect my revenge,
Thus banded out o' the world by a woman's plot!
[*Aside.*

Her. I have preserv'd the duchess from a rape.
Good night to me, and all the world for ever! [*Dies.*

King. So impious!

Duch. 'Tis most true; Alvarez' blood
Is now reveng'd; I find my brain return,
And every straggling sense repairing home.

Car. I have deserv'd you should turn from me, sir,
My life hath been prodigiously wicked;
My blood is now the kingdom's balm. Oh, sir,
I have abus'd your ear, your trust, your people,
And my own sacred office; my conscience
Feels now the sting. Oh, shew your charity,
And with your pardon, like a cool soft gale,
Fan my poor sweating soul, that wanders through
Unhabitable climes, and parched deserts.—
But I am lost, if the great world forgive me,
Unless I find your mercy for a crime
You know not, madam, yet, against your life,
I must confess, more than my black intents
Upon your honour; you're already poison'd.

King. By whom?
Car. By me,
In the revenge I ow'd Columbo's loss;
With your last meat was mix'd a poison, that
By subtle, and by sure degrees, must let
In death.
King. Look to the duchess, our physicians!
Car. Stay;
I will deserve her mercy, though I cannot
Call back the deed. In proof of my repentance,
If the last breath of a now dying man
May gain your charity and belief, receive
This ivory box; in it an antidote,
'Bove that they boast the great magistral medicine:
That powder, mix'd with wine, by a most rare
And quick access to the heart, will fortify it
Against the rage of the most nimble poison.
I am not worthy to present her with it.
Oh, take it, and preserve her innocent life.
1 *Lord.* Strange, he should have a good thing in such readiness.
Car. 'Tis that, which in my jealousy and state,
Trusting to false predictions of my birth,
That I should die by poison, I preserv'd
For my own safety; wonder not, I made
That my companion was to be my refuge.

Enter Servant, with a bowl of wine.

1 *Lord.* Here is some touch of grace.
Car. In greater proof of my pure thoughts, I take
This first, and with my dying breath confirm
My penitence; it may benefit her life,
But not my wounds. Oh, hasten to preserve her;
And though I merit not her pardon, let not
Her fair soul be divorced.
[*The Duchess takes the bowl and drinks.*
King. This is some charity; may it prosper, madam!

Val. How does your grace?
Duch. And must I owe my life to him, whose death
Was my ambition? Take this free acknowledgment;
I had intent, this night, with my own hand
To be Alvarez' justicer.
King. You were mad,
And thought past apprehension of revenge.
Duch. That shape I did usurp, great sir, to give
My art more freedom and defence; but when
Hernando came to visit me, I thought
I might defer my execution;
Which his own rage supplied without my guilt,
And when his lust grew high, met with his blood.
1 *Lord.* The Cardinal smiles.
Car. Now my revenge has met
With you, my nimble duchess! I have took
A shape to give my act more freedom too,[1]
And now I am sure she's poison'd with that dose
I gave her last.
King. Thou'rt not so horrid.
Duch. Ha! some cordial.
Car. Alas, no preservative
Hath wings to overtake it; were her heart
Lock'd in a quarry it would search, and kill
Before the aids can reach it. I am sure
You shall not now laugh at me.
King. How came you by that poison?
Car. I prepar'd it,
Resolving, when I had enjoy'd her, which
The colonel prevented, by some art
To make her take it, and by death conclude
My last revenge. You have the fatal story.
King. This is so great a wickedness, it will
Exceed belief.

[1] *I have took a* shape *to give my act more freedom too,*] i. e. I, like you, have assumed a feigned character. (i. e. that of a penitent.) *Shape* is the technical word for a stage-dress, a disguise.

Car. I knew I could not live.
Surg. Your wounds, sir, were not desperate.
Car. Not mortal? Ha! were they not mortal?
Surg. If I have skill in surgery.
Car. Then I have caught myself in my own engine.
2 *Lord.* It was your fate, you said, to die by poison.
Car. That was my own prediction, to abuse
Your faith; no human art can now resist it:
I feel it knocking at the seat of life;
It must come in; I have wreck'd all my own,
To try your charities: now it would be rare,—
If you but waft me with a little prayer;
My wings that flag may catch the wind; but 'tis
In vain, the mist is risen, and there's none
To steer my wand'ring bark [*Dies.*
1 *Lord.* He's dead.
King. With him
Die all deceived trust.
2 *Lord.* This was a strange impiety.
King. When men
Of gifts and sacred function once decline
From virtue, their ill deeds transcend example.
Duch. The minute's come that I must take my leave too.
Your hand, great sir; and though you be a king,
We may exchange forgiveness. Heaven forgive [you,]
And all the world! I come, I come, Alvarez. [*Dies.*
King. Dispose their bodies for becoming funeral.
How much are kings abus'd by those they take
To royal grace, whom, when they cherish most
By nice indulgence, they do often arm
Against themselves! from whence this maxim springs:
None have more need of perspectives than kings.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

[*Within.*] Master Pollard! where's master Pollard, for the epilogue?

[*He is thrust upon the stage, and falls.*

Epi. [rising.] *I am coming to you, gentlemen; the poet*
Has help'd me thus far on my way, but I'll
Be even with him: the play is a tragedy,
The first that ever he compos'd for us,
Wherein he thinks he has done prettily,

Enter Servant.

And I am sensible.—I prithee look,
Is nothing out of joint? has he broke nothing?
Serv. *No, sir, I hope.*
Epi. *Yes, he has broke his epilogue all to pieces.*
Canst thou put it together again?
Serv. *Not I, sir.*
Epi. *Nor I; prithee be gone.* [exit Serv.]—*Hum!—Master poet,*
I have a teeming mind to be reveng'd.—
You may assist, and not be seen in't now,
If you please, gentlemen, for I do know
He listens to the issue of his cause;
But blister not your hands in his applause;
Your private smile, your nod, or hem! to tell
My fellows that you like the business well;
And when, without a clap, you go away,
I'll drink a small-beer health to his second day;
And break his heart, or make him swear and rage,
He'll write no more for the unhappy stage.
But that's too much; so we should lose; faith, shew it,
And if you like his play, 'tis as well he knew it.



THE

SISTERS.

THE SISTERS.] This Play was licensed in April 1642, and is the last of Shirley's in the List of the Master of the Revels, whose duties were now drawing to a close. It was not printed till 1652, when it appeared among the six dramas then published by Humphrey Moseley in an 8vo. volume. The title of the old copy is: "*The Sisters, a Comedie, as it was acted at the private House in Black Fryers, Written by James Shirley.*"

While I was engaged on this Play, the Librarian of Sion College obligingly informed me that they possessed a copy of *the Sisters*, with ms. variations of an early period. On examining the Play, however, it turned out to be merely the prompter's copy. The book appears to have belonged to Davenant's Company, in Drury Lane, and must, from the names, have been in use about 1666. It is piteously scrawled; and there are characters dispersed along the margin, *interiore nota*, and such as the initiated alone probably understand. The omissions are not very numerous; and, such as they are, evince no want of judgment. The reader may be curious to see the names of the performers; they are therefore collected from the margin, in the original spelling:

Mr. Lydall.	Mr. Haines.
Mr. Littlewood.	Mr. Graydon.
Mr. Cartrite.	Mr. Barton.
Mr. Hughes.	Mr. Beeston.
Mr. Watson.	Mr. Rives.
Mr. Harris.	
Mrs. Ellen.	Mrs. Yockney.
Mrs. Nepp.	Mrs. Hughes.

Almost the whole of these were eminent performers, and are mentioned both by old Downes, and the excellent author of *Historia Histrionica* Haines is often called by his familiar name *Joe*, in the margin. It appears that he played Piperollo. Mrs. Ellen subsequently played a part on a more conspicuous theatre; and Mrs. Hughes, (who, I believe, was the first female performer on our stage, and undoubtedly an actress of great merit,) became the mistress of Prince Rupert, who purchased for her the mansion become somewhat notorious in our days by the name of Brandenburgh House; and which George Selwyn, its former owner, in reference to its last two inhabitants, proleptically called *La Trappe*.

I am unable to appropriate the names to the characters—for they appear in the margin long before they enter, and are set down as hints to the prompter to urge them to make ready.



TO THE

MOST WORTHILY HONOURED,

WILLIAM PAULET, ESQUIRE.

SIR,

COMPOSITIONS of this nature have heretofore been graced by the acceptance and protection of the greatest nobility, (I may say princes;) but in this age, when the scene of dramatic poetry is changed into a wilderness, it is hard to find a patron to a legitimate muse. Many that were wont to encourage poems, are fallen beneath the proverbial want of the composers, and by their ruins are only at leisure to take measure with their eye of what they have been. Some extinguished with their fortune, have this happiness to be out of capacity of further shipwreck, while their sad remains peep out of the sea, and may serve* [*as*] *naked marks, and caution to other navigators' malignant stars the while! In this unequal condition of the time, give me leave to congratulate my own felicity, that hath directed this comedy unto you, who wear your nobleness with more security than titles, and a name that continues bright and impassible among the constellations in our sphere of English honour. I dare not detain you, Sir, with too long a preface; if you please to entertain these papers, as the modest tender of my service, I shall receive it as a most kind influence upon me, and you will engage to all your commands the humble heart of,*

Sir,

your faithful honourer,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

* There is something singularly affecting in this well expressed and striking picture of the times. In what follows there is some obscurity, and, not improbably, some trifling omission. The old copy places a comma after navigators, instead of an apostrophe.

PROLOGUE

AT THE BLACK-FRIARS.

Does this look like a Term? I cannot tell;
Our poet thinks the whole town is not well,
Has took some physic lately, and, for fear
Of catching cold, dares not salute this air.[1]
But there's another reason, I hear say,
London is gone to York: 'tis a great way.
Pox o' the proverb, and of him, say I,
That look'd o'er Lincoln! 'cause that was, must we
Be now translated north? I could rail, too,
On Gammar Shipton's ghost, but 'twill not do;
The town will still be flecking, and a play,
Though ne'er so new, will starve the second day.
Upon these very hard conditions,
Our poet will not purchase many towns;
And if you leave us too, we cannot thrive:
I'll promise neither play nor poet live
Till ye come back. Think what you do; you see
What audiences we have, what company
" To Shakspeare comes, whose mirth did once beguile
" Dull hours, and, buskin'd, made even sorrow smile;

[1] In this prologue, as given among Shirley's Poems, these lines follow here:

How like a wither'd and forsaken place
Hath this appear'd! no influence, no grace
From any star, as nature meant to be
At loss, and shew here dwelt vacuity:
As Time, with age turn'd child, had got a fall,
Broken a limb, and lost his usual
Motion, which strikes a lameness in the year;
We are to have but little summer here.
But now I guess the reason,—



" So lovely were the wounds, that men would say,
" They could endure the bleeding a whole day."
He has but few friends lately; think o' that;
He'll come no more; and others have his fate.
" Fletcher, the Muses' darling, and choice love
" Of Phœbus, the delight of every grove;
" Upon whose head the laurel grew, whose wit
" Was the times wonder, and example, yet:"
'Tis within memory, trees did not throng,
As once the story said, to Orpheus' song.
" Johnson, t' whose name wise art did bow, and wit
" Is only justified by honouring it;
" To hear whose touch, how would the learned quire
" With silence stoop! and when he took his lyre,
" Apollo dropp'd his lute, asham'd to see
" A rival to the god of harmony."[a]
You do forsake him too. We must deplore
This fate, for we do know it by our door.
How must this author fear then, with his guilt
Of weakness, to thrive here, where late was spilt
The Muses' own blood; if, being but a few,
You not conspire, and meet more frequent too?
There are not now nine Muses, and you may
Be kind to our's; if not, he bad me say,
Though while you careless kill the rest, and laugh,
Yet he may live to write your epitaph.

[a] The lines between inverted commas are all marked in the old copy, as quotations; they had probably been used in some other house, and before some other piece, for which they were but too well adapted by the calamitous state of the country. In the early part of this fatal year, the King left London for *York*; and though the town did not *go with him*, yet the consternation was too recent and too great to allow of such resort to places of mere amusement.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Farnese, *prince of* Parma.
Contarini, *a nobleman.*
Antonio, *uncle to the Sisters.*
Frapolo, *the chief bandit.*
Castruchio, Longino, Strozzo, Rangino, Pacheco, } *bandits.*
Lucio, Paulina's *steward.*
Giovanni, Stephanio, } *servants to* Paulina.
Fabio, *a countryman.*
Piperollo, *son to* Fabio.
Countrymen.
Citizens.
Petitioners.
A Scholar.

Pulcheria, *disguised, under the name of* Vergerio, *and attending on* Contarini.
Paulina, Angellina, } *The* Sisters.
Francescina, Angellina's *maid.*
Morulla, *wife to* Fabio.
Two Gentlewomen.
Waiting-women, &c.

SCENE, Paulina's *Castle, and* Antonio's *House, in the duchy of* Parma, *and the adjacent Country.*



THE

SISTERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A woody Country.

Enter FRAPOLO, LONGINO, PACHECO, RANGONE, STROZZO, *and other Banditti.*

Lon. I like not this last Proclamation.
Ran. Nor I.
Stroz. It startled me to read it.
Fra. Did you read? 'Tis a fault, Strozzo, a fault!
I'll have no thief hereafter learn to read.—
Threaten us with long-winded proclamations!
We are safe within our woods and territories,
And are above his edicts. Have not we
A commonwealth among ourselves, ye Tripolites?[1]
A commonwealth? a kingdom! and I am
The prince of Qui-va-las, your sovereign thief,
And you are all my subjects.
Lon. We are.
Fra. And is there one so base to change complexion,
Because we are proscrib'd? I'll be no prince:
I have a grudging on me to be honest,
And leave you to the fear of hemp, and hunger.

[1] ——— *ye* Tripolites.] The sense is plain and good; and yet I suspect we should read, ye *Frapolites*.

Have I by stratagems so oft preserv'd you,
When you were howling out your lives, and led
Away in dog-couples by rusty officers?
And are you struck dead with a paper pellet?
Your blood turn'd whey, because there is reward
Promis'd to bring our heads in? I renounce you,
Land rats—

Pac. Most excellent Frapolo! they recant;
A little human frailty may be pardon'd.

Fra. Shall thieves, whose predecessors have been kings,
And conquer'd worlds, be factious and schismatical!
I speak not for myself, but your own sakes,
Whose impudence, and art in valiant theft
Hereafter, may advance you to be princes.

Lon. You have confirm'd us.

Fra. You were best be rogues, and one betray another,
To get the base reward. Do, lose your honour;
Live branded, and be pointed at i' the street,
There goes a rascal that betray'd his prince,
Or cut the throat of his comrade! This will
Shew well i' the chronicles!—Stand fair, you varlets!
Because we cannot tell whose heart is treacherous,
I will examine all your physnomies;
And in whose face soever I can find
A scandalous line, or look that may beget
Suspicion of a man that will not die
An honourable rebel, and defy
The laws, I'll shoot him presently.

Lon. Hang laws,
And those that make them! conscience is a varlet.
Stand fair, and shew complexions.

Fra. Ye are all valiant, honest thievelanders;
And I will be your prince again, and die with you
As boldly, as they dare invent—

Ran Hang cowards!
Fra. I will not have you thieves among yourselves.
Lord. How's that, and please your excellence! not thieves?
Fra. Not thieves one to another; but religious—
There is a kind of a religion
We outlaws must observe.
Stroz. I never knew
Religion yet, and 'twill be now unseasonable
To learn.
Ran. I'll be of no religion.
Fra. Who was so bold
To say he would have no religion?
What man is he hopes to be drunk, to whore,
To 'scape the wheels, the gallies, and the gallows,
And be of no religion?
Lon. He says right.
Fra. Ye shall be of what religion I please.
Pac. 'Tis fit we should; Frapolo is our monarch.
Fra. And yet I must consider of some fit one,
That shall become our trade and constitutions.
Hem! silence!
Stroz. Nay, nay, prince, take time to think on't;
There is no haste.
Fra. I have thought,
And you shall be no pagans, Jews, nor Christians.
Lon. What then?
Fra. But every man shall be of all religions.
Ran. I like that well.
Fra. Why should I clog your conscience, or confine it?
Do but obey your prince, and I pronounce
You shall live grandees, till the state fangs catch you;
And when you come unto the wheel or gibbet,
Bid fico for the world! and go out martyrs.
Omnes. A prince! a prince!

Fra. Provided, that no thief
Makes a confession at his death, or 'peach
His tribe, or make a shew of penitence
To make the butter-women melt, and draw
Compassion from the toothless musty rabble:
This will exclude the benefit of that canon
Declares you martyrs for the cause.—
[*A noise within.*
Scout, and discover! [*Exit Lon.*
Ran. 'Tis a howling voice.
Fra. What cry was that?

Re-enter LONGINO.

Lon. Of one, whose pocket has given up the ghost,
And with the fear his body should do so,
He howls o' this fashion. [*They put on vizards.*
Fra. Bring him to our presence. [*Exit Lon.*

Re-enter LONGINO *with* PIPEROLLO.

Pip. Gentlemen, 'tis very cold. I beseech you, do not strip my skin off; you are not sure I shall go to a fire when I go out of this world; and yet as I am, I confess I shall yield very little burn'd.
Lon. Knock out his brains.
Pac. Pistol him.
Stroz. Cut's throat.
Pip. Gentlemen, hear me.—I am very sorry
I had no greater sum—but if you please
To reprieve a poor wretch, I may do you service;
And if you knew my inclination,
You would not be too cruel.
Fra. To what are you inclin'd, sirrah?
Pip. I have been commended for a dexterity
At your felonious trade; for, gentlemen,

I have been a pickpocket of a child, and have
These many years been thought a pretty house-
thief.
Marry, I have not yet breeding abroad
With such deserving men; but I shall be
Most glad to learn: and if you please t' accept
Me to your tribe, I have intelligence
Where money lies hid, and very few spirits
To guard it.

Fra. Be confident, and be cover'd.

Lon. Let him be one of us.

Fra. Be brief. Where is this treasure?

Pip. I have an old father and mother, gentlemen, please you bestow a visit upon them; they have some goldfinches, having new sold a piece of land was given them by the rich Vincenzo, father to the famous, proud Paulina, now his heir.

Lon. The glorious daughter
Of old Vincenzo? She's a Semiramis.

Pip. The very same; if you would visit her, I am acquainted with the house.

Fra. We'll take a time to think on her. To the point;
What ready money has your father, sirrah?

Pip. 'Tis but two days ago since he receiv'd Six hundred pistolets. I can direct
To a cedar chest, where the fine sum lies dormant.

Stroz. What servants has your father?

Pip. Alas, none; they are miserable hinds, And make me all the drudge; you need not fear The court-du-guard. If you please [to] let me go an honest thief's part, and furnish me with a devil's complexion, to hide my own, I will conduct you.

Fra. A very honest fellow!

Pip. I do not love to be ingrateful where I'm kindly us'd; my heart is honest.

Fra. Is he thy own father?

Pip. My own father and mother, sir; the cause
Would not be so natural else, and meritorious.
Fra. A precious rogue! Fit him instantly
With a disguise, and let him have that face
The devil wore in the last anti-masque.
Pip. It cannot be too ugly, sir, to fright them.
Fra. But if he fail in any circumstance—
Pip. 'Tis not far off; I know the nearest way.
Fra. Or give the least suspicion to betray you,
Be sure you cut his throat.
Lon. We shall.
Pip. I thank you, sir. Do you think I'll be a traitor?
Lon. Come first along with us.
[*Exeunt Pip. and Lon.*
Fra. You heard this fellow name the proud Paulina?
Her chests are worth the rifling.
Pac. The castle is impregnable she lives in.
Fra. Was that spoke like an understanding thief,
A true bandit? How I do blush for thee!
Was not the orchard of Hesperides,
Watch'd by a fierce and flaming dragon, robb'd?
Shall we despair to reach her golden apples?
We'll make discovery of the place and persons.
Put it to fate, let stars do what they please;
Mercury is a stronger thief than Hercules.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Paulina's *Castle.*

Enter GIOVANNI *and* STEPHANIO.

Giov. What a brave time have we had since our old master died!

Steph. Though he were a gallant man, his daughter makes his memory burn dim, and (compared to her) he lived but like a hermit in a cell. She is all magnificent, a Berenice; every hair of her head worth stellifying.

Giov. But my lady, for so we must call her, may be of kin to Lucifer for pride. How many brave gentlemen hath she despis'd, when once their blister of love broke out, and they made offer of marriage!

ANTONIO *and* ANGELLINA *pass over the stage.*

Steph. Here is her sister, Angellina, a virgin
Of another constitution; their two natures
As different are, as the two poles. Our mistress
Cannot be so tyrannically proud,
As she is sweet, and humble.

Giov. That's the reason
Her father left her only as much as would
Commend her to a nunnery.

Steph. Her uncle dotes upon her.

Giov. He does love her.

Steph. 'Tis an old, blunt, brave fellow; but he has
Quite lost our gallant lady's good opinion;
He is out of grace.

Giov. Because he would correct her insolence, who, oblig'd by her father to the care of her gover-

nor, will not tie up his counsel; which he enforces sometimes so passionately, it is a sport to hear her contempt of his gravity.

Enter PAULINA *and* ANTONIO.

He has met my lady; I see a quarrel in their looks already; let us withdraw behind that lobby; we may hear, and laugh securely.

[*Exeunt Steph. and Giov.*

Ant. How long have you been speechless? Am not I
Your uncle? Why do you look so scurvily?
I do not think you are a princess yet,
And therefore take the boldness to salute you,
Without the ceremony of petitioners,
That haunt your ladyship's charity; or, if
You thought me despicable, your sister has
Deserv'd your smile.

Pau. It may be so.

Ant. Buffoons,
That make an idol of you, and can pawn
Their souls to flatter you, should be entertain'd,
And courted to your vanity! I blush for you.
Will nothing bring you into sense of honour
Or modesty?—I have done.

Pau. It will become you;
You do presume too much.

Ant. Presume! Why, are
Not you Paulina? Am not I Antonio,
Your uncle? Speak.

Pau. I do remember, sir,
I call'd you so, while you preserv'd your wits;
And may acknowledge you again, upon
Sober conditions, and your senses perfect.

Ant. Sober conditions! Am I drunk, gipsey?—
What flesh is able to forbear!—Dost hear?
Thou hast drunk a devil.

Pau. I did not see him in my cup.
Ant. And he has swell'd thee to this monstrous pride,
More than thy sex besides. If thou goest on
At this rate, thou wilt make Lucifer an ape;
He must be thy disciple.
Pau. The old thing raves.
Ant. Thing! what thing? thank heaven thou art
A woman! I would beat thee into a poultice,—
When didst thou say thy prayers?
Pau. You know I keep a chaplain.
Ant. Thy soul wants desperate lancing;
There's an eternal ulcer in thy heart,
Ten witches cannot suck it dry; there is
A bath of poison in thee.
Pau. I shall pity him.
A posset, and to bed with him! his head
Does want the benefit of sleep. How wild
The good man looks!
Ant. Thou art—
Pau. The mistress of this castle, as I take it,
Without your legacy.
Ant. I could rail upon the dead for't.
Dost thou not fear thy father's ghost should haunt thee?
Pau. I never think upon him; and it was
His providence to leave me an estate,
To keep me from those melancholy fancies;
And I will have you, my capricious uncle,
Know, in the circle of these my dominions,
I will have no competitor.
Ant. Dominions!
Was ever such an insolence! Are not you
Some queen conceal'd?
Pau. I am independent, and
Sole regent here.
Ant. So, so! Where's your nobility?
They are to blame not to attend.

Pau. Who waits?

Re-enter GIOVANNI *and* STEPHANIO.

Ant. But they do want white staves; this is not state enough.

Pau. It shall be mended; let them be remember'd. [*Exeunt Giov. and Steph.*

Ant. She's in earnest. [*aside.*]—And
If I were worthy to advise you, madam,
Your grace should be a little more reserv'd,
And entertain none that did treat of marriage
To your private conference, until they had
In public receiv'd audience, like ambassadors.

Pau. I like the counsel well; it shall be so:
The next that comes shall find it, my good uncle.

Ant. She's incorrigible.— [*Aside.*
What if you commanded those that do attend
Your person, to observe you on their knees
Sometimes? they must be humble to your highness:
I can forget my gray hairs, name, and blood,
And teach your servants duty.

Pau. The example
Will edify the household; and you may,
By fair degrees, rise to our princely favour.

Enter LUCIO.

Luc. Madam,
The lord Contarini is arriv'd the castle. [*Exit.*

Pau. He comes a wooing to me. Let it be
Your office, reverend uncle, to acquaint him,
Our pleasure is to give him audience
To-morrow in full state; until when, uncle,
Make it your care his entertainment be
Such as becomes the greatness of his blood,
And one, on whom the prince, we know, bestows
His special grace.

Ant. Do you hear, sweet niece? be not you transported.
This is no dream; the man is no mock lord.
Pau. I'll be a princess here, as you directed.
If he can humble himself to ceremony,
Promise him honourable access, and freedom;
If the conditions please him not, he may
Return, and leave our court. [*Exit.*
Ant. Is this in nature? Well, I'll follow her,
And if she be not past all shame and sense,
I will humble, or confound her. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Fabio's *Cottage.*

Enter LONGINO *and* STROZZO, *with* FABIO, *and* MORULLA, *bound.*

Mor. Ah, sweet gentlemen! we are very poor, and have a great charge.
Stroz. We do come to ease you of your charge.
Fab. Pity my age.
Stroz. You must then pity our youth.

Enter PIPEROLLO, *masked, with three bags.*

Pip. Here! share and share like.
Mor. Alas! we are undone.
Stroz. What shall we do with them?
Pip. If you have bound her hands and feet, you may try whether she be a witch or no; there's a pond in the backside: if she swim, so!—For him—
Fab. Have some compassion, 'tis our whole estate.
Lon. You have a son, a pious child, we hear.
Stroz. He will not let you want.

Mor. Alas! poor boy, he little thinks what we
With care and providence laid up for him
Should thus be lost. O, pity, gentlemen!
Pip. Boh!—Let's away.
Stroz. I begin to find a kind of a compunction;
Let us be charitable thieves for once—
Lon. And return half:
What say you?
Pip. Not a gazet; you are not such foolish thieves.
Part with present money! part with my life, first.
Stroz. Not to your parents?
Pip. We use them well, because we do not carry
Their cows away; there they have cheese and butter:
Bread comes by nature, and they both can glean;
There's water in the well too: not a penny.
If you will be so charitable, defalk
From your own shares, mine is a just thief's part;
I look for thanks; distribute your own alms:
These things must be employ'd to better uses.
Is a father and mother considerable
To ready money? Oh, fie!—Boh!
Stroz. Then we must over-rule you.
[*Trips up his heels.*
Pip. Ah! what do you mean?
Stroz. Bawl and betray yourself at your own peril!
We will be bold with your thief's part.—Come nearer.
Look you, good woman, [*Gives her one of the bags.*
You shall not lose your thirds; say you have met
With honest thieves: this shall suffice at present,
Which we but borrow neither; that you may not
Suspect our payment, you shall have security,
This honest man bound for't, and so we leave you.
[*Lon. and Stroz. bind Pip. and exeunt.*
Fab. 'Tis money!

Mor. And left one of their fellows bound.

Fab. Do we not dream, wife? I dare not come near him.

Mor. They are gone; I'll see his complexion. Who's this? [*Pulls off his mask.*

Fab. Our own son, Piperollo?

Pip. Pray, father, give me your blessing. Ah—mother, do not stone me to death with that money bag; I am your son.

Mor. My son! I know thee not.

Pip. A liar, you know, mother, is worse than a thief; do not destroy the hopes of your family. Alas! I was drawn in, and made a thief in my own defence; they swore to cut my throat else. Do you think I had so little grace—

Mor. Did they so? I'll try what I can do. [*Draws her knife.*

Pip. Oh, my quibibles! Sweet mother, remember
You were a woman in your days, that knew
What's what, and the true difference of things.
I am a man yet; your forgiveness may
Make me a true man. Libbing and hanging
Are no helps to posterity; I am
Your own sweet flesh and blood.—[*They beat and kick him.*]—Oh.

Mor. Kick him out of doors.

Pip. I thank you; this correction
May do me good.—
Gently, ah, gently! Shall I not ask your blessing
A twelvemonth hence?

Both. Never.

Pip. I will not.
My mother has a deadly lift with her leg.

Fab. Boh! you tadpole. [*Exeunt Fab. and Mor.*

Pip. I shall do no good o' this trade.
Now to my wits; this is no world to starve in. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A State Room in the Castle.

Enter LUCIO, GIOVANNI, *and* STEPHANIO, *with white staves.*

Luc. This is very fine! Do not these staves become us?
But will my lady be thus mad, and give
The lord Contarini audience in such state?
She takes upon her like a very princess.
Giov. But is't not strange her uncle should thus humour her?
Steph. He gave her the first hint, which she pursues
To his vexation.
Luc. But will my lord stoop to this mockery?
Giov. He is prepar'd by her uncle; 'twill be sport,
If she but carry it with pride enough.
Giov. Let her alone.
Steph. And if my lord wants confidence—
Giov. I think her impudence will make him blush,
And put him out. I have seen a counterfeit
With such a majesty compose himself,
He thought himself a prince; could frown as scornfully,
And give his hand out to great lords to kiss,
With as much grace, as all the royal blood
Had muster'd in his veins.
Luc. Some monarch
Of Inns of court in England,[1] sure;—but when

[1] Luc. *Some monarch*
Of inns of court *in England,*] This is an allusion to the Lord of Misrule annually chosen at the Inns of court. This potentate is frequently mentioned in our old dramas; but no where more fully than in this place. See Jonson, vol. ii. p. 3.

His reign expires, and Christmas in the grave,
Cold as the turkies coffin'd up in crust,
That walk like ghosts, and glide to several tables:
When instruments are hoarse with sitting up,
When the gay triumph ceases, and the treasure
Divided, all the offices laid up,
And the new clothes in lavender,[2] what then?
Giov. Why, then, the man that kiss'd his highness' hand
O'er night, may jostle him for the wall next morning,
And have it too; if he come off with all
His wits, the play is paid for, and he fit
For travel.

Enter CONTARINI, ANTONIO, *and* VERGERIO; *they whisper.*

My lady's uncle, and the lord Contarini.
Ver. My lord Contarini expects when he
May have the happiness to present his service
To your great lady?
Luc. We shall, sir, acquaint her.
Ver. Your office, sir?
Luc. Her steward.
Ver. Your's, I pray?
Steph. Mine? treasurer.
Giov. Mine? controller.
Ver. I kiss your hands;
This may be worth my lord's curiosity.
Ant. For the mirth's sake, my lord, be pleas'd; you may
Do an act of charity, and restore her senses;
I'll wait on you again. [*Exit.*
Con. Now, Vergerio.
Ver. The expectation is encreas'd; her officers
Observe the state. Were your affections earnest,

[2] —— *the new clothes in* lavender] i. e. in pawn.

And I, my lord, your mistress, I should trust
Her pride.

Con. Unless she ravish me.

Re-enter ANTONIO.

Ant. She's upon entrance; her madness holds;
Your confidence may convert her. She's my niece,
And I am sorry for it.

Flourish. Enter PAULINA, *attended in state*, ANGELLINA, *and Ladies.*

Pau. Give him access.

Con. What lady's that stands on her right hand?

Ant. Her younger sister, that does vex me as much
With her humility, as the other with
Her impudence.

Con. An excellent piece, Vergerio!

Ver. Which, my lord?

Con. Madam, the glory of your time and nation,
Whose looks do shine with majesty, and shoot
A flame t'undo the admirer! O, call in
Some beams that wait upon the thrones of light,
Or I shall fall your sacrifice, and not finish
What my great master gave me in charge.

Luc. Has the prince a mind to her himself?

Steph. 'Tis not impossible.

Pau. Speak on, my lord.

Ant. Gipsey!
She does believe the lightning of her eye
Will blast indeed. How scornfully she squinnies!

Con. I come from the great sovereign of hearts,
Whose glorious monarchy, uncircumscribed,
Extends to all the habitable world,
Wherever land or lover stretch'd his arm;
Whose sceptre's not like that of common kings
But a bright golden shaft, feather'd with sighs
And headed with a flame, which finds access,



Like subtle lightning, to the most secure
And stubborn cell that ever yet enclos'd
A human thought.
Luc. He flies high.
Giov. 'Tis his arrow—
Pau. Speak this great name.
Con. The most immortal prince of love—
Giov. A high and mighty prince indeed.
Luc. 'Tis not our prince of Parma, then?
Con. Unto your beauty, madam, that makes sweet
The breath of fame, in his name I am sent
To offer up a servant, rich with wonder,
And humble thoughts that honour you. Who can
See those perfections, and not adore
The divine owner? Brightness, that offends
The innocent eye that gazes, is in you
The cure of blindness, and the films that hang
Upon the humble[d] sight fall off and vanish,
That it may take new life and light from you.
Ant. Is she not yet ridiculous to herself?
Con. I can leave Cupid's court to live with you,
And all those bowers, where an eternal spring
Makes every flower in love with its own beauty.
The wind, whose airy wings convey all sweetness
That sense can entertain, I would exchange
But to be near your breath; and think there dwells
A harmony in your voice, above the airs
Of all those charming birds by love selected
From every wood to be his quire.—I fear
I am too bold, and may be thought to wander:
If, madam, you accept my amorous vows,
Which live yet in the weak expression
Of him that honours you, time will produce
A white and fortunate hour to crown our loves
With nuptial happiness.
Pau. You have relation
To the court of Parma; your name lord Contarini?

You have no message from your master?
Con. Madam, your fame hath fill'd his court, and he
Presents by me his princely wishes of
Your happiness; and should he see your person,
Like mine, his heart, I fear, would melt into
A stream of love and admiration.
Pau. Sir, we accept in good part greeting from
The prince; but you have no commission
To treat for him: the substance of your own
Affair will ask our pause; we will take time
To answer, which, till you receive, you may
Command our court. [*Exe. Paul. and Attendants.*
Ver. Proud folly!
Ant. Prodigious impudence!
Con. What think you, signior?
Ant. I am confounded. I'll to her again. [*Exit.*
Ang. When shall I awake?
This sure is but a dream; the gentleman
Cannot so much mistake his time and language.
[*Aside.*
Con. I came with curiosity to see
Her pride, so talk'd of, but my heart, I feel,
Is taken with an object of true sweetness.
Is't not a lovely figure? Say, Vergerio.
Ver. If but her mind answer that fair proportion,
My lord, she is worth love; but being sister
To a woman of such pride—
Con. I prithee leave me.
Ver. She is very beautiful: my lord is taken.
[*Aside and exit.*
Con. Lady, but that there's story for your births,
I should make judgment, by your modest face,
This arrogant woman could not be your sister.
Ang. Sir, if your expectation be not answer'd
With her full worth, I shall beseech you name her
With less disgrace; our blood so near, it cannot
Be grateful to my ear to hear her blemishes.

Con. I was prepar'd before to meet this good
ness;
These words and looks become that innocent spring
From whence they flow: Virtue hath such an army
About your heart, there's nothing can approach
Ill to betray it, or proceed from you,
But warranted by honour.
Ang. I know not;
But sure, my lord, you talk too fine a language
For me to understand; we are far from court,
Where, though you may speak truth, you clothe it
with
Such trim and gay apparel, we, that only
Know her in plainness and simplicity,
Cannot tell how to trust our ears, or know
When men dissemble.
Con. By your own love
To truth, you must believe me, when I say,
Although it took beginning from this visit,
I love no beauty but yourself.
Ang. You said you lov'd my sister, and express'd
Your passion in such mighty phrase and fancy,
I thought your soul had made a business on't:
Pardon the weakness of my faith, if I
Dare not believe this change.
Con. Your sister, lady,
I came to visit, not affect. I heard,
And had a purpose but to try how near
The wonder of her pride, (pardon, sweet virgin,)
Came to a truth; nor did I court her with
The language of a meaning lover; but,
Prepared by your uncle, meant to make her see
Her miserable folly. I dare not
Present such mockeries to you: suspect not
This hasty address; by your fair self, I love you.
Ang. My lord, if I believ'd this real courtship,
I should not entertain your honour with
A fruitless expectation; but declare,

Besides my want of fortune, beauty, birth,
To make me worth your love, I am already
Contracted by my father to religion,
Whose will I cheerfully obey, and wait
When my good uncle will dispose me to
A nunnery.

Con. A nunnery!

Ang. Where, for
So great an honour you pretend to me,
A most unworthy maid, I'll offer up
My prayers, that you may choose a heart more equal
To your own love and greatness.

Re-enter ANTONIO, PAULINA, *and Servants.*

Con. Nay, you must
Not leave me so.—We are interrupted; you
May trust me, fair one, with a nearer conference.
[*Exeunt Con. and Ang.*

Pau. Alas, poor old man!

Ant. The old man, before your borrowed lady-
ship,
Is bold to keep his head warm, and to tell you
You are a puppet; take that to your titles
Of honour.

Pau. So, sir!—None restrain his insolence?

Ant. I'll make him swallow down his staff of
office
That stirs. I have not done. Canst be so impudent
To think his lordship does not laugh at thee?
Your eyes the thrones of light! a brace of lanthorns,
In which two snuffs of candle, close to the socket,
Appear like firedrakes, and will serve to light
A traveller into a ditch. You, madam
Majesty, and the glory of a nation!—
Thou art a disease to honour, modesty;
A fever in thy father's blood, a gangrene
Upon his name: a pox upon thee for't!
There's one disease more; yet I have not done.

Pau. My charity may invite, if these fits hold,
Some close provision for you among madmen:
I do command you leave my house.
Ant. I will not;
I'll fire the house, dost hear? thou wilt burn well;
Thou'st oil enough about thy face, and all
Thy body pitch, very combustibles!—
But I'll not be damn'd for thee, now I think on't;
And since no counsel will prevail, I'll save
Myself. Before I go, give but a reason
Why thou dost slight this gallant lord, and squint,
As if he were groom or footman?
Pau. I'll tell you.
You would have the truth?
Ant. If thou canst speak any.
Pau. I do esteem myself
More equal for his master.
Ant. Who? the prince?
Pau. No, the blind prince of love; you are wise, uncle;
But I am out of poetry.
Ant. I think I were best cut off thy head, and save
The laws a labour.—There's no talking to her.
Pau. I am of your mind, uncle; you may edify
Your charge, my younger sister; she's not proud:
Pray take her with you, she'll become the cloister;
Go, and be mortified together; take her,
I am weary of her.
Ant. And I of thee.
She shall be further off too, thou'lt infect her;
Although her foolish father, (yet he was
My brother,)—I have not power to speak
Well o' the dead,—gave thee his whole estate,
I have a fortune; dost thou hear? I have;
And to vex thee, thy sister shall have that.
I'll see an I can make her proud, I'll do it!
She shall have servants, suitors, fiddlers, flatterers,

Fine clothes, and all the food that can provoke,
To glorify her sense; I have bags to spare.
She shall not to a nunnery; to vex thee,
I say again, she shall not: we'll have humours.
The t' other pox upon thee, and farewell! [*Exit.*

Pau. I fear he's mad indeed. Let me have music;
This talk has made me melancholy.[3] [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Castle.

Enter Lucio *and* Piperollo.

Luc. For thy mother's sake thou shalt be entertain'd.

Pip. An under butler would fit me rarely;
There's none i' the house that shall be sooner drunk,
Nor oftener, for my lady's credit, sir.

Luc. Can you write?

Pip. And read in print, sir.

Luc. Art thou faithful? may a man trust thee?

Pip. For more than I'll speak on. Trusted! I was bound for two gentlemen lately, that could not take up five hundred pistoles upon other security, my father and mother knows it. I shall never endure a thief, for a thing that I know. Alas, you know I am a neighbour's child; my mother was your good lady's nurse.

Luc. Do not I know thy mother?

[3] After this, the Sion College copy introduces the following couplet, probably written by Davenant:

"For though I am no Princess, you shall see
"Such state, that Princess born shall learn of me."

Pip. Better, it may be, than I know my father.

Luc. Till some office fall i' the house, you shall serve me, and ride with me, to receive my lady's rents.

Enter GIOVANNI.

Giov. Master steward, yonder are the rarest fellows! in such fantastical habits too; they call themselves mathematicians.

Luc. What do they come for?

Giov. To offer their service to my lady, and tell fortunes.

Luc. Have they no chief?

Giov. Yes, a quaint philosophical fellow; they call him a Chaldean, a great scholar; they do not come for money, like your starch-faced Egyptians, but carry things for the credit of the mathematics honourably. My lady hath given the Chaldean her nativity, who is to consult with the ephemerides, and give account how the stars will dispose of her.

Pip. We shall know all our fortunes then.

Giov. The worst of his train can decipher hands, tell foreheads—

Pip. And noses.

Giov. One, at the first sight, did but whisper to my lady's gentlewoman, and she did so blush through her tiffany.

Pip. That's no great matter; I have seen one blush through a plaister of Paris.

Luc. How's that?

Pip. A kind of French painting, sir.

Giov. Well said, Piperollo.—
I have entertain'd him;—but my lady!

Enter PAULINA, STEPHANIO, *and Ladies.*

Pau. The Chaldean

Pleases me, I long to hear my fortune;
If it be good, he shall have a reward
To cherish his great art, and worth my bounty.
What if my stars should frown? Didst bid them
follow?

Steph. They are all ready, madam.

[*Music within.*

Pip. Musical knaves!

Enter LONGINO, RANCONE, PACHECO, *and* STROZZO, *in fantastic disguises.*

A SONG.

Beauty, and the various graces,
That adorn the sweetest faces,
Here take their glorious throne; may he,
That is the god of archery,
Never aim one angry dart,
But soft, and gentle as your heart,
Court it with flame, and rich perfume,
To light and sweeten, not consume.

Pau. Not the Chaldean come yet? My thoughts
are
Inflam'd with fierce desire to know my destiny.
You have skill, gentlemen; but I'll expect
The judgment of your master on my fate:
When the great man of art returns, acquaint me.

[*Exeunt Paul. and Ladies.*

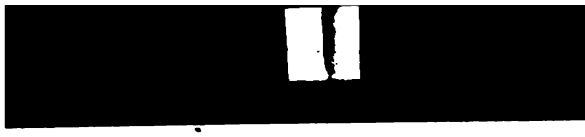
Steph. Come, my friends, let's lose no time.—
Sir.

Lon. I am for you to the extent of my art, signior.

Ran. If it please you, let me peruse your hand.

Luc. 'Tis at your service.

Pip. Please you to examine my palm. Can you tell me, learned sir, what is past?



Pac. You know that already.

Pip. 'Twill be a satisfaction to me, if you can make it appear that you know something in that point.

Lon. A fracture in the mercurial line, and the Mount of Saturn ill character'd! You are near a misfortune, sir. [*Strozzo picks Stephanio's pocket.*

Ran. Jupiter's mount is well form'd and colour'd; a cross conspicuous: the sun's mount well figur'd, and *linea solis* without any intersection.

Luc. Your judgment upon that, sir.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. More antics yet? What nation have we here?
Fortune-flingers!

Stroz. You shall know your's immediately.

Ant. Her house is open for these mountebanks,
Cheaters, and tumblers, that can foist and flatter
My lady gewgaw. Every office open,[4]
When poor men, that have worth, and want an alms,
May perish ere they pass the porter's lodge.—
What are you, sir?

Stroz. One of the mathematicians, noble signior.

Ant. Mathematicians! mongrel,
How durst thou take that learned name upon thee?
You are one of those knaves that stroll the country,
And live by picking worms out of fools' fingers.

Stroz. And something out of your trunks,[5] my reverend Cato. [*Aside. Picks his pocket.*

Ant. [How] busy the rascals are! how the rogues stink!

[4] Every *office* open.] So the rooms appropriated to the upper servants of all great families, were called. There is much blundering on this simple word in the notes on Shakspeare.

[5] *And something out of your* trunks.] i. e. his trunk-hose, or the large breeches then worn.

I'll send your regiment a quartermaster. [*Exit.*

Stroz. Now to my other gamester.

Pac. You have been—

Pip. What, sir?

Pac. In your ear—a thief.

Pip. He has a devil.—Good sir, not too loud.

Pac. And you shall be—

Pip. Hang'd, I warrant you.

Pau. Let me see t' other hand.

Pip. Shall it 'scape with burning?

Ran. You shall be a lord.

Luc. A lord!

Ran. Hum! yes, a lord infallibly.

Pac. You shall be a knight, sir.

Pip. Of the thieves' order, and wear my rich collar of hemp: is't not so?

Pac. An honourable knight, upon my word.

Luc. A lord!—Pray give your opinion. [*To Longino.*

Lon. Your hand; you shall be a right worshipful.

Luc. One of your tribe told me I should be a lord.

Stroz. And shall be us'd accordingly; lords are transitory. [*Aside. Picks Lucio's pocket.*

Lon. Let me see t' other hand. Oh, marry, sir, this line clears the doubt, and marks you right honourable, which makes up the t' other half of your fortune, signior. These two parallel lines, from the dexter angle to the mount of sol, have made all plain: you must be a lord.

Pip. He has given you a very good reason, sir; a man can have but half his fortune in one hand, and two right worshipfuls make up one right honourable. These are rare fellows!

I am predestinate to be a knight;
The stars may do their pleasure, I obey.
This should be the Chaldean.

Enter FRAPOLO *and* CASTRUCHIO.

Fra. [*Aside to Lon. Ran. and Pac.*] I have narrowly observ'd the castle, and where the treasure lies. I know my lady, in honour, will entertain us this night; and when they are asleep, we'll take our opportunity to rifle her exchequer, boys; meantime, let me alone to humour her proud nature: I will so claw her ambition!

Luc. In the interim, I'll put a question to his astrology.—Sir, if you please, till my lady return, to satisfy her steward, and oblige him by your art —one of your under mathematics has given me a comfortable destiny.

Fra. Your hand. Where were you born?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Ran. A lord— [*Ran. whispers Fra.*

Fra. No matter; Venus, in the ascendant with Sol, being lady of your seventh—hum! hum!—with Jupiter, designs you to be a lord.

Luc. They all agree; the miracle of learning!—One question more, I beseech you, sir. I am to ride with my man to receive my lady's rent to-morrow, through the forest.

Fra. Go to.

Luc. Now, I desire to know whether we shall be robb'd in our return, or no?

Fra. What time do you think precisely to come back, sir? for we should know the very minute.

Luc. The money is ready, sir, and we do purpose—in your ear—

Fra. Yes, you shall be robb'd; there's nothing in nature to prevent it.

Pip. Will they kill us, an please you?

Fra. No, they shall not kill you; they shall only take your money, and break your pate; that will be all.

Pip. Why, let them rob us, sir; the loss of our money will be an evidence of our preferment, and you may have more assurance to be a lord, and I of my knighthood.—My lady, sir.

Enter PAULINA, *attended.*

Fra. Madam, the stars shine with their full beams upon you, who, by me, their interpreter, salute you with a glorious fortune; for Leo is lord of your horoscope in the right angle of heaven; and a royal fix'd star, call'd Regulus, or the lion's heart, culminating with him, and a natural reception between Mars and Sol, lord of the tenth, being in the first with Mercury and Venus in the house of honour, besides a conjunction of Jupiter and Luna in Pisces, in the house of marriage.—I must give judgment.

Pau. I shall beseech your clearer language.

Fra. You shall be married to a prince; it is inevitable.

Pau. A prince?

Luc. May not I come to be a lord, then?

Pip. And I a knight?

Pau. When shall I see him?

Fra. He shall within few days visit your castle, drawn hither with the fame of your person and bravery. I need not instruct you to entertain him with state and ceremony becoming his excellence; but, if he court you not into his arms, I will renounce the stars, and say there is no truth in astrology.

Pau. How my thoughts swell already!

Fra. She has swallow'd it. [*Aside.*

Pau. Give him five hundred pistolets.

Fra. Do not wrong so much
One that does honour you. As I bribe not
The stars to tell me their decrees, I dare not
For money sell their secrets; and if any

That have relation to me presume
To take a julio—
Lon. By no means, madam.
Pau. I like it, that no mercenary ends
Guide them to flatter me. [*A drum afar off.*
Lon. Is not that a march? [*Exit.*
Pip. If it entrench not too far upon your art,—this prince, sir, has a name?
Fra. And rules this province;
Farnese is a bachelor.
Pau. The prince of Parma!
My blood refines in every vein already.
Dull heavy souls, that are content to drudge
In humble thoughts—

Re-enter LONGINO.

Lon. [*aside to Trap.*] I fear we are betray'd;
The country's up, and marching to the castle:
We may be all surpris'd; let us to horse. [*Exit.*
Pau. Deny not, sir, this night an entertainment,
Such as my castle yields; it shall not spread
To receive guests more welcome. [*Drum again.*
Luc. A drum, madam. [*Exit.*
Ran. Must we not stay and rob the house to-night? [*Aside to Fra.*
Fra. Madam, my art foretells I cannot be
Safe to remain here. At my return,
I will not baulk your castle; i' the mean time,
Cherish high thoughts, your stars do call you princess;
So, kissing your fair hand—
Pau. Make me not so unhappy.
Fra. There is no dispute with destiny:
I take my humble leave.—Away! to horse!
[*Exeunt Banditti.*
Pau. This more amazeth me. What danger should

Provoke this haste? If it prove their concernment,
I must believe they do converse with fate,
And trust to them as oracles. A princess!
Was not my soul prophetical?

Re-enter Lucio.

Luc. Madam, some accident hath rais'd your tenants;
They march in fury this way, in strange postures
And arms, as if they came to storm the castle.

Re-enter Piperollo.

Pip. Madam, we are all undone! the clubs are up;
Your tenants are turn'd rebels, and, by this time,
Enter'd the hall, and threaten to surprise
I know not whom: but the Chaldean and
His troop are vanish'd; they foresaw this tempest.
Pau. What should this mean?

Enter a rabble of Countrymen, *armed.*

1 *Coun.* Come on, you men of lusty chine.—Dear lady,
Be not affrighted; captain of thy guard
Am I, thy natural tenant, and thy vassal.
Where be these sunburnt Ethiopians?
I will not leave one canting rogue alive.
Pau. What Ethiopians? what canting rogues?
Do not your clownships know me?
1 *Coun.* Know our princess!
We honour thee, and rise in thy defence.
Where be these thieves? We heard there were a regiment,
That came to cheat and plunder.
Pau. You are a knot

Of knaves and fools, and shall repent this insolence.—
You that command in chief, good captain Bumbard,
May teach your raggamuffins face about.
Was it your stratagem to fright my guests?
1 *Coun.* Your uncle told us, madam, and commanded—
Pau. Was it his plot? He's still my enemy.
1 *Coun.* Pardon us, madam; we came simply hither
To do you service.—Kneel,
Or we shall all be stripp'd out of our tenements.
[*They kneel.*
Pau. My uncle has abus'd you;
But this submission takes our anger off.
Continue dutiful to my commands,
And you shall be remember'd.—Piperollo—[*Exit.*
Pip. I know the buttery, madam.—Follow me,
It is my lady's pleasure you be drunk;
And thank her grace you keep your copyholds.
Do you bring up the rear; I'll march in front.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Antonio's *House.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* CONTARINI.

Ant. Passion o' me! it is too great an honour.
Refuse a man of your high blood and name,
That courts her honourably! I could beat her.
Con. 'Tis not impossible, at my return,
To find a change. I must to court again.

Enter VERGERIO.

Ver. The horses, my lord, are ready.

Con. Vergerio. [*They talk aside.*

Ant. What a baggage 'tis! she's all for the nunnery.

She shall not have her will; I'll undo myself
But I'll destroy this modesty. If I could
But make her proud, there were some hope on her.

Ver. My lord, you may command; but how unfit
I am to manage this affair—

Con. Thou hast a powerful language; it prevail'd
On me, when I first saw thee; since which time
I have not deserv'd unkindly from thee; and
This trust speaks more than common favour.

Ver. Make me his advocate to Angellina! [*Aside.*

Ant. My lord, if you can still preserve these thoughts
Of honour to us, leave her to my counsel.

Con. Most cheerfully; I am not desperate.
This gentleman I'll leave to wait upon her,
Who is privy to my counsels and affection.

Ant. Your lordship hath found trust in him; but that
Shall not excuse my care, to make her know
Her happiness, and the honour of our family,
By meeting your commands. She's here.—

Enter ANGELLINA *and* FRANCESCINA; *Antonio engages Francescina, while Con. takes Ang. aside.*

Francescina, tell me, what hope of your mistress?
How does thy counsel work? Does she pray less
Than she was wont? or listen now and then
When thou talk'st wantonly. Does she smile upon't?

Fran. Between ourselves, I put her to a smiling blush.

Ant. What said she, tell me, on thy modesty,

When she [first] found her dear delight, the legend
Of the saints, remov'd, and Ovid's tales of Jupiter
Put in the place?
Fran. She said, that Jupiter
Was a most sensual heretic, and the cestus
That Venus wore, was not St. Francis' girdle.
Ant. How did she like the picture of Leander,
Swimming the Hellespont upon his back?
How that of Cleopatra kissing Antony?
Fran. She says, that queen was none of the poor Clares,
But one bred up in black Egyptian darkne
All I can say, she is not desperate;
I sing no anthems to her.
Ant. What says she to her dancing-master?
Fran. She is pass'd her honour; that's a precious fellow;
She'll laugh to see him gambol with his limbs;
His head flies like a ball about the room;
You'd think he were at tennis with it.
Ang. Though in the guilt and knowledge of my own
Defects, to answer such an honourable
Esteem of me, I dare not yet presume
To meet it; I shall want no pious thoughts
For this so great a bounty to a poor
Desertless virgin.
Ant. Hang your pious thoughts!
And love my lord.
Con. Not for the wealth of Parma
Should my cause force one cloud upon her face,
Or put her eyes to the expense of tears;
It shall be argument for me to hope,
If she accept this youth to wait upon her,
Who may, in some auspicious hour, prepare me
A gentle seat within her heart.—Meantime,
I leave upon your virgin lip the faith
Of your true servant, lady.

Ant. I'll attend you
To horse, my lord. [*Exeunt Ant. and Con.*
Ang. Poor miserable maid!
Fall'n now beneath the pity of thyself.
My heart, on which so late a flame of heaven
Stream'd comfort in my holy resolutions,
Is fill'd with love, but not of Contarini,
Whose passion may deserve another's welcome.—
I prithee, Francescina, take thy lute,
And let me hear thy voice.
Fran. I can sing Venus and Adonis to you.
Ang. Any thing.
Fran. Or will you hear the pleasant ditty,
How fair Calisto first became a nun?
Ang. I prithee do not name a nun; the flame
That I feel here deserves no vestal name.
Fran. I'll do my best to fit you;
There's no such tool in nature as a chambermaid,
To work upon her mistress. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Wood, before the Banditti's Cave.

Enter FRAPOLO, LONGINO, STROZZO, PACHECO, *and the rest.*

Fra. It was a fatal business, to lose such an opportunity.
Lon. My lady was wound up so rarely!
Stroz. We were betray'd for certain; 'twas high time to scud, and get into our territories. Now we are safe in our grots, secure as the Minotaur, and keep the clew of our own labyrinths.
Pac. We lost a rare design; but, in my opinion,

'tis better scouting here with our heads on, than have them carried in by clowns at the court rate.

Fra. The ignorant rogues would ne'er have sold them to their worth.

Lon. And they dare as soon venture upon hell, as shoot their heads into this furnace.

Fra. But this Claridiana shall not 'scape so. I am resolv'd to visit her again; and I am glad I prepar'd another expectation. These difficulties shall make our next attempt more glorious.

Lon. Those shapes will conjure up the boors again.

Stroz. She does expect the Chaldean.

Fra. Hang the Chaldean!
I have a new device shall scour the castle,
And make dame Guinever, with all her pride,
Thank and adore the invention.

Lon. How? dear Frapolo, how?

[*Whooping within.*

Fra. Scout, and discover, Strozzo.

[*Stroz. looks out.*

Stroz. I see but two men coming down the hill.

Fra. Cannot their worships travel with less noise?

Lon. They durst not be so confident without a number: 'tis good to be secure. [*whooping again.*] —The noise approaches; let's to our shells.

Fra. Do you lie perdu still.

[*They all retire but Pac. and Fra.*

Pac. I do not like their confidence; these may be
The enemy's scouts: let's not engage too soon;
For fear of a reserve. The state has threaten'd
To send their vermin forth.

Fra. Obscure: close, close! [*They retire.*

Enter Lucio *and* Piperollo.

Luc. What dost thou mean?
Thou hast a mind to be robb'd indeed.

Pip. I would have art maintain'd in reputation.
You know my lady is to be a princess,
And you must be a lord, and I be dubbed;
But if we be not robb'd, I know not how
To trust the mathematics, or the stars.
I am afraid all the bandits are hang'd;
A thousand pistols should not fear to travel.

Luc. It is not wisdom to proclaim our charge;
Though I could be content to be a lord,
I am not over hearty. Thieves are thieves,
And life is precious. Prithee let's make haste.

Pip. Illo, ho, ho! think upon your honour; are there no gentlemen, no wanting gentlemen, that know how to spend a quantity of gold? There is no thief in nature. [*Strozzo peeps out.*

Stroz. The gentleman is very merry. They that mean well, and have their wits about them, do not use to call upon our tribe. This is a plot, a very plot; and yet the coast is clear. [*Coming forward.*] Now I may reach their voice.

Pip. It will not be. Were ever men distress'd so?

Luc. Come, we are well yet, Piperollo; if
The stars decree our robbery, it will follow.

Pip. I pray, sir, let's sit down here; as you hope to be a lord, we must do our endeavour, and help the fates. Do but hear reason, sir.

Stroz. 'Tis my proud madam's steward, and our quondam fellow thief; they were told their fortunes to be robb'd. Here had been a purchase lost, if I had not lain perdu.—You shall be dispatch'd presently, never fear it. [*He whistles.*

Luc. What's that? I do not like that tune.

Pip. Hum! I am not in love with that quail-pipe. I could dwindle, but that I have a strong faith in the mathematics. Thieves, an't be thy will!

Luc. If they should cut our throats now—this is your folly. Would I were off!

Pip. Would I were a knight in an embroidered

dishclout! Have a good heart, sir; there's no more to be said in't; let the stars take their course; 'tis my lady's money, and if we be robb'd, we are so much the nearer to preferment.

Re-enter FRAPOLO *and the rest masked and disguised.*

Luc. Ah, sweet gentlemen, take but the money—

Pip. 'Tis ready told; nay, nay, we are friends. Give us but a note under your hands for my lady's satisfaction, that you have received it, gentlemen.

Luc. You need not trouble yourselves to tell it, gentlemen; it is all right.

Lon. So, so! we'll take your words.

Pip. I should know that vizard; the garments that you wear too I have seen.—Old acquaintance!

Fra. Does he know you? Cut his throat.

Pip. No, sir, I do not know him, nor any man, nor myself; I was not once robb'd before, neither did I help any man to rob my own father and mother! I knew no cedar chest I, I disclaim it; nor was any man that I know left bound for the money. You are all honest gentlemen, and I congratulate our good fortune, that you came so luckily in the very nick; we had carried home the money else in good sadness.—Sir, we are made for ever.—Rare mathematicians!

Fra. What's that you talk, sirrah, of mathematicians?

Pip. It pleased some of the learned tribe to visit my lady not long since; but they are well, I hope; they told us we should be robb'd, and 'tis done: blessed Chaldean!

Fra. What became of them?

Pip. They 'scaped a scouring; for my lady's

cynical uncle, in mere malice to learning, rais'd the clowns[1] upon them, persuading the Hobbinols they came to rob the house; but honoured be the stars! they brought them off at the back gate.

Fra. They seem honest fellows; let them live, and pass.

Luc. We humbly thank you, gentlemen.—Come, Piperollo.

Pip. And yet, now I remember, there wants a circumstance, my pate is not broke yet, that was a clause; the Chaldean was a little out.

Fra. I had forgot. [*aside.*]—Will you be prating, sirrah? [*He breaks his head.*

Pip. Now 'tis done; I thank you, dear gentlemen, I thank you; *go forth, and be a knight!* Mathematician, I adore thee. It bleeds. Where are you, sir? all is complete, and my head is broke, according to prophecy. Oh, admirable Chaldean! [*Exeunt Luc. and Pip.*

Lon. We have not lost all my lady's money: but to your plot, Frapolo.

Fra. This hath ripen'd it, and I appear a blazing star already.

Stroz. What's the mystery?

Fra. You know I am your prince?

Lon. 'Tis acknowledged.

Fra. We will in state visit the proud Paulina. I am the prince Farnese, and you are all my lords and privy counsellors; bear up, for honour of your prince.

Lon. I apprehend it; 'tis a most rare design: she will be mad to meet it,

Pac. Will you marry her?

Fra. I cannot tell; there may be a necessity: But when I have the wench, her plate, and jewels,

[1] *Raised the* clowns *upon them,*] The old copy reads, the *towns.*

And other sums, I have cast already whither
We must transport ourselves.—We'll divide all.
Lon. And the wench too?
Fra. No, not the wench, until I cast the concubine.
Remember who I am, the choice of flesh
Is my prerogative. No murmuring;
You shall provide our robes.
Stroz. Now we are rogues to purpose.
Fra. I am your prince, and the worst thief a statesman.
Omnes. A prince! a prince! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Antonio's *House.*

Enter ANGELLINA *and* FRANCESCINA.

Ang. Where is Vergerio?
Fran. I know not, madam.
Ang. Madam! I prithee leave that folly.
I am no lady; call me Angellina.
Fran. I'll call you madam; 'tis a name in fashion.
What do you want to justify that title?
Have you not beauty, jewels, gold at pleasure,
Fine clothes, high food, and men as motley as
The ambassador's, to wait? Does not your uncle
Allow you all that can make up a lady?
Pardon my boldness, madam, I beseech you.

Enter two Gentlewomen.

Ang. What are these?
Fran. The gentlewomen were commended, madam,
Most excellent in their art about great ladies,
And come to tender you their humble service.

1 *Gent.* Most proud, if you accept our duties, madam.

Fran. Look you, they're proud already; they have nothing
But their trade to live upon. She with the face
Spotted with ermins hath been late in France,
And knows the mode to a mathematical point;
She has the theory of song, but lost
The practic part by sitting up o' nights;
She danceth still, can talk in several languages,
And has the art of every game, to instruct
A novice lady—

Ang. To lose time.

Fran. And what
Age do you think the other gentlewoman
Carries, that simpers so? the miracle
Of painting! She presents scarce five-and-twenty;
But if you credit church records, she numbers
But five short of threescore. Medea had
No charms like her, to preserve youth and beauty:
She hath the art of making eyes, new hair,
And ivory teeth; hath skill in making fruitful,
And is an excellent midwife; she hath cur'd
A man that had no nose, and a court-lady
That had no tongue.

Ang. These are transcendant qualities.
Since 'tis my uncle's pleasure, they may wait;
But not to serve me. [*Knocking within.*

Fran. Who's that knocks so modestly?
'Tis not your dancing-master, nor the doctor;
They have more confidence. [*Goes to the door.*
'Tis the parson's nephew, come from the university;
Some say, a pretty scholar, and a wit;
Hath an ambition to kiss your hand,
And tender his first fruits.

Ang. What's that?

Fran. Some poetry.

1 *Gent.* By any means, madam, you must be
flatter'd;
Great ladies cannot live else.
Ang. Let him enter.

Enter Scholar, *with a paper.*

Scho. Darling of beauty, fairest Angellina,
Thus low the muses bow, and send by me
An abstract of yourself. Oh, make the paper
More white, by kissing your fair hand; and with
Your breath, like a soft western gale, perfume
These lines, created in your praise.
[*Gives Ang. the paper, which she reads.*
Ang. What's here?—I am
A stranger to you, sir, and to your language:
These words have no relation to me.
I pity men of your high fancy should
Dishonour their own names, by forming such
Prodigious shapes of beauty in our sex.
If I were really what you would commend,
Mankind would fly me. Get a painter, sir,
And when he has wrought a woman by your fancy,
See if you know her again.[2] Were it not fine,
If you should see your mistress without hair,
Dress'd only with those glittering beams you talk of?
Two suns instead of eyes, and they not melt
The forehead made of snow? no cheeks, but two
Roses inoculated on a lily?

[2] The hint seems to have been taken, and the experiment made. Shortly after the date of this play, a small folio volume was published, entitled the *Extravagant Shepherd,* or the *History of Lysis, an Anti-Romance,* in 14 *books, written originally in French.* Prefixed to the 2d book is a portrait composed somewhat after Angellina's model: the hair presents two nets, in which hearts are ensnared, the forehead is a Cupid; the eyebrows are two bows, and the eyes two suns; the cheeks lilies and roses, the lips two bits of coral, the teeth pearls, and the bosom two globes, properly mapped out!

Between, a pendant alabaster nose?
Her lips cut out of coral, and no teeth,
But strings of pearl; her tongue a nightingale's;
Her chin a rump of ivory, and so forth?
Would not this strange chimera fright yourself?
And yet you take the boldness to present us,
And think we must applaud, and thank you for
Ourselves, made monsters by your art. No more
Of this, for shame; lose not your time and honour
In this fantastic idol. You will say,
The world is peevish, and not kind to virtue.—
Give him ten pistolets, to cure his poverty;
There are good seeds in him, and they may [yet]
Grow with some cherishing.

Scho. You are enough
To vindicate your sex. I shall not blush
To write your story.

Fran. You shall owe me, sir,
An anagram, and a posy, too, for my
Next ring.

Scho. You shall command my faculty,
My dearest Abigail.[3] [*Exit.*

Fran. Thank you, sweet sir Roger.

Enter four Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Is her ladyship at leisure?

Ang. What are these?

2 *Cit.* We are humble suitors, madam, for your favour.

Ang. Speak your request.

1 *Cit.* I am a tailor, madam,
That holds intelligence with foreign courts,
To furnish ladies with new fashions;
And I have patterns of the strangest shapes
That ever ladies long'd for.

[3] The names of *Abigail*, and *sweet sir Roger*, are taken from two pleasant characters in Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*.

Ang. I believe it.

2 *Cit.* I have the ambition to own the name
Of your perfumer, madam.

3 *Cit.* I your jeweller.
What think you of that carkanet, sweet madam?
The pearls are orient. I have a diamond
The sultan gave one of his concubines;
It weighs —— caracts; if it please you, madam,
To wear it in the court,—and I'll attend
Your ladyship six months hence, to pay me for't:
I know your uncle, madam.

Ang. This is his plot.

Fran. By all means take it.

Ang. Excuse me.—What are you? speak your desire.

4 *Cit.* I would present you, madam, with a pair
Of curious spurs.

Ang. For what use, prithee?

4 *Cit.* For what you please. I see all men of trade
Apply themselves to gain relation to you,
And I would be your spurrier.

Ang. Do ladies
Wear spurs, my friend?

4 *Cit.* They may in time. Who knows what may be done,
If one great lady would begin? they ride
Like men already: 'tis all one to me,
So I may have the credit of your name,
And privilege to swell above my neighbours.

Ang. When I stand, gentlemen, in need of your
Professions, I'll send for you; i' the meantime,
You shall need no solicitor.

Omnes. Your servants.

4 *Cit.* Buy a spur. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Ang. I prithee let me not be troubled with
This kind of people, Francescina; ladies
Have a fine time, if they be all thus visited.
[*Fran. goes to the door.*

Fran. You are rude and saucy fellows, to intrude
So far without my lady's license.
Ang. What makes thee so impatient? Will
t heynot
Be gone?
Fran. Gone!
Here's a new regiment is pressing forward.
Ang. What are they?
Fran. Beggars.
Ang. How!
Fran. And tell me I abuse your charity,
To keep off their petitions. We must have
A court-du-guard,[4] I think, and centries placed
At every door.
Ang. I prithee, let them enter.

Enter ANTONIO *disguised, as a* Petitioner, *with two others.*

Fran. The room will not be sweet again this
three days;
But if it be your pleasure—Know your distance.
Ang. The blind and lame!—What's your condition, sir?
Ant. As miserable, madam, as the sea,
That swallow'd all my wealth, can make a man,
That once commanded thousands. I blush to beg;
But nature, too impatient of starving,
Compels me to this boldness. You may soon
Peruse my tragic story there. [*Gives a paper.*
Ang. Good old man!
Fran. What is his loss to you?
Pet. My petition, too:
A poor blind man, that hath lost more by fire
Than his estate, valued a thousand times:

[4] This corrupt and motley expression for a *corps-de-garde*, is yet sufficient to shew, that both Steevens and Malone mistook its import, when they rendered it "the *place* where the guard musters."

And 'tis but equal, fire should spoil my eyes,
That ravish'd me of all was precious to them,
A wife and pretty children.
Ang. Burn'd!
Pet. All burn'd;
And what my eyes cannot afford their memory,
My poor heart weeps in blood.
Pet. I am a soldier,
That in my country's service lost my limbs:
I've had more lead in bullets taken from me,
Than would repair some steeple.
Fran. Ring the bells,
That was a loud one!
Pet. I have given wounds have kill'd the lookers-on
With horror of their gaping, and have march'd
Ten miles a day thus deep—
Fran. In dirt?
Pet. In blood.
Fran. Upon those wooden legs?
Ang. Poor souls! I pity them.—Here, honest men,
Divide this bag, and pray for my good uncle.
Omnes. Blessings on you, madam!
Pet. Equal division; come.
Ant. Stay; in the first place, I brought you hither,
Therefore my part is most considerable.
Pet. I'll have no prerogative.
Pet. Nor I.
Ant. But I will. [*Throws off his disguise.*
Do not I know you both for cheating rascals?
Thus are good meanings cozen'd! and you shall not
Lose your reward. Send for some officers.
Pet. We are betray'd. [*Exeunt Pet.*
Ang. My uncle!
Ant. They have found their eyes and legs again.
Niece, I observe your charity, but you see not
The inside of these things, and I did mean,

And hope, these sums might serve yourself: some ladies
Would have consider'd a new gown and trinkets.—
Francescina,
I see little amendment; she'll undo me
In pious uses.
Fran. She has entertain'd these gentlewomen;

Enter VERGERIO.

And that young gentleman does good upon her.
Ant. I like it well; he's careful of my lord;
And if she meet his honourable treaty,
She may learn pride at court, should our art fail.
She smiles.—I will not interrupt them.

Enter GIOVANNI.

Giov. My lady entreats the presence of her sister.
Ant. Does she entreat? Yes, you may visit her.
Sir, if you please, I'll trust her to your conduct.
Ver. 'Tis my ambition to attend her.
Ant. Hark you;
Remember who you are, and carry things
For the credit of my heir, and one that must be
Right honourable shortly. If I hear
Thou flout'st her, thou shalt have another gown
And petticoat embroidered; or but beat her,
And put me to a pension: fare you well.—
Francescina, wait, wait all upon your mistress.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter PAULINA.

Pau. No news yet of the prince! He fill'd my dreams

Last night; it was a golden, glorious slumber:
Methought we both were led into a temple,
Where all our rites of marriage were perform'd
In the presence of a thousand angel-cupids.

Enter PIPEROLLO, *and stumbles.*

Pip. 'Twas my devotion, madam, to present you
The news; I could not break my neck upon
A better cause.

Pau. Is the prince come?

Pip. The prince is at your service: though I slipp'd at the chamber door, it is my happiness to be the first messenger.

Pau. Of what?

Pip. I desire no reward, madam; 'tis sufficient I know what will become of us all. You remember the Chaldean; all has happen'd,—I thank astrology.

Pau. For what?

Pip. Your money is gone, your rents have been received,
And my head broke to purpose; things are visible.

Enter LUCIO.

My master can confirm it.

Pau. What's this prodigy?

Luc. Madam, 'tis done; we have been robb'd.

Pau. How!

Luc. As the Chaldean and the stars would have it,
Just to a minute.

Pip. Rare mathematician!

Pau. I'll hang you both.

Pip. You may, and be no princess.

Pau. Did he foretell this loss?

Pip. Is my pate broken? Do I live, and hope
To kneel, and say, if't please your grace, to call

Him lord, and answer to a knight?—We're made.
Pau. Be at a distance.—
If there be truth in the Chaldean's art,
These inconsiderable losses are
A new presage of my approaching greatness.

Enter STEPHANIO, *with* LONGINO *disguised.*

Steph. One from the prince.
Lon. His highness Farnese, madam, greets your ladyship, and intends to be your guest this night.
Pau. It will be an honour
My life must owe him duty for.
Pip. Do not you feel a lordship creep up by your short ribs?
Lon. His grace is not far off.
Pau. Present the humble duty of his handmaid,
And say my castle droops till it receive him.
Lon. I shall, madam. [*Exit.*
Pau. We must prepare to meet and entertain him.
All things have been prophetical. [*Exit.*
Pip. My very good lord.
Luc. Right worshipful Piperollo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Approach to the Castle.

Enter VERGERIO, ANGELLINA; FRANCESCINA *and Servants following at a distance.*

Ver. In my pity
That so much innocence should not be lost
On faithless Contarini, I have landed
Upon your knowledge this unhappy secret.
Ang. Promis'd his faith to another? 'Twas ill done,
To work my uncle, and destroy my thoughts
Of a religious life.

Ver. You may collect those pure desires again;
Heaven will be soon invited, and a second
Resolve confirm that happiness.
Ang. May we not,
Without so strict forsaking of the world,
Be capable of blessing, and meet heaven
At last, though erring nature guide sometime
Out of the nearest way?
Ver. Yes, Angellina.
Ang. I must be no votary,
But when you turn a friar, then.
Ver. How, lady?
Ang. Sir, you have merited for this discovery
All that I am to serve you; and unless
You help me in this labyrinth, I must
Live in despair of freedom.
Ver. Any service;
There's so much sweetness in you, I could lay
My life a sacrifice. Be confident,
I must be left of heaven, when I forsake you.
Ang. And I dare trust your virtue with a secret
I have not told my ghostly father.
Fran. I know not what opinion my lord has
Of his smooth advocate, but I should gather,
By symptoms of my mistress, she is sick
Of the younger gentleman.
Ver. I dare not hope
This blessing; 'tis an honour placed on me
That has no value. I am a stranger.
Ang. You are no stranger here.
Ver. Your uncle too—
Ang. May err in his election
Ver. But his anger—
Ang. My prayer and tears may soften.
Ver. Do not dress
Your eyes with sorrow, Angellina; this
Too gracious an influence upon
Your servant, must command my utmost duty:

Upon this white hand I breathe out my heart;
And when I pay affection to another
Mistress, in your revenge, her beauty blast me!
But we may be observ'd.

Ang. Be all my guide.

Ver. This must be manag'd wisely, we are lost else.

Ang. We are now arriv'd the castle. Francescina!

Fran. We attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Before the Castle.

Enter prince FARNESE *and* CONTARINI.

Farn. I am obscur'd sufficiently?

Con. My life on't.

Farn. Here are great preparations, and the people
Flock as to see some triumph; this Paulina
Will be ador'd i' the country.

Con. But her sister,
With an extreme of sweetness and humility,
Will take the wonder off; she so transcends.

Farn. Your words fall from you,
I have observ'd, my lord, with too much passion:
She's but a woman, and may be no miracle,
When a clear eye is judge.

Con. Sir, I owe
All that I am in fortune, name, and greatness,
Unto your person; next whom, give me leave
To say, I rate no expectation
Equal to be her servant; yet I find
Her cold to those desires that court her with
All honour. I shall humbly beg your grace,
When you converse, will interpose your favour.

And, by your mediation, perfect all
That can be nam'd my happiness.
Farn. You express
A strong captivity in so small acquaintance.
Well, my lord, trust to me. Is this her castle?—

Enter PIPEROLLO.

By your favour, sir.
Pip. Speak quickly, what's your business?
Farn. Is this Paulina's castle?
Pip. Plain Paulina! and, is this her castle!
My friend, you want some breeding; she that owes
This palace, for a prince hath made it so,
Is not far off. Turn your eyes backward, sir,
And tell yourself, without a perspective,
What man is coming towards us.
Farn. Worthy sir.
Pip. Put off your hats, and hear his name—Farnese,
The prince of Parma, 's there. I kiss'd his hand;
My breath is since the sweeter.
Farn. The prince! where?
Pip. You'll find him with my lady, whom he came
To visit. If you'll promise to be drunk,
Take what's a secret yet: he comes to marry her,
Or there's no truth in stars. She is to be
His spouse. Farewell, and thank my worship heartily. [*Exit.*
Con. This fellow's mad!
Farn. He kiss'd the prince's hand!
What mystery is this?
Con. See! they approach.
Farn. I am not lost, sure, in this cloud. They march
In state this way. [*Loud music.*

Enter in state, FRAPOLO, *disguised as the prince* Farnese, *leading in* PAULINA, *followed by* LOVGINO, ANGELLINA, VERGERIO, *Ladies, and a train of gallants.*

Ang. How! an impostor?
Ver. Sure I know the prince.
Ang. Conceal it yet.
Farn. What gentleman is that?
Lon. The prince of Parma, sir.
Con. This will be worth observing.
Farn. Do we not both dream? that Paulina! How
Disdainfully she moves!
Con. That is her younger sister, upon whom Vergerio waits.
Farn. He knows I am the prince.
Con. How do you like her, sir?
Farn. Ha! 'tis not fit to tell thee. [*Aside.*
Con. Does she not
Answer my character?
Farn. On my heart, a fair one!
Con. Pray tell me how you like her, sir?
Farn. Not yet.
I am lost in wonder of her sweetness. [*Aside.*] Bid Vergerio bring her to Antonio's;
I'll be his guest to-night.
Con. I shall obey, sir.
Pip. Make room for the prince! fellows, bear back!—
You are not to be knighted, friend, I take it.
Farn. Thus can the flame of heaven with subtile art
Leave the skin whole, yet quite consume the heart.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in Antonio's *House.*

Enter CONTARINI *and* ANTONIO.

Ant. My niece has had a pretty warm night on't:
'Tis a bold knave, to take the prince upon him.
I did believe the noise, and was considering
How to contrive my peace with her good grace.
Con. You have no fear to suffer now.
Ant. I thank
Your lordship, that has made my house and knowledge
So fortunate, by the presence of our great
Farnese; 'tis an honour makes me young:
And yet this rascal troubles me, that durst
Come in the prince's name, and charge my niece
So home too. Is't not treason, sir?
Con. Of highest nature.
Ant. Let him then taste the law; yet I commend
His spirit, that would scorn to die for felony;
And when his head goes off, the shame and grief
May help to break her heart; I do not love her.—
And then my girl, my Angellina, 's heir,
And you her lord and mine.
Con. My hopes are fair,
The prince himself having vouchsaf'd to be
My advocate.
Ant. He must command all here.

Enter FARNESE *and* ANGELLINA.

'Tis a good prince, and loves you well; and let

Me, without boast, tell you, my lord, she brings
No common blood: though we live dark i' the country,
I can derive her from the great Ursini.—
But we have been eclips'd.
Farn. Contarini, leave us. [*exit Cont.*]—You may stay, Antonio.
Is't not an honour to your family,
A prince should court your niece into his arms?
Ant. I must confess, 'tis good enough for such
A baggage; they will make together, sir,
A most excellent shew upon the scaffold.
Farn. The impostor, and Paulina's pride, take off
Your understanding. I do court your niece,
Fair Angellina.
Ant. How, sir?
Farn. And as becomes a princess.
Ant. Your grace is merry.
Farn. I know not, but there's magic in her eyes.
Ant. Magic! an she be a witch, I have done with her.—
Does he love Angellina?—Please your highness,
Do you affect this girl?
Farn. Religiously.
Ant. And have you all your princely wits about you?
Farn. This language is but coarse: I tell you, sir,
The virgin must be mine.
Ant. Your whore?
Farn. My princess.
Ant. That's another matter.
Farn. Shew your obedience.
You have commands upon her, as a father.
Ant. I know not what to say, but I'll persuade.—
Hark you, niece; you hear what the prince says;
'Tis now no time to think of nunneries.
Be ruled, then, and love somebody; if you have

Promis'd my lord, I say make good that promise;
If not, the prince is worth considering.
The gentleman will make you a round jointure.
If thou be'st free, love him, to vex thy sister,
Who may, upon submission, be receiv'd
To grace, and rise in time a madam nurse
To your heir-apparent. I have done my duty.
But this is no great honesty, to cheat
My lord. I see the greatest men are flesh
And blood; our souls are much upon a making.
All men that are in love deal with the devil,
Only with this difference, he that dotes
Upon a woman is absolutely possess'd;
And he that loves the least is haunted
With a familiar. [*Aside.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Old Fabio, sir, your tenant, with much business
In's face, desires to speak with you; I could hardly
Keep him from pressing in; his wife, he says,
Is lunatic.
Ant. We shall all be mad shortly.
Where is the knave? [*Exeunt Ant. and Serv.*
Ang. I dare do, sir, as much to shew my duty
As any maid alive; I dare die for you.
Farn. And yet you dare not love.
Ang. Not in that sense
You invite me to.
Farn. My courtship carries
No stain to fright you. What I have propounded
Is worth the ambition of a greater lady;
Though you profess so liberally, I find
Your cunning; and because I have so much
Descended from my title, you assume
This unbecoming nicety. Take heed,
I can be angry.

Ang. As you are a man,
That passion may come near you, sir; and as
You are my prince, you may command my death
To follow, and appease it. But you said
You lov'd me.
Farn. I do, if you can wisely entertain it.
Ang. Then you must love my honour,
A virgin's wealth; for every honest man
Or woman has an honour, and that has
Engag'd my heart already by a contract:
This tie dissolv'd with justice, I should kneel
To ask your princely favour.
Farn. I am answer'd.—
Who waits? Call my lord Contarini hither.

Re-enter CONTARINI.

Con. Sir.
Farn. You might have mock'd another person,
And not have made me a ridiculous story
To your mistress, sir.
Con. I understand you not.
Farn. Engage me to mediation for her love;
With a pretence how much my act should honour
Your faint hopes, when you are conscious of a contract
Already pass'd between you!
Con. Contract, sir!
She never yet gave me any language
Did promise hope; she still concluded me
With going to a cloister.
Farn. How's this, fair one?
Ang. It is most sure, I am contracted.
Con. To whom?
Ang. Vergerio, your lordship's agent.
Con. That boy betray me,
In whom I took delight, made him my friend!
He play the traitor! I'll be reveng'd upon
His heart.

Farn. Contain your passion, Contarini;
Her beauty had a power above my friendship;
It well might shake his faith; and yet 'tis strange.
Call in Vergerio.

Enter VERGERIO.

Ver. I have heard all,
And come to meet my sentence.—You are a prince
'Gainst whom I dare not lift a thought. I see
What storm is rising; yet let this, great sir,
Invite your mercy to me: I have made
No breach against your love; and that which was
My fault to his, may be excus'd, by what
He felt himself; love, not to be resisted.
This virgin I lay claim to, and her vows
No subject must compel me to resign;
But if the prince think me unfit, and call
This treasure from my bosom, and can place
His love, where I so chastely have delighted;
I will not keep a thought that shall repine,
When I am miserable in her absence,
But give my interest cheerfully.—To you,
My lord, I answer, I have made no trespass,
And shall, so please your highness to be judge,
Make it appear. [*Whispers the Duke.*

Con. Was ever such an impudence!
This presence does protect him, I should else
Write treason on his heart.—But, Angellina,
I pity thy undoing. How canst thou
Expect a truth from him betrays his master?

Ang. My lord, you have been faulty, sure; and this
(Not worthy to be call'd a loss of me)
Was meant by Providence to wake your faith,
That's owing to another.

Farn. Possible!
The viceroy of Sicily's daughter, Pulcheria?

Con. Pulcheria here?

Ver. Here, Contarini.
Con. Ha! prov'd a woman. Oh, my shame and folly!
Ver. Pardon my too much love, that made me fear
You had forgot Pulcheria, though you left
Your vows and me at Sicily, when you were
Ambassador from the prince.
Con. Whence embark'd,
Thou brought'st me news Pulcheria was drown'd,
And thou, for her sake, entertain'd my servant.
Welcome! at once receive me, and forgive me.
Farn. I had your promise, were this contract void,
In honour, nor will take from my own merit
To think, when your considerate thoughts come home,
You can pretend excuse to your own happiness;
Which, lest you may suspect, let us in state
Visit Paulina, and unmask that counterfeit
Which hath usurp'd our name.
Ver. Sir, we attend you.
Con. This blessing must require a spacious soul;
Mine is too narrow to receive [it.] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An outer Room in the Castle.

Enter Lucio *and* Piperollo.

Luc. I am not yet created honourable.
Pip. Sir, things must have their time. But will his highness
Remove so suddenly, and carry my lady
To the court with him? 'Tis a most sweet young prince.

Luc. Order was given to pack up her plate,
Her gold, and jewels; for he means to have
Tiltings and triumphs when he comes to Parma.
Pip. There it is fit we should expect our honours;
I will attend the prince. [*Exit.*

Enter CONTARINI.

Con. Signior Lucio.
Luc. Your good lordship.
Con. Pray tell my lady I would kiss her hand,
And shall present news will secure their welcome:
I [now] come from the prince.
Luc. The prince, my lord?
He is within.
Con. A small march off the castle; and commanded
Me to prepare her, that he comes to be
Her guest.
Luc. My lord,
I will acquaint some of the bed-chamber. But
When did your lordship see his highness?
Con. I left him at the park-gate.
Luc. This is the nearest way, unless his highness
Have leap'd a window, or can walk invisible;
Your lordship may have some conceit. I'll go, sir.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter PIPEROLLO.

Pip. What is the meaning that there's such a guard
Upon our castle? 'tis besieg'd, and no man
Suffer'd go forth. [*Sees Con.*
This is some lord or other, by his stradling.

Enter Lucio, Longino, Strozzo, Castruchio, *and the rest of the Banditti, as Lords.*

Lon. From the prince! That he?
Pip. 'Tis as I tell you, sir; there's a little army
Surrounds the castle.
Lon. They have no order from his highness.
Stroz. We are betray'd again.
Lon. Sir, would you speak with the prince?
Con. Why, have you such a thing within the castle?
Who dares be so much traitor, to usurp
That title? Where's that puppet, gentlemen?
Luc. That is his secretary.
Pip. The rest are lords and privy counsellors.
Cast. We are undone.

Enter Farnese, Vergerio, Angellina, *and Attendants.*

Lon. 'Tis he! the very he! I dare not look on him.
Oh, for an impudence worth a chronicle,
To outface him now! it were a possible thing,
If people would believe.
[*Exit, followed by the rest of the Banditti.*
Luc. I'll tell my lady they are vanish'd. Hum!
I do not like that face. [*Exit.*
Farn. Come hither, fellow.
Whom do you serve?
Pip. I know not, sir.
Farn. What prince have you within?
Pip. The prince of darkness.
Farn. What is this fellow?
Pip. A knight o' the post; the pestle is too honourable.
Farn. Where is your excellent lady?
Pip. I have a guess,
If things go on, as I suspect, she will be—



Farn. Where?
Farn. At her wits end, very shortly.
Farn. An ingenious fellow!
Pip. I have convers'd
A little with the mathematics, sir.
Who is that gentlewoman? not that I am ignorant,
But to satisfy a doubt.
Ver. She is one that may be
The prince of Parma's lady, when the priest
Hath done his office.
Pip. If I be not mistaken,
Here comes the princess; that is Angellina,
The younger sister.

Enter PAULINA.

Pau. It is my wonder you, that have the face
And garb of gentlemen, should dare to be
So insolent, to affront our person, and his,
To whom your hearts and knees owe reverence.
Farn. Command the impostor forth. Seize on the traitors!

Re-enter LONGINO.

Lon. His grace will be here presently; fear not, madam.—
I would venture a neck-breaking at some window,
And be content to crawl away a cripple;
But there's no hope to 'scape the multitude,
That will be scrambling for my limbs. [*aside.*]—
Great sir,
I challenge the privilege of the last bando:[1]
[*Kneels.*
He that can bring Frapolo, the chief bandit,
Beside what other reward was proclaim'd,

[1] —— *the last* bando:] i. e. the last proclamation.

Shall have free pardon for all past offences.
To that grace I appeal, and here produce
Frapolo.

Re-enter FRAPOLO, STROZZO, *and the rest of the Banditti.*

Pau. This amazeth me.
Fra. Can you stand
The dazzling sun so long, and not be struck
Blind for this bold affront? What wildness brought you,
In multitudes, to fright my happy peace,
And this good lady's, my most virtuous consort?
Lon. He bears up still! [*Aside.*
Fra. Have all my cares and watchings to preserve
Your lives, and dearest liberties, deserv'd
This strange return, and at a time when most
Your happiness is concern'd? since, by our marriage
With this sweet lady, full of grace and beauty,
You may expect an heir to bless your country.
Con. Will you suffer him?
Fra. 'Tis time your prince were dead; and when I am
Companion to my father's dust, these tumults,
Fomented by seditious men, that are
Weary of plenty, and delights of peace,
Shall not approach, to interrupt the calm
Good princes after death enjoy. Go home,
I pray; depart: I rather will submit
To be depos'd, than wear a power or title
That shall not all be dedicate to serve you:
My life is but the gift of heaven, to waste it
For your dear sakes. My people are my children,
Whom I am bound in nature and religion
To cherish and protect. Perhaps you have
Some grievance to present; you shall have justice

Against the proudest here: I look not on
Nobility of birth, office, or fortunes;
The poorest subject has a native charter,
And a birthright to the laws and commonwealth;
Which, with an equal and impartial stream,
Shall flow to every bosom.

Stroz. Pious Prince!

Farn. I am at a loss to hear him. Sure I am Farnese, if I be not lost by the way.

Pip. Stand off, gentlemen,—let me see—which? Hum! this?—no; th' other? Hum! send for a lion, and turn him loose; he will not hurt the true prince.[2]

Farn. Do not you know me, sir?

Fra. Yes, I know you too well; but it stands not with my honour. What composition?

Farn. Who am I?—Gentlemen, how dare you suffer
This thing to talk, if I be your Farnese?

Fra. I say I am the prince.

Farn. Prince of what?

Fra. Of rogues, an please your excellence.

Pau. How!

Fra. You must excuse; I can hold out no longer. These were my subjects, sir; and if they find Your mercy, I'm but one, whose head remov'd, Or noos'd, this lady will be soon a widow, Whom I have not deceiv'd. 'Twas her ambition To go no less than prince;—and now you have one, During this gentleman's pleasure. [*To Pau.*

Pau. What scorn shall I become?

Farn. Let him be guarded, and all his puppet-lords.

Enter ANTONIO, FABIO, *and* MORULLA.

Ant. News! news! excellent news! I shall leap

[2] *The lion will not hurt the true prince.*] A *sneer* at Shakspeare! unnoticed by the commentators.

out of my flesh for joy.—Sir, I have undertook for your pardon to this reverend couple; they heard my niece was to be married to the prince, and thought it treason to conceal—

Farn. What?

Ant. Paulina is not my niece, no blood of mine. Where is this lady and her pageant prince? the truth is, she is not Paulina, but their own daughter.

Fra. Possible! then we are both cheated.

Ant. Whom she obtruded on our family
When our Paulina died, an infant, with her,
A nurse to both. Does your grace apprehend?

Fab. We do beseech your pardon.

Ant. Now, Angellina, thou art heir to all.

Pip. By all this circumstance, you are but my sister!

Con. The prince is prov'd a prince of thieves.

Ant. Why, there's a baggage and a thief well met then!
I knew she was a bastard, or a changeling.

Pau. Where shall I hide my shame?—O, curs'd ambition!

Ant. Give you joy, sir, my most illustrious nephew!—
Joy to thy invisible grace!

Fra. Thanks to our loving uncle.

Farn. Take hence the traitors!

Ang. Sir, I beseech a pardon to their lives:
Let nothing of my story be remembered
With such a tragedy; 'tis my first petition.

Farn. I must not deny thee.—All thank her virtue.
Live you, and love that gentlewoman. But
It were a sin to innocence, and our honour,
[And] would encourage treason by example,
If they should 'scape all justice. Take them to custody.—
Frapolo, we confine you to this castle,
Where, if she please, your bride may accompany you,

Till we determine otherwise.
Fra. 'Tis some mercy: but
I shall be getting children, and two nothings
Will not maintain a family; 'twere as good
To hang me out o' the way ere charge come on,
Or take away my tools: I shall be working.
Farn. Provision shall be made; you shall not starve,
Nor surfeit, sir.
Ang. Because I call'd her sister,
I will contribute something to their fortune.
Farn. What thy own goodness will direct.—And now
Remove the scene to court, to perfect there
My own and Parma's happiness. Pride has
Met with severe reward; and that high justice,
That governs all, though envy break with her
Own poison, calls the amazed world to see
What blessings wait upon humility. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY FRAPOLO.

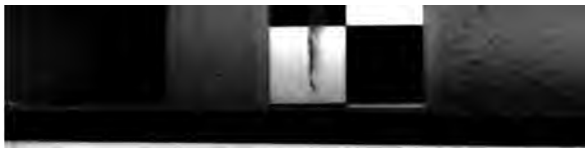
Gentlemen, do not say you see me. I have made an escape from the prince and Paulina; his grace's word is but mortal, and not security enough for me: for all this sunshine, he may hang me when I come to Parma, for an example; and therefore I have chosen rather to trust to my legs, than a reconciled state enemy.

'Twill not be worth your glory to betray
A man distress'd, whom your own mercy may
Preserve to better service; rather than
Go back, I'll stand your justice, gentlemen.
I've play'd the Thief; but you, as the case stands,
May save or kill,—my life's now in your hands.



THE

COURT SECRET.



THE COURT SECRET.] This "Tragi-Comedy" was first printed in 1653, in the 8vo. volume already mentioned. It appears from the title-page that it was "never acted, but prepared for the scene at the Black-Friers." It was however brought forward, after the Restoration, as we learn from Langbaine, who says, that it was played "after it appeared in print."

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM EARL OF STRAFFORD,

VISCOUNT WENTWORTH, BARON WENTWORTH OF WENTWORTH, WOODHOUSE, NEWMARSH, OVERSLEY, AND RABY.*

MY LORD,

THE character of true nobility is sacred and indelible; that your's is such, needeth no testimony, the world bearing witness to your honourable mind, upon which all other access of titles wait like a fair train of attendance, not ornaments, your own virtue giving them lustre, and entertaining them as rewards paid down to your person and merit.

This principle gave me boldness to make this approach to your lordship; and not without some design in my ambition, to renew myself to your smile, who have enjoyed the happiness, many years since, to kiss your hand, and to observe with admiration the beauties that shined upon your youth, which, as they gained upon time, so they have grown above the prejudice of opinion, and improved their maturity by the earliness of their spring.

But my humble duty, my lord, at this fortunate hour to attend you, cometh not alone, it bringeth a present, such as my weak condition could reach to; a poem, one that weareth no ribands in the forehead, not so much as warranted by applause; for it happened to receive birth when the stage was interdicted, and wanted that public seal which other compositions enjoyed; though it hath been read and honoured with the allowance of some men, whose

* This well-written Dedication does equal honour to the patron and the poet. William Earl of Strafford was the only son of Thomas, the great but unfortunate statesman; he was restored to his father's honours in 1641, but the subsequent troubles, probably, rendered a second act to that effect necessary in 1665. He died in 1695, without issue.



opinion was as acceptable to me, as the vote of a smiling theatre.

But this is not to prescribe to your honour, whom I have by this application made my judge (should you wave the patron), and from whom there lies no appeal.

If your honour, descending from your higher contemplations, vouchsafe to look upon these papers, though your justice should condemn them, it would be their reputation to fall by so honourable a sentence. But if they happen to obtain your lordship's favour that they may live, your name will not only be a powerful defence to them, but a lasting record of honour upon the composer, whose heart is full of devotions to your lordship, and ambitious of no greater addition, than to be known,

My lord,

Your most obliged, and

humble Servant,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The king of Spain.
Roderigo, *his brother.*
Manuel, *supposed son of* Piracquo, *but the true* Carlo, *son to the king.*
Antonio, *prince of* Portugal.
Carlo, *supposed prince of* Spain, *but indeed* Julio, *the son of* Mendoza.
Mendoza, *a duke.*
Piracquo, *a nobleman.*
Two Lords.
Pedro, *a kinsman of* Piracquo's, *servant to* Mendoza.
Celio, *page to* Carlo.
Gentlemen.
Attendants.
Castellano, or Gaoler.
Servants.
Messengers.
Guards.

Maria, *the infanta.*
Isabella, *sister to* Antonio.
Clara, Mendoza's *daughter.*
Ladies.

SCENE, Madrid.



THE

COURT SECRET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter at one door ANTONIO, *leading in* MARIA ; *at another, two* Lords.

1 *Lord.* The prince of Portugal, don Antonio—
2 *Lord.* He
Courts our infanta close.
1 *Lord.* And may deserve her.

Enter MANUEL ; *Maria drops a jewel; he takes it up, and offers it to her.*

Man. Your grace—
Mar. 'Tis none of mine, don Manuel.—
Will your highness walk? [*Exit with Ant.*
1 *Lord.* Observe you that?
2 *Gent.* The prince
Seem'd not well pleased.
Man. What doth the princess mean?
I saw it fall from her.
1 *Lord.* My eyes are witness—
Noble don Manuel.
Man. My lords, your servant.
2 *Lord.* How do you like the Spanish court? Although
My lord, your father, were a native, yet

Your birth and education were abroad,
Compell'd by your father's destiny.
Man. My unhappiness!
I have heard him say, some policies prevail'd,
To make him leave this kingdom and his fortunes,
To try his fate at sea; till he found means
To plant himself in Portugal, from whence
He was but late reduced[1] by the good prince,
With promise of a pardon: and his honour
Is full security for us.
1 *Lord.* The prince
Can do becoming things, and knows good acts
Are in themselves rewards; but the report
Was here, that fifteen thousand ducats
Were offer'd Roderigo, our king's brother,
By your father, lord Piracquo, to assure
His reconcilement here, for trespasses
He did at sea.
2 *Lord.* But not accepted.
I know not which will be his more vexation,
To know the prince's act, restore Piracquo,
Or so much money lost.

Enter CARLO *and* CELIO.

1 *Lord.* The prince!
Car. Don Manuel,
You are become a man of mighty business,
Or I have lost some interest I had
Since I left Portugal; but I'll not chide.
Where is the king?
2 *Lord.* In his bed-chamber, sir,
With duke Mendoza.
Car. I'll not interrupt them.
You may redeem your error, and we both
Converse again. [*Exeunt Car. and Cel.*
Man. You infinitely honour,
And with it bind the obedience of your creature.

[1] *but late* reduced] i. e. brought back.



1 *Lord.* Now he is going to his mistress.
2 *Lord.* To Clara,
The duke Mendoza's daughter.
Man. Mistress! Do you forget, my lord, the treaty,
And his own personal contract, the kiss, warm
On Isabella's lip, strengthen'd by the hope
And expectation of another marriage,
Betwixt Antonio and Maria, his sister?
1 *Lord.* We are us'd
To freedom here; with as much innocence
I may, perhaps, hereafter say, the princess
Maria meant you honour, when she dropp'd
A jewel. Sir, it cannot be much blemish
For you to own her service.
Man. 'Twere an insolence
(Beyond her mercy to forgive) in me,
To think she meant it grace, or I apply it
At such a distance of my blood and fortune.
This in a whisper, but convey'd through court,
Would forfeit me for ever: as you're honourable,
Preserve me in my humbler thoughts.
1 *Lord.* Be confident;
And pardon my expression.
2 *Lord.* Sir, your servant. [*Exeunt Lords.*
Man. I have observ'd the princess scatter beams
Upon me, and talk language with her eyes
Sometime, such as I dare not apprehend
With safety, or religion; for I find
My heart another's conquest. But the prince!
Why should he move my jealousy? I know
His amorous thoughts, already placed upon
Fair Isabella, must inhabit there,
And meet their just reward; he cannot be
So careless of his honour.

Enter PEDRO.

Ped. Can you direct me, sir, to don Piracquo,
Your noble father? I bring affairs concern him.
Man. You wait upon the duke Mendoza, sir?
Ped. I was first i' the number of those attended
His duchess, while she liv'd; his grace doth now
Acknowledge me a waiting moveable,
Within his family: my name is Pedro,
A poor kinsman of your's, if you be, sir,
My lord Piracquo's son, and might have been
His heir, had not your mother been more fruitful
At sea, before she died, who left you an infant;
'Twas something to my prejudice. But your father—
Man. Is in the privy garden, sir.
Ped. Your servant. [*Exit.*
Man. What means this fellow to survey me?—
Ha! Clara,

Enter behind, MENDOZA *and* CLARA.

And her father, duke Mendoza! I
Must wish a time without his presence, to
Confirm how much I honour her. Loud fame
Speaks him a noble gentleman; but of late
(By what misfortune 'tis not known) he hath
Some garbs, that shew not a clear spirit in him.
But that his lady's dead, men would interpret
His starts proceed from jealousy: I'll leave them,
And wait some private opportunity.
[*Exit.—Mend. and Cla. come forward.*
Cla. I must confess prince Carlo, sir, hath courted me;
But with a noble flame.
Men. Flame me no flame,
Unless you mean to turn our family

And name to ashes in the king's displeasure:
Thou dost not know the prince as I do, Clara.

Re-enter behind, PEDRO *with* PIRACQUO.

Ped. Sure you have known me, sir; I have expected
Some time, when you would own me.
Pir. Your name's Pedro.
Ped. You thought me of your blood, sir, when you promis'd
I should be your heir: I did a service for't
Deserves your memory, not contempt, my lord.
Pir. Oh, thou didst well; and though, as I then stood
Proscribed, I wish'd it otherwise, I now thank
Thy witty cozenage, and allow thy faith
Religious to thy prince. Be honest still.
Ped. Honest! you are mistaken; I have been
Honest to none but you, sir.
Pir. Be to thyself.
Ped. I know not what you mean by "witty cozenage;"
But to my danger, I may say, I did
The feat as you desir'd; you know I did:
And 'tis my wonder, what we both projected,
To make your own conditions for your pardon
And safe return, after proscription,
Hath not been worth your use so many years.
Where is the prince?
Pir. The prince? You are witty, kinsman.
Ped. Nay, if you slight me, sir, and pay my service
With this neglect, I can undo myself,
To make you find repentance. [*Offers to go.*
Pir. Come nearer. [*They whisper apart.*
Men. Therefore, upon my blessing, if thou hast
Such an ambitious thought, I charge thee leave it.

Cla. Sir, you may spare these precepts. I have not
Given away my freedom, or, by promise
Of more than may become my duty, offer'd
The prince an expectation: I am
Not ignorant he is design'd a bridegroom
To the fair Isabella, and it were
Saucy injustice, to distract a blessing
Now hovering o'er two kingdoms.

Men. Thou art wise;
Preserve this duty.—Ha! is not that Pedro?
I do not like their whisper.

Cla. You look pale, sir.

Pir. Can this be truth? Was it prince Carlo, then,
Without imposture, was deliver'd me?
Didst thou not cozen me?

Ped. If I be mortal, sir,
It was my lady's art, for her own safety,
To put this trick upon the court, which she
Kept from my lord, until, upon her death-bed,
She made him overseer of the secret.

Men. Did he not name a secret? [*Aside.*

Cla. You are troubled.

Men. I? Thou art deceived.

Pir. Ha! 'tis thy lord Mendoza.

Ped. He may take
Some jealousy, if he observe our whisper.

Pir. Add, Pedro, but to this, thy future secrecy,
Till I mature some act my thoughts now fix upon,
And choose thy place within my heart. Meet me—
[*Whispers him.*

Ped. Enough, you seal the mystery again.

Men. Pedro, come hither. What did you whisper?

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Duke Roderigo, my lord, desires
Your conference in the garden.



Pir. I'll attend him. [*Exit, with Gent.*
Ped. He is my kinsman, sir, and did salute me.
Men. I would thou wert his cousin ten removes,
Pedro, as far as the two poles are distant.
Cla. My father need not fear prince Carlo now.
I find another guest here; 'tis don Manuel
Holds chief intelligence with my thoughts. [*Exit.*
Men. Well, Pedro,
Take heed, my life is in thy lips.
Ped. I know my duty, sir; if you suspect,
Command me to be dumb. Sir, you must trust me.
Men. I know not how to help it; wait upon
My daughter.— [*Exit Ped.*
I would my lady had liv'd, or died without
Bequeathing me this legacy on her death bed,
A secret to consume me. This servant, whom
I dare not much displease, is all the witness
Survives, sworn with the rest to secrecy;
And though I have small argument to suspect him,
After so long a silence, yet I am
Not safe to be at his devotion:
I could soon purge him with a fig;[2] but that's
Not honest. Was it ever known, a man
So innocent should have so many agues
In's conscience? I am weary of the court;
I must have some device.

Re-enter PIRACQUO, *with* RODERIGO.

Duke Roderigo!
And don Piracquo! they are whispering too;
This jealousy will take my brains a-pieces. [*Exit.*
Rod. I have said, and now expect, my lord, your answer.
Pir. I must acknowledge from your grace a favour,

[2] —— *purge him with a* fig,] i. e. poison him. See vol. i. p. 141.

That you have been so clear and free with me;
I might have thought myself secure i' the dark
And, ignorant of this expectation,
Incurr'd your grace's jealousy.
Rod. I had always
A firm opinion of your lordship's gratitude.
Pir. But for the sum, the fifty thousand ducats;
I must acknowledge, if your grace had mediated
My pardon then with the good king, your brother,
It had oblig'd my payment; but my cause,
Not worth your grace's agitation,
Or breath, was, like a vessel struck upon
Some shelf, without all hope t' have sail'd again,
Had not the prince's mercy, when he came
To Portugal, reliev'd it with a gale,
And set my bark afloat.
Rod. The prince!
Why, doth your lordship think I had no part
I' the work of your repair? The power, and office
I hold at court is not asleep, my lord,
When any act of grace is done by the king.
Pir. I dare not do so much injustice to
The prince's bounty, to divide and owe
But half the benefit to his grace. I not
Extenuate your prevalence at court; but
His highness did compassionate my exile,
And I return'd by his commands, my lord:
I am his creature for it; and shall sooner
Lose what he hath preserv'd, my life and peace here,
Than doubt his honour, or dispute his power
In my behalf.
Rod. Sir, you are not safe yet;
There has pass'd no seal, I take it, for your pardon.
You hang i' the air, not fix'd to the roof of heaven,
As when you shin'd a star; take heed you prove
No comet, a prodigious thing snatch'd up
To blaze, and be let fall again upon



Their eyes, that so mistook the region
Where you were placed.
Pir. I know, my lord, your greatness,
And hold it not becoming, to contest
In language with you; but I am confident—
Rod. Of what?
Pir. And will wager, if your grace please,
The t' other fifty thousand ducats, sir,
That I'll not pay you a marvedi. If I may,
On other honourable terms, possess
Your favour, I shall meet your just commands;
But if you set such price upon your smile,
After the prince's honour to secure me,
I know myself, my fortune, and upon
What strength I must depend.
Rod. I shall, my lord,
Send you to sea again.
Pir. I made a shift, and may again, my lord,
Amongst the merchants.
Rod. Pirate!
Pir. 'Tis confess'd,
I was so; but your grace may be inform'd
I was not born to the trade; I had a soul
Above my fortune; and a toy I took,
To lose what was beneath my birth and titles,
Or purchase an estate fit to sustain them:
The sea was my exchequer; for I thriv'd,
I thank my watery destinies, and commanded
Many a tall ship, won with so much horror,
As possibly would have made your lordship, (had you
But in a cloud, or airy scaffold, stood
Spectator of our fight,) sweat out your soul,
Like a thin vapour with the fright, and after
Drop your forsaken body on our deck,
To encrease the number of the dead.
Rod. But we
May deal with you at land again.

Pir. With reverence to
Your blood, as 'tis the king's,—with all my age,
My wounds upon me, and that innocence,
The prince's word hath new created in me,
I do not fear—
Rod. Whom?
Pir. The devil.
Rod. I shall conjure down th[at] spirit.
Pir. Hell hath not art to keep it down.
Rod. So brave?
Pir. So just.
Rod. Thou talking fool! dost think I have no stings?
Pir. I know you are a statesman, sir; but he
That fears with his own innocence about him,
Deserves not a protection. [*Going.*
Rod. Piracquo,
Stay; I now see thou hast a gallant spirit;
Let me embrace thee, and with this confirm
An honourable friendship. I have not
A thought so base to injure thee.
Pir. I have
An easy faith, my lord.
Rod. Farewell,
Noble Piracquo; I have tried, and found thee.
Pir. I will not trust you for all this; I know
The devil's excellent at the hug.—[*aside.*]—Your servant. [*Exit.*

Re-enter on one side MANUEL *and* CLARA; *on the other* MARIA.

Man. The princess!
Mar. I do not like his courtship there.—
Don Manuel. [*Man. leaves Cla. and goes to Mar.*
Rod. So gracious with my niece! I'll make him curse
Those smiles. [*Exit.*



Cla. All is not well within me, and the princess
Was never so unwelcome; they confer
With much delight, or else my fears abuse me.
What hath she in the greatness of her birth,
That I should be so passive? Heaven look on
Our hearts, and if my love want a degree
Of noble heat, when they are both compar'd,
Let what I carry be the funeral pile,
And my own flame consume it.—Ha, the prince!

Re-enter CARLO.

I shall betray myself too soon, I fear.
Car. My sweetest Clara!
Mar. Either there were no ladies that could love
In that court, or you could not want a mistress.
Man. They are not born with incapacity
Of loving, where they find a worth t' invite:
The fault was in my undesert, that could
Attract no lady's grace to own me there,
So inconsiderable a servant, madam.
Mar. There is some hope you will not be thought here
Unworthy of a nobler character:
I do not think but Clara hath a better
Opinion of your merit.
Car. You cannot be so cruel. What could in
My absence interpose, to make your heart
Unkind to those desires at my return?
Cla. My justice, and the care of both our honours.
I have not lost, nor can time make me forfeit,
(What nature, and the laws of heaven and earth
Command me to preserve,) my duty, sir;
What is above, would taste ambitious.
Car. This was not wont.
Cla. If any of your smiles
Or favours, sir, before, have led my tongue

To unbecoming boldness, you have mercy:
Some things of error are exalted by
Our bold belief, when princes make themselves
But merry with their servants, who are apt
To antedate their honour, and expound,
In their own flattery, the text of princes.

Car. But is all this in earnest?

Re-enter RODERIGO *and* ANTONIO.

Rod. Is not that
Don Manuel with the princess? Observe, sir.

Ant. They are pleasant.

Rod. Dare he presume?

Ant. Vexation!

Cla. While I have
The memory of what you are, a prince,
And dare believe what is as true as talk'd of,
Your contract, made in Portugal, to the princess
Isabella—

Car. No contract, madam; I confess,
To please my father, who engag'd me to
The travel, I did seem to court the princess,
And with some shadows of a promise, might
Advance her expectation; but here
I left my heart, and dare appeal to thine.

Ant. Madam—

Mar. Your grace's pardon but a minute.

Ant. Sir— [*To Manuel.*

Mar. Nay, then, I shall repent I ask'd your pardon.

Ant. I have done, and will attend your grace's pleasure.

Mar. I am now at your commands.
[*Exit with Ant.*

Rod. Clara his mistress?

Car. Possible! Was not that prince Antonio, uncle?



Rod. Yes, sir, and gone displeased;
He hath been affronted by that gentleman.
Car. He dares not be so rude.
Rod. He dares be insolent, and court your sister.
Car. How! my sister? Be less ambitious, Manuel.
Rod. Your favours have exalted him too much.
Car. But I can change my brow.
Rod. It does become you.
[*Exeunt Rod. and Car.*
Man. The prince did frown upon me, madam; you
Are wise, as well as fair, can you resolve
The prince's riddle?
Cla. Sir, I have no art
To decipher mysteries; but, if I err not,
He nam'd his sister.
Man. Ha!
Cla. With caution you should be less ambitious.
Man. 'Tis so; he's jealous of my courtship there:
It can be nothing else, can it, sweet madam
I dare make you the judge of all my thoughts,
Unbosom every counsel, and divest
My soul of this thin garment that it wears,
To let your eye examine it: if you find
Within that great diaphanal an atom
Look black, as guilty of the prince's anger,
Let him doom me to death; or, if that be
Not punishment enough, be you more cruel,
And frown upon me too.
Cla. If I were judge,
Without such narrow and severe dissection,
Don Manuel, of your heart, I should declare
Boldly your innocence; and rather than
A frown of mine should rob your thought of quiet,

I would deprive mine eyes of what they honour,
By a more cruel absence.
Man. But to be
Assured of so much charity, I could wish
Myself in some degrees a guilty person,
And stand the prince's anger; but if I
Be clear'd in your opinion, I dread not
The malice of accusers. Yet, if you had
Wav'd my integrity, I had an argument
To have convinced you, madam, that Maria,
Though sacred in her person, was to me
No more enflaming than a piece of alabaster,
Which some great master's hand had shap'd a virgin:
For, if you dare believe me, you have won,
By your virtue, here, so much dominion,
There is no room to entertain a guest,
Much less a competition. Oh, madam,
I took so strange a charm in at my eyes,
When first your presence made them happy, that
To say I only lov'd you were profane,
And would detract from that religious honour
My heart in that first minute promis'd you.
Cla. I know not in what language, sir, to dress
My answer; but in that small skill I have,
Sir, of myself, I am not guilty of
Unkind rewards, where I can understand
A fair respect invite them. Yet, if you
But flatter,—for it is hard to say, when men
Dissemble not at court—
Man. The curse of virgins, and
What else can make a lover miserable,
Feed on my heart, that minute I betray
Your faith by any treason of my tongue!
I must not live with your suspicion on me:
Why do you obscure your face?
Cla. I do but hide,
Sir, an unruly blush, that's stol'n into

My cheek; I fear a spy, that hath discovered,
And would tell what complexion my heart has.
Pray leave me.
Man. That command
Receiv'd but faint commission from your heart,
From whence those am'rous spies, your blushes, came:
It had a sound like virgins, when they teach
A way to be denied. Pardon, sweet madam,
If I presume to interpret my own happiness;
Your eyes are not so kind to obscure themselves
Behind that cloud; they may behold me kiss
[*He kisses her hand.*
Your hands with this devotion, and not
Repent to be a witness. Did you not
Feel a chaste trembling on my lip? With such
A fear do pilgrims salute holy shrines,
And touch the flesh of martyrs: but this circumstance
Is but the pomp, no essence of affection;
Say, can you love me, madam? If your tongue,
Not us'd to such a dialect, refuse
Articulate consent, a smile will make
No noise; speak that way: I will keep this hand,
Both a white pledge and prisoner, till your eye
Or welcome accent do redeem it from me;
Or, if you still be silent, I'll secure
My fate, and teach your hand, without a voice,
To chant a song to Hymen. [*Sings.*

What help of tongue need they require,
Or use of other art,
Whose hands thus speak their chaste desire,
And grasp each other's heart?
Weak is that chain that's made of air,
Our tongues but chafe our breath,
When palms thus meet, there's no despair
To make a double wreath.

Give but a sigh, a speaking look,
I care not for more noise,
Or let me kiss your hand, the book,
And I have made my choice.

Weeping? I'll kiss those drops away.
Cla. Away!
Man. That echo was not sweet, yet being thine—
Cla. I am too much thine.
Man. There's no place for fears;
Love is the purest when 'tis wash'd in tears.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King *and* Roderigo.

King. Dares he be so insolent already? We
Shall humble him.
Rod. He durst affront me, sir;
And when I urg'd the folly of his pride,
Tell me, he knew himself, and on what strength
He must depend; words of a dangerous consequence.
King. My son hath been too forward.
Rod. He affects him strangely.
King. Whose undertaking must not bind beyond
The rule of our own greatness.
Rod. Your son is full
Of honourable thoughts; but being young,
May meet with subtle natures, whose oblique
And partial ends want no dissembled forms

Of duty to betray him. This Piracquo,
In his experience of the world, hath art,
And can from every accident extract
A cunning use of time and dispositions;
And 'tis not to be doubted, but the man,
Practis'd in storms and rapine, (by which he
Hath drawn a wealth above your treasury,)
May find a minute apt for his revenge
Upon your justice. He that is a pirate,
In the first act of spoil he makes, doth open
His conscience at sea, and throws the key
Into the waves.

King. He hath acquir'd a mighty wealth.

Rod. But who
Can number their undoings and wet eyes,
That have been robb'd? How many lives and fortunes
Of your own subjects have increas'd the pile
Of his estate and cruelty? think o' that;
And if you can bring nearer thoughts, and look
Upon yourself, your present sums are lean,
Compar'd to what did swell your treasury.
Your customs are less numerous, for his thefts;
And your great debts and charge upon your crown
Are call'd upon, but drowsy with their weight,
They make no answer to the kingdom's clamour.
Some king, to whom the waves had sent a wreck
So great upon his shore, would both secure,
And call the timely benefit a providence.

King. 'Tis not too late.

Rod. Wise princes, that have law and strength about them,
Must take all forfeits: he that is too tame
In sovereignty, makes treason his own judge,
And gives a patent to be disobey'd.

King. Let him be sent for straight.

Rod. To hear him plead!
What traitor did want reasons of defence?

Command him safe first; see his wealth seal'd up
Against the confiscation. Kings must act,
And not dispute their maxims. I could much
Amaze you, sir, with other argument
To prove Piracquo's insolence; his son,
(And 'tis to be believ'd, in things of consequence
Their counsels often meet,) don Manuel,
Hath been ambitious to court Maria,
Your daughter, sir.

King. Unsufferable impudence!

Rod. Antonio too suspects him; and what honour
You can maintain with the prince, and what danger
It may produce, if this resented, and
Proclaim'd, beget a war upon your country—
For treaties are the immunities of kings.
Subjects adulterate the prince's coin
Not without high injustice; but he that
Doth play the wanton with his royal promise,
Defaceth his own stamp, and teacheth, by
His violation, others not to trust him.

Enter ANTONIO *and* MANUEL, *fighting, followed by several Lords.*

King. Treason!

Man. Be fearless, sir; I am provok'd
Beyond the sufferings of a gentleman.

Rod. Where is the guard? no mischief the result
Of such a skirmish!

Man. I was not made for servitude; nor must I
Have patience, when the greatest man in Spain,
Whose title cannot challenge my subjection,
Throws infamy upon me.

Ant. Do the kings
Of Spain allow this saucy privilege
Against a prince?

King. Not we.—To prison with him!

Enter Guard.

You shall be judge yourself, and set the punishment
Upon his insolent act. Away with him!
Man. Not hear me? this is tyranny.
Rod. Away! do you make a cipher of the king?
[*Manuel is guarded off.*
King. May we
Entreat to know the circumstance?
Ant. I must
Acknowledge, sir, I had suspicion
Of some attempts by him against my honour,
Which made me first provoke him.
King. Dare he hope
To keep a thought unpunish'd?

Enter PIRACQUO.

Pir. Sir, I met
My son, by your command led prisoner hence;
It will not unbecome your royal justice,
To let me know his crime: I am no father
To any sin he dares commit against
Your laws or person.
King. You came in good time.—
Another guard for him! [*Exit Rod.*
Pir. A guard! for what?
King. You shall know that hereafter.
Ant. I shall beseech, my cause against don Manuel
May not involve his innocence; my lord
Piracquo is full of honour.
1 *Lord.* The duke's gone.
2 *Lord.* Nay, he is right, at the wrong end of a cause still.



Ant. If they be crimes against your state, I am not
To prescribe your justice, sir.
King. Away with him! [*Exit Guard with Pir.*

Enter an Attendant, with a letter to ANTONIO.

Ant. To me? I have seen this character.
[*Exit Att.*
Car. [*within.*]—Return him at my peril, sir.
2 *Lord.* What do you think of my lord Piracquo?

Enter CARLO *with* PIRACQUO, *guarded.*

1 *Lord.* I think he's gone to prison; yet I think
He's here again, if that be he; for we are
Not sure of any thing at court.—Now, my lord—
Pir. Do any of you know, my lords, wherefore
I am under guard?
1 *Lord.* Not we.
Pir. I could not satisfy the prince's question.
2 *Lord.* Your son's offence was an affront to the prince
Antonio.
Pir. That was not well; 'twas some
High provocation made him lose his temper.
1 *Lord.* They were at it with their swords.
Pir. No hurt, I hope?
2 *Lord.* The prince's feather discompos'd, or so.
Pir. This was not my fault, gentlemen.
Car. Proclaim to the world I'm not your son; take off
Mine and your people's expectation,
And then 'tis no dishonour; for to be
Believed the prince at the same time, and one
That dares betray a gentleman from's sanctuary,
To be a sacrifice at home, are things

Of inconsistent nature, and destructive.
Charge him with new committed crimes, (since I
Gave him my word and honour to secure him,)
And there he stands, without an altar to
Protect him; but far be it from the king,
To make it a new treason to be rich:
It will be thought your avarice to his wealth,
And read in story, to your shame for ever,
Piracquo died to pay your debts.

1 *Lord.* The prince
Solicits hard; the king inclines.

Car. I know
This doth not, sir, proceed from your own soul,
But some malignant nature, that hath dropp'd,
And would infect your ear with wicked counsel;
'Twas some malicious enemy to me,
And to your fame, (as well as don Piracquo,
His life and fortune,) hath conspir'd to make
Me less than prince, and you unfit to be
A king, when once men catch at your inconstancy.
For I must pray you to remember, sir,
I had your royal promise to confirm
My undertaking for his facts at sea;
And, give me leave to say, sir, this dishonourable
Retreat will stagger all your people's faith:
A king to break his sacred word, will teach
The great men to be safe without your service;
Who will believe your smiles are snares to catch
Their fortunes; and when once the crowd takes scent
Of this, you leave yourself no oath to swear by.

2 *Lord.* The prince bestirs himself bravely in your cause.

Pir. I may do something to reward it one day.
Sir, shall I speak? not in my own defence;
For since I came to Spain, I have not been
Guilty in thought of any breach of duty;
Nor for my son, if youth, or ignorance

Have made him err: my humble knees beseech
My cause may take no royal beam from him,
That now is pleas'd to be my advocate,
Your son, in whom there's such an active heat
Of honour. Better all my blood was scatter'd,
Than you should frown upon him; but I know,
If I had paid the duke, your brother, sir,
But fifteen thousand ducats—

King. Ha! what then?

Pir. I had bought my peace, and been commended by
His grace to your full pardon.

1 *Lord.* Boldly urg'd.

Car. Was it his act?

King. We restore thee,
Piracquo, to thyself, and us; and let
Our largest pardon for all past offences
Be ready for our signature: my brother,
I'll promise reconciled too.—Carlo, thou
Hast but confirm'd our hope; nor did we purpose
This other than a trial of thy temper,
Thy gratitude, and jealousy of thy honour:
Preserve them still thus, Carlo; nothing wants
To fix our kingdom's joy, but the completing
Thy marriage with the princess Isabella,
Which shall be done by proxy, when Antonio
Hath made his courtship perfect with thy sister.—
Who saw the duke Mendoza? Send for him;
He doth too much absent himself.

[*Exeunt all but Carlo.*

Car. *By proxy!*
The duke Mendoza's counsel is too busy
To advance that, and Clara is grown cold,
Or seems so, in her cunning to provoke
My flame; but I must teach her how to meet it.
My father may be wrought to a consent
When things are done.—Forgive me, Isabella,
My first thoughts cannot on thy beauty wait;
I am not master of my love or fate. [*Exit.*



SCENE II.

A Room in Mendoza's *House.*

Enter PEDRO.

Ped. Things are not now so desperate, whilst my lord
Piracquo keeps possession; but if I were
Worthy to advise his lordship, he should not lose
Much time to settle things. Secrets do burn.—

Enter MENDOZA.

His grace!
Now for a fit of jealousy. I'll be here.
[*Walks aside, and listens.*
Men. He's troublesome in my eye, and yet I cannot
Endure him from my sight.
Ped. That's I.
Men. Methinks
He hath every day a more discovering look,
There's scaffolds in his face: I shall prevent him,
And send him far enough; with the next fleet
He goes; the sea may roar, and crack the cabins,
Or he may meet the calenture. I have heard
Of hurricanoes that have torn up mountains;
One boisterous enough would strike his ship
Clean through o' tother side to the Antipodes,
And that would cure me: all my art must be,
To win him to the voyage, and not stir
His jealousy; the knave is apprehensive.
Ped. Are you good at that?
Men. I do not like his business with Piracquo,
'Tis for no good; I'll break their correspondence.
Piracquo has been honourable, yet
I do not much confide in him. [*Pedro comes forward.*]——He's here.
Come hither, Pedro.

Ped. Your grace's pleasure?
Men. What consult
Have you with don Piracquo?
Ped. Please your grace,
He hath been fishing; some or other have
Infus'd a scruple, I'll engage my life.
But though he be my kinsman, and a lord
I honour, and from whom I have receiv'd
The promise of a fortune, and a great one,
Yet I have said little.
Men. Hast said any thing?
Ped. How could I choose, sir! He did squeeze me subtly;
But I was wise, and faithful to your trust;
He knows no more than I, or you—
Men. Ha!
Ped. Would wish him, sir;—let me alone to be cautious.
Men. Thou'rt honest, Pedro; and I have been studying
How to encourage and reward thy service,
And I have thought of a preferment for thee.
Ped. Your grace was ever bountiful.
Men. A place
Of honour and command.
Ped. That will do well, sir;
And shall I come in as your churchmen do,
No first-fruits to be paid twice in a year?
No buying of a jewel at the rate
Of fifteen hundred times the value, sir?
Men. Remove that care.
Ped. That care is well remov'd.
Men. I have consider'd, that to live at home,
My servant, is to dark[en] thy abilities,
That will abroad shine, and do services
Worth Spain's acknowledgment.
Ped. Abroad! Why, must I travel?
Men. By any means.



Ped. Whither, an't please your grace?
Men. But to the Indies.
Ped. No farther!
Columbus did it in seven years, and less.
Men. In the next fleet thou shalt have an employment
Shall speak my care of thee, and interest
With his Catholic majesty. He shall deny
Me hard, but I'll prevail to make thee of
His council there, and the state secretary.
Ped. This is a mighty honour.
Men. We may hold
Correspondence still by letters; thou art wise:
The king shall knight thee too of Calatrava.
How will it joy my heart to wite to thee,
Al senor illustrissimo don Pedro!

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. Sir, the king hath sent for you? [*Exit.*
Men. For me?
Ped. Yes, sir; I could have told your grace
His majesty commanded your attendance.
Men. For what?
Ped. I know not that; but I suspect
There hath been some intelligence. However,
Go, sir; it may do worse, and argue guilt,
To be commanded twice.
Men. *Intelligence!*
It will be worth my safety to confess.
Ped. By no means, [good] sir; that simplicity
Would rather become me.
Men. Why, wilt thou confess?
Ped. Not unless you begin. Go, sir, an't be
But to prepare his majesty for me
To wear the order of the Calatrava:

You have put me, sir, into the gad[1] of going
This Indian voyage.
Men. Well, I must to the king.
Ped. Shall I attend you?
Men. Yes—no—do what thou wilt: yet, now I think on't,
'Twill be as well to go—yet do not, neither.
Ped. Be cheerful, sir. Why doth your head shake so?
Men. My head!
Ped. It trembles, like the needle of a sun-dial;
Do you not feel it?
Men. Hah! yes, 'tis here; but do not breathe upon me;
I feel the very wind of thy words blow it
To and again, like a weathercock: but I must go.
Ped. I will prepare myself[, sir,] for this voyage.
Forget not the Calatrava.
Men. I would thou wert shipp'd. [*Exit.*
Ped. And sunk.—
It shall go hard but I'll requite your lordship.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter CLARA *and* Servant.

Cla. A prisoner, say'st?
Serv. 'Tis a confirm'd report.
Cla. I fear prince Carlo's jealousy is cause
Of this. Poor Manuel! it will not be
Safe, or seem honourable, for me to visit him:

[1] *You have put me, sir, into the* gad *of going*] The old copy reads *gang*, which was, probably, corrupted from the following word. I can think of nothing better than *gad*, an eager fit, of going.



But since I cannot suffer with him, he [*Exit Serv.*
Shall hear I dare confine myself to sorrow.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, the princess
Maria is coming up the stairs.
Cla. I must dissemble now my grief, and meet her; yet
I may entreat her grace's mediation
To the king for his enlarge.

Enter MARIA.

Mar. Let us be private.— [*Exit Serv.*
If e'er thou lov'dst me, Clara, now express it.
Cla. I have an humble suit to your highness, which,
In hope to prosper, will direct my faith
And services, to what you can prescribe me:
Speak your commands.
Mar. Don Manuel stands committed by the king,
And I would have thy counsel, how I should
Best work his liberty.
Cla. That, madam, is
All my petition to your grace.
Mar. I know my least desire let fall to the prince
Antonio, were enough to engage, and make him
The orator to effect it; but in honour
I would not contrive him the means, and instrument
To advance his rival's liberty.
Cla. Rival, madam!
Mar. For I must tell thee, Clara, and with it
Give up the secret of my soul, I love
Don Manuel, I fear, better than myself.
Cla. You do not mock me, I hope, madam?
Mar. No;

By all that ladies once in love do pray for,
By him thou lov'st, whoe'er he be, and this
Kiss (that I rather wish on Manuel's lip,
Would modesty and honour give it privilege,
And durst entrust thy faith to carry it to him,
In my experience of thy virtue, Clara,)
I speak no fable.

Cla. It becomes my truth
To answer your's, though not so cheerfully.
I should not much repent, to carry, madam,
Your kiss to Manuel; but, I fear, I should
Forget who sent it. If you have a plot,
To raise mirth from my weakness, when you know
How much my heart is his, I yield myself
Your triumph, madam; but the glories of
Your blood and title are not price enough
To buy him from my thoughts, could you invest
My name with their possession.

Mar. Doth she love him?
I have destroy'd my own hope, then. [*aside.*]—
Alas!
Poor Clara, I must pity thee; and for that
Love that hath been between us, I'll apply
To cure thy wound; for mine is not so desperate,
Though I bleed inwards, I confess, since he,
Whom I esteem best, suffers for Maria.

Cla. Suffer for you? Pray, madam, clear this mystery.

Mar. It is poor Manuel's fortune to affect
Me with a passion great as mine; and love,
That, like a rebel forageth our soul,
And can obey no law but what it likes,
Impatient that Antonio lov'd me too,
Made him forget the prince, and give the affront
For which he suffers in the king's displeasure.

Cla. No repetition of this story, madam,
Lest you destroy all my belief in virtue.
It cannot be; you may as soon persuade

That snow, (the innocent fleece of heaven,) that's borne
Upon the fleet wings of some sportive wind,
Is Ethiop's wool, as call this truth.
Mar. This will be rudeness, Clara, if you do not
Convince, and with more reason, and with temper.
And 'tis no little wonder, that when I
Have fairly thus disclos'd my thoughts of Manuel,
You should retain a murmuring thought, and dare
Pretend rivality with me.
Cla. The law
You gave to love, that stoops to no prerogative
Of birth, or name, (mine only a degree
Beneath your own,) will answer your disdain,
And justify my passion; and if reason
And temper (which in vain you think are lost
In me) be assign'd judges, I dare more
Than say I love, I can deserve him—
Mar. Better?
Fate bring it to a trial!
Cla. So just are my affections, I dare make
A saint my judge.
Mar. That judge you make, is not
A friend to so much pride.
Cla. You are but my
Accuser, madam.
Mar. This affront I must
Remember, Clara, and find time to teach
You know me better.
Cla. Madam, as you are
The princess, I can fall thus low, to kiss
Your hand, and pay all duties that become me,
Or your command; but if you think, by being
Great, I must own no passion, but in what
Degree you are pleas'd to fix it, nor compare
My soul, born with its freedom to affection,
With your's, because one shaft hath wounded both,
I rise my own defender.

Mar. Thy own ruin,
For this presumption.
Cla. I'll not bribe your mercy;
When you can love as I do, we may both
Deserve him equally.—Oh, Manuel! [*Exit Mar.*
Though I defend thy honour to the princess,
Yet [she] hath scatter'd seeds of jealousy
About my heart:—if this ground fertile prove,
I will not curse his faith, but my own love. [*Exit*

SCENE IV.

A Prison.

MANUEL *discovered.*

Man. Why should we murmur to be circumscrib'd,
As if it were a new thing to wear fetters,
When the whole world was meant but to confine us;
Wherein who walks from one clime to another,
Hath but a greater freedom of the prison?
Our soul was the first captive, born to inherit
But her own chains, nor can it be discharg'd
Till nature tire with its own weight, and then
We are but more undone to be at liberty.

Enter CARLO.

The prince! he brings a storm; I see it rising,
As seamen do, the wind far off.
Car. Don Manuel.
Man. You have nam'd a suffering man; but one that holds
His life and death at such an even rate,
No matter which is first employ'd with honour.
I dare submit me to your justice, sir.

Car. Your cause would droop to trust to that.
My love,
Willing to justify the choice it made
In thee, hath pleaded better, and prevail'd
With me to bring thee counsel to redeem
Thyself becomingly.
Man. Your goodness flows still;
'Twas not the prince that frown'd.
Car. Submit yourself
To prince Antonio.
Man. Submit myself!
Car. Ask him forgiveness.
Man. I must be guilty first of an offence,
Ere my tongue be so base, and ask a pardon.
Car. Then I must chide you, Manuel. Deny
This trivial satisfaction! your crime
Will, upon second thoughts, be much enlarg'd,
Nor will the prince be ever thought to merit
His birth and name, unless he kill thee for it;
'Tis an affront of so supreme a nature.
Man. Hath it no name, sir?
Car. Dost not shake to ask it?
Are you, sir, a fit rival for the prince?
Abstract that she's my sister; which consider'd,
Carries so vast a guilt against the king's,
Mine, and Maria's honour, all thy blood
Mix'd with repentance cannot purge. You are
Instructed, sir.
Man. Not yet, to know myself
Conscious of any action should contract
The prince's brow, or your's, much less deserve
The horrid name of guilt against the king's,
Your's, and Maria's honour.
Car. Did not you, sir, court
My sister?
Man Never, sir.
Car. Do not you love her?
Man. Heaven in that word includes all that we owe

His precept. 'Tis my justice, sir, to love her;
But with a greater distance than she is
From me remov'd by birth; and if her smile,
Meant the reward of my attendance, sir,
At any time have met with false observers,
Their tongues, and no audacious thought of mine,
Or application, are in fault: I have,
Beside the lesson of my birth, been taught
A piety from your favours, sir, to know
Myself their creature, and with humble thoughts
To shew my gratitude, not proudly assume
(Could she descend) a courtship to Maria,
Who, by the king, and every good man's vote,
Is meant a sacred pledge to Portugal,
To chain two kingdoms.

Car. If this, Manuel,
Be truth—

Man. Without condition of my liberty,
Or dread of what Antonio shall attempt
In his revenge, my soul dare with an oath
Confirm it at the altar.

Car. This doth please me.
Possess thy first place in my friendship, Manuel;
Antonio shall embrace thee too; his ear
And mine have been abus'd.

Man. There was
A providence upon our swords, that meant
Less fatal than his passion shew'd, when we
Last met, against whose weapon, threat'ning me first,
The safety of my fame, more than my life,
Call'd up my just defence.

Car. I do believe thee.
To what a loss of virtue, and of blood,
Credulity engageth! This shall be
No more thy dwelling; prince Antonio
Shall, for thy honour, make it his own act,
Who yet believes thy interest in Maria,



Hath made his courtship vain, and will, I fear,
Not presently admit thy innocence
Into his quiet faith; but I'll convince him.
Man. If he but knew my heart, he should not need
Much argument; no man can love with honour,
And let his thoughts divide upon two mistresses.
I have contracted love—
Car. With whom? May Time,
When this world fails, and Nature grows decrepit,
Present it to eternity!
Man. This prayer
Opens my heart, and all the wealth within it,
Commands me draw the curtain from her name,
That you may read my Clara; and I shall
Beseech your grace's smile.
Car. Your Clara? what!
The duke Mendoza's daughter?
Man. You have nam'd her.
Car. No; I am in the dark still. Speak again,
Or, rather say, thou hast mistook; it is
Some other Clara, and not the lady I understand.
Man. Life cannot bribe me with another wealth,
Or death, with all his horrors, make me desert
That name.
Car. What a strange sea-breach has
This little storm of breath made here already!
I was taking pains to unconcern the jealousy
Of Antonio, and find him my own rival.—[*Aside.*
Thou hadst been kinder to have lov'd Maria,
My sister, though Antonio had sworn
Thy death, and the king's anger, with my own,
Had met thee like a torrent, than presum'd
This interest in Clara.
Man. I see no
Such mighty danger in't.
Car. I'll tell thee, Manuel,
Thou hast invaded all my joys; I love her.

Man. Honour forbid it, sir!
Car. Honour's a dream;
And a cold everlasting sleep must chain
My soul up; for if once it wake, and know
What thou hast torn from 't, it will vex itself
Into a flame, and turn thee into ashes.
Man. Never till now unhappy! with my weight
I see myself now bearing down before me,
A rotten part of some prodigious mountain,
Into the sea, with which I shall soon mingle.
Car. Collect thyself betimes, and give her back,
Unsullied, with thy claim; release thy own,
And with her, every thought as much a virgin
As her soul was, when first I courted her,
Or thou art lost.
Man. With greater justice, sir,
Command to uncreate myself, as call
My faith or heart again.
Car. How!
Man. Sir, my life,
The cement that doth hold this frame together,
You have power to melt; or but command my exile,
And I may live far off, and be forgotten
By all, but Clara; but to ask that back,
Which, with the full consent of heaven, I gave her,
(And in exchange receiv'd her equal vow,)
I dare not; or, if I had will, to be
So false to honour, 'tis within my heart
So rivetted, I may with as much innocence
Commit a rape or murder, as attempt it.
Car. You have, no doubt, a valour too, that dare
Love with so fierce a resolution.
Man. When I am master of my sword, I dare
Not draw it against you; but he that lives
Beneath you, may have little time to wish
Himself unmade, that would divorce us.
Car. Leave me, leave me.— [*Exit Man.*



How many loves are shaken with one tempest!
And if one suffer, ruin'd all! I know
The faith he bears me, and the reverence
He gives my blood, will never be provok'd
To fight against my person; but I must not,
By tameness, give myself a public wound:
He shall be master of his sword and freedom,
And then let fate determine.—Clara must
Be mine, or make a bridegroom of his dust. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Gentlemen *of prince Antonio, preparing a banquet.*

1 *Gent.* Prince Carlo's not come yet.
2 *Gent.* My lord Piracquo,
And his son Manuel, are expected too.
1 *Gent.* I wonder at this hasty reconcilement.
We did imagine it as possible
The two poles should have met, as they together,
Friends at a banquet.
2 *Gent.* In my opinion, peace, and wine, and music,
Are more convenient for the natural body,
Than swords or guns.
1 *Gent.* And for the politic too,
If men were but so wise to like, and cherish
Their own estates. If I had all the plate
In the Indies, I'd not give a silver spoon
To have my head cut off.
2 *Gent.* Why is not the great duke, Roderigo, here?

1 *Gent.* Who? the king's evil genius? He was
Invited, but excus'd himself.
2 *Gent.* Why, there's
A statesman, that can side with every faction;
And yet most subtly can untwist himself,
When he hath wrought the business up to danger!
He lives within a labyrinth; some think
He deals with the devil, and he looks like one,
With a more holiday face.
1 *Gent.* But he hath so behav'd himself,
That no man now dare much confide in him.
They are come. [*Music within.*

Enter ANTONIO, CARLO, PIRACQUO, *and* MANUEL.

Ant. Don Manuel, the prince hath made me know
My error, and your worth.
Man. He has too much honour'd me;
And you have reason to command, for this,
The service of my life.
Ant. You are not pleasant, sir. [*to Carlo.*]—My lord Piracquo.
Pir. Your highness' humble servant.
Car. All is not
Reconciled here; I but suppress a flame,
To give it vent more dangerous. [*Aside.*
Ant. A free welcome
To all! Sit, and some wine: this music is not
Sprightly enough. To his majesty of Spain!
[*Drinks.*
Pir. He that doth pledge the king's health with a murmur,
May his next thirst inflame him to drink poison!
[*Drinks.*
Car. The king hath a true servant in Piracquo.
Man. He that is not, had never sense of honour;

And may he perish, all but soul, that dares
Harbour a thought disloyal! To your highness.
[*Drinks.*
Ant. Give me another—
This wine looks cheerful as my heart,—to drink
The princess, fair Maria's, health. [*Drinks.*
Car. My turn
Will come, sir, to be grateful.
Ant. Here, my lord.
Pir. May swift time perfect, by your sacred loves,
The happiness of both kingdoms! [*Drinks.*
Man. May that day,
That seals your glorious Hymen, sir, be ever
Holy within our calendar, and beget
A faith, that all things then begun may prosper!
[*Drinks.*
Ant. I thank thee, Manuel.
Car. Sir, you may
Believe don Manuel's language and his heart
Are twins; they bear one date of time, and sense.
You must now give me leave, sir, to requite you
In part. A health to the king of Portugal!
Let it move this way, Manuel. [*Drinks.*
Man. It shall,
With humble thoughts, be entertain'd—you honour me.
Pir. It is but justice, Manuel; for when Spain
Would not acknowledge, nor allow us being,
Our lives were welcome there, till better stars
Sent him, to whose bounty we owe all that's left us.
Car. No more o' that, my lord; I am very confident,
In any honourable cause, you dare
Express your faith to me; and for your son,
We two have been companions. I dare say
Our hearts are touch'd by one magnetic virtue,
And such a sympathy, I cannot wish,
What's dearest to me, but he flies t' embrace it.

Man. I like not this. [*Aside.*
Car. Manuel, begin a health.
We have had my sister's and the king's already;
Name your own mistress for the next.
Man. I should
Conclude her worthy of remembrance, sir,
If one were first preferr'd. Will your grace please
To let me have the honour?
Ant. Come, to me.
Mar. To the white hand of fairest Isabella!
[*Drinks.*
Ant. Would she were
Present to thank you, Manuel.
Car. 'Tis an affront; as Clara were his own
Already?—ha! civility and honour
Prescribe me patience. Dares he insult.—[*Aside.*
When this hath had the ceremony, Manuel,
'T shall be my office to remember Clara;
I must have time to quit the favour, sir,
You've done my mistress. In your ear; though I
Was pleased to reconcile you to the prince,
And order your enlargement, Clara must
Be mine, or one of us be nothing. You
May think on't yet.
Man. I have, sir; and to shew
How much I can obey, and that I have not
Intruded like a thief upon your treasure,
And filch'd her heart away, 'tis now within
Her choice again: if you prevail upon
Her kinder thoughts, I can sit down despis'd.
Car. Thou art my best friend now.—Antonio,
Methinks we are not pleasant.—If she should
Be a little obstinate, it would become,
And speak the bravery of thy soul and service,
To use some language for me; wilt thou, Manuel?
Thou dost not know the sufferings of my soul
For Clara.

Man. But I pity them.
Car. 'Tis new balsam
Into my wounds.—Where is the health, Piracquo?
I feel new spirits dancing in my blood.
The health begun to Clara languisheth;
Why should I want it, gentlemen?
Ant. It was nam'd,
By Manuel, to my sister Isabella:
Prince Carlo, you forget.
Car. To Isabella!
Your grace's pardon, I confess my error;
I forgot her indeed; but could your wishes
Translate that princess hither, she should be
A witness of my honourable thoughts.
[*Music within.*

Enter ISABELLA *with Ladies.*

What magic's this? Do any know that face?
Pir. 'Tis very like the princess Isabella.
Car. I would she were a ghost!—Antonio,
Have you got enchantments? [*Rising.*
Isab. You may stay, sir.
Car. I love not to converse with spirits.
Man. Sir,
This is no shadow.
Car. It is to me, sir.
Meet me at Clara's, or be lost to honour. [*Exit.*
Isab. It was your counsel, brother, that reserv'd me
For this first entertainment!—My good lord
Piracquo, and don Manuel, you seem not
So much affrighted as the prince.
Pir. A devil
In such a shape could never fright me, madam:
But persons of your quality shift not so
Much air without a noise; the motion
Of princes has much rumour to attend it.

Isab. I chose to come so private; I arriv'd
The city but last evening.
Man. You have much
Honour'd Madrid.
Isab. Why, how now, brother! are
You frighted too?
Ant. Yes; and do sweat at soul,
To see ourselves neglected.
Isab. Some are not
Fortified 'gainst a sudden accident.
In my desert and innocence, I can
Interpret nothing yet in my dishonour;
Since joys have ecstasies sometimes, and with
Their rapture may transport our senses from us,
As soon as any other passion.
Besides, I heard him wish me here, a witness
Of honourable thoughts; he has but now
Remov'd his person, to acquaint the king,
With greater preparation, to receive
A guest so unexpected.
Pir. But I like not
The prince's humour. You
Had whisperings, Manuel, I observ'd.
Man. I shall
Keep nothing, sir, in clouds from you.
Ant. Thou shalt
Direct me, Isabella.—We'll to court,
My lord Piracquo, Manuel.
Isab. How[so]e'er
I put a valiant brow on his neglect,
And seem to make a gloss in his defence,
My soul is sick with fear. [*Aside.*
Ant. Come, Isabella.
Pir. We both attend your grace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. My engines want success: Piracquo is
Restor'd to his full being, and his son
At large, and reconciled by Carlo's act.
My nephew had been better to have wak'd
A sleeping dragon, than have cross'd my aims;
He has rescued them, but drawn upon his bosom
As many wounds as policy, and my
Revenge can make. I was too tame, to strike
At useless shrubs, that hinder not my prospect;
My thoughts should have no study but a kingdom,
It is my heaven; and this young cedar spread
Betwixt my eyes and it. I have already
Betray'd his love to Clara; and the king,
That hath made up an idol to himself
Of honour, is inflam'd to my own wishes.
I know the prince will be impatient,
To hear his mistress toss'd by the king's anger,
And he may leap into some disobedience,
That may be worth my second charge to sink him;
And then Piracquo, Manuel, and the kingdom,
Shall stoop to my devotion: yet I carry
A smiling brow to all, and please the king,
To think I am reconciled.—My nephew!

Enter CARLO.

Car. Where is the king?
Rod. Where I left him, displeas'd, and was now coming
To prince Antonio's lodgings, to acquaint you—
Car. With what?

Rod. Have you contracted love with duke Mendoza's
Daughter, the lady Clara?
Car. What officious
Tongue hath been bold to mention her?
Rod. He has
Had some intelligence, and is almost grown
Wild with the strange resentment: I, not knowing
What to object against his passion, thus
Surpris'd, you may believe, applied what lenitives
My understanding could collect o' the sudden;
With confidence, when you came to give account,
The accusation would fall off, and he
Appear too credulous against your honour.
Car. It were no treason to Castille, my lord,
If I confess'd this mighty fact.
Rod. 'Tis justice,
If you do love her honourably, to avow it.
Car. Isabella is no angel.
Rod. Nor is Clara
Of an extraction to disgrace a prince.
Car. [Al]though he be my father, he did not
Beget my soul. Who's with him?
Rod. I left the duke Mendoza.
Car. Has he made
Complaint of me? 'tis well: let me preserve,
Good uncle, still your loving thoughts; it is
In vain to move my father now.
Rod. There is
A way, if you could but dissemble, sir,
To set your wishes right; and letters may
Be so contriv'd to Portugal.
Car. The princess
Is here already, uncle.
Rod. Isabella?
Car. Now with Antonio, and I am lost.
Rod. Would thou wert never to be found again!
[*Aside.*



Car. I must do something.
Rod. The princess, thus
Affronted, may be worth my own ambition.—
[*Aside.*
Calm thoughts attend you, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter MENDOZA, *behind.*

Men. I'm glad I came so well off from the king,
His anger made me tremble; I was jealous
Of more discovery, when he nam'd the prince:
This treason is a kind of a quotidian,
It leaves a man no interval. I durst
Not mention Pedro at all, for fear
The king had skill in cabala. I'm afraid
There's something in the very name, that may
With a small key be open'd to my danger.
Car. You are well met, my lord. Do you know me?
Men. [*coming forward.*]—Know you, sir? yes, I know you for—
Car. For what?
Men. The prince, I hope.—Now I'm betray'd for certain;
Yet, if he know it, he will not be so furious. [*Aside.*
Car. Are you so much an enemy to yourself,
To tell the king?
Men. I tell the king! Alas,
I dare not tell it to my ghostly father;
I have more regard to you, and my own life:
My family's undone by it.
Car. By what, sir?
Men. Nay,
If you know not, I know not neither, sir.
What do you mean?
Car. Am not I worthy, in your opinion,
Your daughter Clara's love,—
Men. Oh, is that all? [*Aside.*

Car. But you must dote, and tell the king of it?
Men. I? I disclaim it, by my life and honour.
Car. I thought you had lov'd me, sir.
Men. He is a traitor
That dares accuse me.—Now I may speak boldly.—
[*Aside.*
My blood and fortune have a little name
I' the world, to which, make an addition of
My life, my daughter Clara too, were these
In balance against you, they would be light,
And their whole loss repair'd, to see you happy.
If this be false, a whirlwind snatch me, sir,
And let me hang in some prodigious cloud,
'Twixt earth and heaven.
Car. This is a bold expression.
Men. But I must tell you, sir, for your own sake,
I would not have you love my daughter Clara,
Were she in beauty, person, and all ornaments,
Fortune and nature could bestow, more excellent
Than Isabella.
Car. Why, an't please your wisdom?
Men. Sir, in my love to you, and Isabella,
My duty to your father, and the kingdom;
Nay, for my daughter's sake, and all my hope
Of after joys, and for one other reason
Above all these, which I conceal;—yet I
Complain'd not to the king.
Car. Excluding me,
Your grace can be content don Manuel
Should have your daughter.
Men. Rather than your highness:
I know a reason for't.
Car. I must so too.
Men. Your grace
Shall pardon me at this time.
Car. I will not, sir.
Men. If you'll needs have it, I have made a vow
I will not ask my daughter's blessing, sir.

If you two meet, and marry, she may live
To be a queen, and then I'll kneel to her,
Which is not in the oath of my allegiance.
Car. The old man raves.

Enter King *and* Maria.

Men. The king! [*Exit.*
Car. He shall not see me,
Till I know all my fate. [*Exit.*
King. How do you like the prince Antonio?
Mar. Sir,
If you allow me freedom—
King. You enjoy it.
Mar. His person, blood, and expectations, are
High as the wishes of a queen; and I,
With pious gratitude, acknowledge all
My duty, and my prayers a just return
To your great care; but give me, sir, your pardon,
If I prefer some thoughts that prompt me to
A better choice.
King. A better choice! Look back
Upon that character your breath but now
Deliver'd in his honour.
Mar. I confirm it.
But when you hear me humbly beg I may
Perform religious duties, sir, to heaven,
You will think nature hath a place beneath them.
If I could find any consent to marriage,
Antonio would prefer himself the first
To my election; but if you were pleas'd—
King. You would be a nun?
Mar. That hath express'd my wishes.
King. So I should
Affront the prince. How long, Maria, has
This fit of your religion held you? Ha!
No more, lest I suspect this a pretence
To hide your love, placed otherwise unfitly.
If I find where your heart is wand'ring—

Mar. It knows obedience better, and your name,
Than to choose any path leads not to honour.
King. I must direct it then to love Antonio.—
My children are turn'd rebel.
Mar. Sir, I hope
My offer, with your leave, to dedicate
My life to prayer, and virgin thoughts, will merit
A better name.
King. Your brother, Carlo, too,
Will find himself at loss, if he collect not
Himself, and make our royal promise good
To Isabella: while my studies are
To make the kingdom firm by our alliance
With Portugal, he courts the lady Clara.
Mar. I would she were his bride, so I had Manuel! [*Aside.*
King. And you, at the same time, and height of both
The kingdoms' expectations, would take a cloister.
Is this to pay obedience to a father,
Whose cares have kept him 'wake to make you happy?
Mar. Goodness forbid, that Carlo, or Maria,
Should move you to just anger.
King. This is virtue.

Enter a Lord, and whispers the King.

Mar. He is passionate; and love, that makes all ladies
Apt, and ingenious to contrive, cannot
Inspire, or help me with an art, to advance
A little hope.
King. It cannot be!—Maria,
We are surpris'd; the princess Isabella
Is privately arriv'd, and come to court.—
Where is our son? All should prepare to meet her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Mendoza's *House.*

Enter CARLO *and* CLARA.

Car. You may believe I trifle not.
Cla. The princess Isabella come?
Car. Now, if but Clara think I honour her,
And instantly accept what I am willing,
In presence of the priest and heaven, to give her,
The ceremony waits to make all perfect.

Enter MANUEL.

Cla. I dare not, sir.
Car. Say but you love, and that will teach you valour.
I bring not only proof of my own loyalty,
Which, if examin'd, must invite thy faith,
But thy security, a release from Manuel;
His soul is on my side, and comes to render,
In pity of thy wound, a balm into
Thy breath: be gentle, Clara.
Cla. A release!
Of what?
Man. Of all thy promise hath made mine.
Observe me wisely, Clara, and distinguish,
As far as honour will permit, how long,
And with what bleeding thoughts, the prince affects thee:
For I have look'd into his soul, and back
Upon the feeble merits of myself,
And therefore giving thy own vows again,
I disengage their strength, to bind thee, Clara;
And to that sweetness thy first bosom had,
Remit thy quiet thoughts.
Car. Thou'rt just.

Cla. Pray give
Me leave to understand this mystery.
" To give me back all those assurances
Of love my promise made!" I'll not dispute
For what unworthiness I am neglected.
Man. I dare not be so impious.
Cla. Then here
I take my liberty again.
Man. You have it.
Cla. Now I, with safety of my honour, may
Choose where I please?
Man. You may.
Cla. And you desire it?
You have power, I must confess, to give me from you
Into my own possession, but no title
Now to direct my heart. Then, though I meet
My own despair, here I give Clara back,
And with new vows, as strong as my religion
And love can make, contract myself again
To death, or Manuel.
Car. A conspiracy!
Cla. I have resign'd no interest in him,
And by new choice—am not my own again.
Car. So, so! It is as possible in our destinies
We should enjoy her both, as live together,
When Clara is thy bride.
Cla. That sound was tragical.
Oh, call those fatal words again, and think
That if, with safety of my faith, I cannot
Meet your desires already, you will force
My soul to greater distance, by destroying
What most I love. I know you do but fright me.
Man. If I be mark'd for your revenge, I dare not
Think you will stain your honour, to contrive
My death ignobly. [*They whisper.*
Cla. What was that he mention'd?—
Sir, by your name and blood, I charge you hear me,



By these, your rage compels, a virgin's tears.
I can kneel too, take your revenge on me;
'Tis I that have offended. For your sake
He did return the interest I gave him;
But 'twas not in his power to revoke
Himself, made mine, nor dare I quit possession.
Car. I have but tried thy virtue; Manuel
And I are friends.
Cla. That was a heavenly language.
Car. Our swords shall serve to nobler uses, Clara;
I'll not disturb the progress of your marriage:
And since I see you're fix'd so gloriously,
Proceed to your own hymen; I'll attend you,
And witness all your holy rites.
Cla. Blest change!
What prayers and duty can reward this goodness!
Car. I hope you'll not deny, for my past service,
Madam, your smile upon me, which shall be
A triumph after all my wounds receiv'd,
And boast a glory next to be your husband;
For I consider now I am unfit.
Farewell; we may salute.—Remember, Manuel,
The time and place. [*Exit.*
Cla. What was it the prince whisper'd?
Man. Nothing, madam,
To fright your cheek to paleness.
Cla. I do tremble.
Man. Were all this reconcilement a disguise,
And that he meant revenge, should time and place
Fit his intents, and I should meet his anger,
Let this secure thy peace, his honour will
Not let him wound me basely; and when I
Lift up a sword 'gainst him, fate let me die!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Mendoza's *House.*

PEDRO *seated at a table.*

Ped. My lord is coming to my chamber; he
Has been with the king: I see myself already
Knight of the order of the Calatrava,
And my commission sign'd for the state secretary.
I am not the first servant of the court
Has kept his lord in awe; these secrets are
An excellent curb to ride a statesman with,
That is not come to the art of poisoning.
I know he wishes heartily I were hang'd.
I tried him once for the wars, to find his pulse,
And I was listed captain, before some,
The general knew, had been seven years in service,
As ushers to right honourable ladies:
There was his grace's commendations
To a field officer, that should drill me out,
The first to die with honour on some onslaught;[1]
So quitted that preferment.

Enter MENDOZA.

He is come; I'll take no notice.
Men. If he liv'd at the t'other end of the world,
He might betray me in the next packet. Ha!
Ped. Item, I bequeath—
Men. What art thou doing?
Ped. Only making up my will, sir, and myself
Ready for the Indies; it is a long voyage,

[1] —— *on some* onslaught;] i. e. attack, onset.



And therefore I would settle every thing
Before I go. If your grace please to honour me,
I would make you my executor.
[*Rises, and comes forward.*
Men. But when
Will you die, Pedro? ha?
Ped. Sir, *there be storms*
Abroad, and who does know how soon the waves
May roar, and crack the cabins?
Men. Ha!
Ped. *There may be calentures*, my lord, and twenty
Devices to be met at sea, beside
The land diseases; *there be hurricanoes,*
Are boisterous enough to tear up mountains,
And strike a ship clean through o' t' other side,
To the Antipodes.
Men. He deals with the devil,
And knows my thoughts.— [*Aside.*
There is no haste to make your will; I have
Consider'd o' the business, and truth is,
I cannot find my heart willing to part with thee,
So far thou hast been faithful: we will live,
And die together.
Ped. By no means, my lord:
I am resolv'd I will not live in Spain
A month, for as much plate as the next fleet
Brings home:—no, I beseech your grace, excuse me.
Men. Why, Pedro?
Ped. If your grace please, I shall be knighted,
Or have the office you have promis'd, do't,
And do't betime; it will be worse for both else.
Men. You do not threaten to reveal the business?
Ped. 'Las, there be other matters, sir, as dangerous;
And if you love yourself, or honour, finish—
I cannot help it.
Men. I am all a bath!

Pedro, why dost thou fright me so? If thou
Be'st honest, there's no mortal can betray us.
Ped. Worse, worse than that! Let me go travel, sir,
And far enough; it is not possible
That I should stay, and you preserve your wits.
Men. The reason?
Ped. It will make you mad to hear it, sir;
But 'tis my desperate fate; the stars command it.
Would I had never seen—
Men. What?
Ped. A face that I could name.
Men. If it concerns not
The other mystery, let me hear it, Pedro;
I will be arm'd.
Ped. Why, then you'll cut my throat;
You cannot hold your hand. Pray let me go,
And you may save all yet.
Men. Thou dost torment me.
Ped. And yet it is no fault of mine, directly;
We are all flesh and blood.—Oh, sir!
Men. Out with it.
Ped. You'll curse me when you know it.
I would your grace would guess; but 'tis impossible:
'Tis working to get out; I am—
Men. Well said!
Ped. Oh, sir, I am—I am—in love! now 'tis out.
Men. That all?
Ped. All? a pistole to a maravedi you draw
Your rapier presently upon me; and
If I name but the party, will not have
The patience to foin, but tilt it at me.
Sir, do not know't. What will become of me?
It will be safer, sir, to hoist sails yet,
No matter whither, so I never come
Again; for if I see one face too often,



Both you, and I, and she's undone. I have
Beaten myself already, fasted, prayed,
Been drunk, and pray'd again; nothing will kill
Concupiscence.—Oh, sir!

Men. Why, this is raving.

Ped. Ay, you may call it what you please; but here
She lies across that must or do the deed,
Or make poor Pedro miserable.

Men. How he sweats!—
Pedro, do not despair; this fever may
Be cur'd; it may.

Ped. Indeed you can do much;
For, to say truth, your grace is both acquainted,
And has no small command, upon the party.

Men. Nay, then, be confident. Who is't?

Ped. It is—shall I name her?

Men. By my honour, I will beat thee, else.

Ped. Why, so then!
The pretty soul, I will confess to you,
Whom, if I stay, I must—

Men. Enjoy; this such a business?

Ped. Is—is—Clara! your grace's one, and only daughter.

Men. Ha! [*Draws.*

Ped. I told you this afore; but do not do't, sir, now;
I rather look for it in the next sallad,
Or in my morning's draught: there's spice in your closet;
Or we have Spanish figs.

Men. Thou most unheard-of impudence! how can'st hope
I should not cut thy head off? Sirrah! rascal!

Ped. To these things human nature has been prone.
But if you kill me, sir, there is a schedule,
A secret in a bag of writings, left

In a friend's hand—nay, I did look for this:
There is an inventory of goods were stol'n;
The *anno domini*, with *ætatis suæ*,
Set down, the day o' the month, and place remember'd;
If these do not revenge my death—
Men. Why, so! a pox upon thee!—yet come hither,
And let me cut thy tongue out.
Ped. I confess
I am not fit to marry, sir, a lady of
Her princely birth and fortune, all consider'd;
Alas! I know I am a wretch; but—
Men. Thou would'st have her to be thy whore, and me
Thy pander, to speak for thee?
Rogue, devil! I must kill thee; there's no remedy.
Ped. Hold! you mistake me, sir; 'tis no such business.
Men. What would'st thou have, then?
Ped. I would go beyond sea, I, to the Indies, sir;
Or turn a haddock by the way: send me
To the New Islands, or Japan.
Men. From whence you may send letters to the king!
No, sirrah, I'll not trust you.
Ped. 'Tis a hard case, my lord; I have dangerous sailing
Betwixt your grace's Scylla and her Charybdis.
Men. I dare not kill him—why do I not kill myself then?
No, I will not; I will talk reason to him.—[*Aside.*
Come hither, sirrah, my tormentor.
Ped. I, sir?
Men. If your hot blood must have a cooler, will
None serve your rogue's turn but my daughter Clara?
Say thou art mad.

Ped. I have too many senses.
Men. Or if your wantonness must be confined
Within my walls—
Ped. The more my sorrow—but I'll try, my lord,
If you will give me leave, for your sake, sir,
Among her gentlewomen, what I can do,
To conjure down my devil. I will take
Some physic too, sir, every thing will help;
Would I were whipp'd, my lord.
Men. Whipp'd, with a vengeance!
Ped. But I am griev'd,
For your vexation, and my scurvy fortune;
But if there be a wench, a witch, a medicine
Above ground, that can give me any charm,
Your grace shall hear no more on't:—so, your pardon.
And now, my lord, let your unworthy servant
Have leave to ask one question. Does not your grace
Suspect me monstrously? nay, do you not think
I do presume too much upon your fears?
And that the knowledge of this secret makes
Me bold and saucy, my good lord?
Men. 'Tis all too true; but 'tis not in my brain
To help't, unless I take some course to kill thee.
Ped. How!
Men. I fear I shall be driven to't; one fit
Like this will work my impatience up: look to't.
Ped. Why, then I'll tell your grace an easy way
To remove all your jealousy, and never
Trouble your brain with study how to kill me;
A most compendious way.
Men. I would I knew it!
Ped. 'Tis but my going to the court, my lord;
And if you be not cur'd within an hour
After I have told the king a story, how

Your wife the duchess lost—[*Men. appears alarmed.*]—I have done—
Fear nothing.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Is not prince Carlo here?
Men. Not here, my lord.
Lord. 'Tis the king's pleasure you attend him presently;
Your daughter's presence is expected too,
Among the ladies, for the entertainment
Of princess Isabella, new arriv'd
The court.
Men. We humbly wait to kiss his hand.
Ped. Shall I attend?
Men. I am resolv'd now not to sleep without thee;
And in the day I'll look upon thee, Pedro,
As thou wert my great seal, and I thy keeper.
Ped. Yet I may give you a slip.
Men. We will to Clara.—
The princess Isabella come so private, ha!—Pedro.
Ped. I am here, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A solitary Spot without the City.

Enter Manuel.

Man. This is the place, by his commands, to meet in;
It has a sad and fatal invitation:
A hermit that forsakes the world for prayer
And solitude, would be timorous to live here.
There's not a spray for birds to perch upon;



For every tree that overlooks the vale,
Carries the mark of lightning, and is blasted.
The day, which smil'd as I came forth, and spread
Fair beams about, has taken a deep melancholy,
That sits more ominous in her face than night:
All darkness is less horrid than half light.
Never was such a scene for death presented;
And there's a ragged mountain peeping over,
With many heads, seeming to crowd themselves
Spectators of some tragedy;—but I will
Prevent them all. Though my obedience
Instructed me to wait here, it shall not
Be brib'd to draw my sword against the prince;
And in his honour I am safe: howe'er
This sense of Clara's loss transport him, 'tis not
Within his nature to be impious;
And if I gain his friendship, I return
With triumph to my Clara.

[*Within.*] Help! help!

Enter CELIO.

Cel. Oh, help! don Manuel, help, for heaven's sake!

Men. Celio, the prince's page! Where is the prince?

Cel. Oh, sir, I fear he's slain.

Man. By whom?

Cel. The devil, or one not very much unlike him;
A Moor, that basely set upon him. Sure
He has dispatch'd the prince; he pursues me;
And if he have, death shall be welcome to me,
For I am not fit to live, and lose my master:
He's here, and his sword bloody!

Enter CARLO, *disguised like a Moor.*

Man. Villain! were all thy blood rivers of balm,

Or such a flood as would restore a life
To the departed world, it should be all
A sacrifice to Carlo. [*They fight; Carlo falls.*
Cel. Hold, hold, don Manuel!
Man. Canst thou be merciful to the prince's murderer?
Cel. Curse on my duty to obey so far!—
My lord, the prince is slain; you are wounded too.
Man. The prince!
Car. Don Manuel, I forgive thee.
Man. Pray heaven this be a dream; for if my hand
Have been so much a traitor, it shall call
No other aid in your revenge. Are you
Prince Carlo?
Car. I was.
Man. That voice shall be my sentence.
[*Offers to stab himself.*
Car. Hold!
I charge thee by thy honour, Manuel.
Man. Why did you wear this black upon you, sir?
Or how could art of man contrive a cloud
Which this soul had no eyes to penetrate?
Car. I knew thou would'st not fight against me knowingly;
And if I fell, I meant it to secure
Thy act from punishment, when, in this darkness,
I took my leave o' the world: only that boy,[1]
Whom I compell'd to feign me wounded, so
To make thee draw thy sword—but with my blood
I feel my spirits vanish. If I have
But breath enough, I send by thee a kiss
To thy own Clara now.

[1] —— *only that boy,* &c.] Either something has dropped out, or Carlo's weakness prevented him from finishing the sentence: it seems as if he intended to avert Manuel's anger from Celio.

Man. Oh, help, good boy!
For 'tis no time to curse thee now: my horse
Is not far off; this scarf may stay his bleeding,
Until we meet with better surgery.
Now, heaven, reprieve my strength but to convey him
To some good place, and I resign myself
To all the justice you will call me to.
[*Man. and Cel. carry off Carlo.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King, MENDOZA, RODERIGO, ANTONIO, *and* PEDRO.

King. You are all but my tormentors. Where's Piracquo?

Enter PIRACQUO.

Rod. His son is absent too.
Pir. Have comfort, sir.
Ant. Our neglect is lost in the general cause.
What do you think, my lord Mendoza?
Men. This no news of the prince is not so comfortable.

Enter a Lord.

King. The news you bring?
Lord. Unless he had left the kingdom—
King. Be dumb—an he had left the world
Your cares might have pursued him;
If he return not, you have murdered him.
Rod. My stars are now
At work in heaven; their influence is powerful.
I will adore the sun, if it dissolve not

This mist in which the prince is lost; I am
Content thou be[2] a constellation, Carlo,
In any sphere but this. [*Aside.*

Enter a Messenger, with a letter to Piracquo.

Pir. To me? 'tis Manuel's character.
Lord. Unless we hear some good news of the prince,
I fear we lose the king too.
Ant. 'Tis strange none should attend him but his page.
Rod. I fear some plot is practis'd 'gainst his life;
But dare not speak.
Lord. That's it distracts the king,
Whose fears are help'd by a sad dream he had
Last night.
Rod. My lord Piracquo's son is missing too.
Pir. Comfort yourself till my return;
I'll find them, or ne'er see your face again.
King. Well said, Piracquo: all my prayers go with thee. [*Exeunt Pir. and Mess.*
Men. Pedro.
Ped. My lord.
Men. I know not what to say; but stand before [me,]
They may not see me weep.
Ped. Sir, I must confess—
Men. Ha! confess?
Ped. You are still suspicious; have a true heart,
And let your conscience look less abroad, sir:
If he be dead, your trouble's over, sir.
We must all die; death has his several ways
And times to take us off; some expire humbly
I' the cradle, some dismiss'd upon a scaffold.—

[2] *Content* thou be] The old copy reads, "Content *then to be*;" of which I can make nothing.

Enter ISABELLA, MARIA, *and* CLARA.

Men. Come hither. [*takes Ped. aside.*]—Do not name a scaffold; I
Was innocent, thou know'st; the plot was all
My lady's, and not one survives the secret
But we two.

Ped. Keep your own counsel, sir,
This fatherly affection may do harm;
He could not die in better time.

King. Madam, can you,
Whose honour seems to suffer by this absence,
Have so much charity to comfort me?

Isab. He is not desperate, while we have hope;
My lord Piracquo's son may wait upon him.

Enter MANUEL.

Ant. Don Manuel!

King. Hast brought news of my son?

Man. I can inform you a sad story, sir.

Isab. Where is the prince?

Man. Not dead, I hope.

King. Hast thou a jealousy will concern that fear?
My soul has been a prophet. What misfortune?

Man. If you have strength to hear a truth so sad,
He has been wounded.

[*Exit Isab. followed by Mar. and Cla.*

King. By what traitor?—Look to the princess.

Man. I had not with such boldness undertook
The tragic story, if I had not brought
The great offender.

King. Oh, welcome, Manuel. Where's the body?

Man. Where it doth want no surgery: but my father
Is gone, with all the wings his fear and duty

Can aid him with, at his return to acquaint you
With Carlo's life or death.
Rod. Would I were his surgeon! [*Aside.*
King. Thou hast not nam'd the villain yet; he may
Escape.
Man. I have took order for his stay,
Until your anger, and the laws conclude him.
King. Thou hast done us service.
Man. And it will sink by slow degrees into
Your faith, that he, who gave him all his wounds,
Was one that lov'd him faithfully.
Ant. Lov'd him?
Man. Above his own life.
Rod. Torments o'ertake the traitor!
Man. 'Tis not well said, with pardon of the king.
When I shall bring you to the weeping heart
Of this poor man, some may allow his penitence
So great, it may invite a mercy to him:
Alas, he was betray'd to the black deed,
Both sword and soul compell'd to't.
King. Here's a prodigy!
Rod. Are you acquainted with the guilty person,
That you dare thus extenuate his fact?
Man. I am, and dare produce him—here he stands!
So far from wishes to outlive the prince,
He begs to wait upon his shade.
Ant. Does he not bleed?
King. Apprehend his person.
Man. They are but churlish drops,
And know not their own happiness; this wound
Was made by Carlo, yet how slow it weeps
To answer his effusion! Could I reach
Their orifice, I'd kiss the crimson lips,
For his dear name that made them.
Men. Did he kill him?—

Justice, sir, justice! I beg for justice
Upon this murderer!
Ped. Now it works.
King. You? By what nearer interest in Carlo
Should you imagine we are slow to punish him?
'Twas a black hour when Carlo saw thee first,
Rewarded now for all his love. — To prison with him,
And let him see no day.
Man. I kiss your sentence. [*Exit, guarded.*
Ant. This circumstance is strange; I am not satisfied. [*Exit.*

Re-enter CLARA.

King. How is the princess?
Cla. Sir, she is alive,
And would be glad to hear the prince were so.
King. We cannot promise, Clara.—Roderigo,
We should be satisfied where his body is;
For 'tis without a soul, I fear, by this time.
Rod. I could instruct the surgeon a way
To make that sure. [*Aside, and exit.*
Men. And Manuel hath confess'd himself the murderer. [*To Clara.*
Ped. This change was unexpected.
Cla. Is he gone
To prison, then?
Men. Go home; by that time thou
Hast wept out all thy tears, I'll come, and tell thee
A little sad tale, Clara, that shall make
An end, and we will break our hearts together.
King. Mendoza!
Men. Sir.
King. Why does thy grief appear
So rude, to outswell mine? He was my son.
Men. My tears are anger, sir, as well as grief,
That he that did commit this parricide,
Should be so impudent to say he lov'd him.

King. That amazes me.
Men. But traitors have their gloss,
And dare expound the disobedient acts
A branch of their allegiance; precious juggling!
Treason would be too ugly to appear
With his own face; but duty and religion
Are handsome visors to abuse weak sight,
That cannot penetrate beyond the bark,
And false complexion of things. I hope
You will not think a single death sufficient,
If Julio die.
King. Carlo thou mean'st.
Men. Ay, ay, the prince; I know not what I say, sir,
Things make me wild.
Ped. Take heed, sir, what you say.

Re-enter ANTONIO *and* RODERIGO *at one door; at the other,* PIRACQUO *and a* Lord *discoursing.*

Piracquo is return'd.
Pir. My son confess the deed, and sent to prison? So!
King. Now, sir.
Ant. How is the prince, my lord?
Pir. This was an act of his last strength, as when
A short-liv'd taper makes a blaze; it has
Direction to your sister, sir, and I
His last commands, I fear. [*Gives Ant. a letter.*
Ant. For the conveyance,
Trust that to me.—Give this, sir, to my sister.
[*Exit Lord.*
King. Then he is dead, Piracquo?
Pir. Not yet, sir;
But he hath such a wound will not allow
Him many minutes life; 'tis mortal, sir,
They say, and will not pain him past next dressing.



Rod. How things succeed to my ambition!—
[*aside.*]—Sir—
Men. I care not for my head; now let him take it;
'Tis but for keeping counsel.
Rod. It is apparent this misfortune grew
From both their loves to Clara.
King. Thy son, Piracquo, dies.
Pir. Great sir, hear me.
Ant. Manuel affirms he did not know the prince
I' the habit of a Moor, and that his page,
By the command of Carlo, told him, that
His master had been wounded by that Moor,
To engage their fight.
Pir. All this the prince acknowledg'd.
Rod. These are devices to paint Manuel's treason.
Pir. I sooner dare believe one accent from
The prince's breath, when his just soul was parting,
Than all your commentaries; I am bold,
Nor can the law, and all your anger, weigh
So heavy, as my curse upon his head
That durst lift up a sword to wound the prince.
But let not passion take away your justice;
'Tis that I kneel for.
King. Against whom, Piracquo?
Pir. 'Gainst him that's guilty of the prince's loss:
You may incline to think poor Manuel innocent.
King. What riddle's this?
Rod. Has not your son, Piracquo,
Confess'd himself the murderer?
Ant. Manuel's fortune
Distracts the old man.
Pir. Pardon my love of truth, I here accuse
Mendoza, that hath slept so long in treason.
Men. Ha!—Pe—Pedro!
Pir. If he deny, I have proof to make him blush,

And sink him with dishonour: Pedro can
Relate a story will be worth your wonder.
Men. Nay then, 'tis come about, I see.—
I cannot, sir, confess in better time:
Don Manuel has accus'd himself unjustly
For Carlo's death; that prince, if I may trust
A wife upon her death-bed— [*Takes Rod. aside.*

Re-enter ISABELLA.

King. Roderigo,
Give us account from their examination,
And guide us in this labyrinth.—Piracquo,
Return to the prince; what death hath left of him,
Command may be attended hither.
Isab. Sir, if you please, I have a great desire
To take a sad leave of the prince, and kiss
His pale hand, ere his body be embalm'd,
And searcloths hide him from us.
King. It will but
Enlarge your grief.
Ant. I will attend my sister.—
My lord Piracquo, you can best direct us.
[*Exeunt Ant. Pir. and Isab.*
Rod. Convey them with a strong guard.
Ped. What think you of an Indian voyage now, sir?
Rod. My joys are firm at root. [*aside.*]—Don Manuel,
Sir, is not guilty of the prince's death,
Yet stain'd with blood to merit execution.
He that is slain did but usurp your blessing,
And was, by the art of duke Mendoza's lady,
Then governess to the prince, after the loss
Of Carlo, that was stol'n away an infant,
Put in his place: the court has been long cozen'd.
King. This story will want faith.
Men. The circumstance
Will make all clear.

King. Expound the riddle as we walk. There's no
Condition more expos'd to care than princes';
Private men meet the force of common stings,
But none can feel the weight of kings but kings.
[*Exeunt King and Rod.—Men. and Ped. are led off guarded.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Cell in the Prison.

Enter MENDOZA *and the* Castellano.

Men. A very goodly pile! a handsome prison!
Cast. It has been graced with persons of some honour.
Men. They had but little grace, as well as I,
That came to be your tenants, for all that.
Signior, where is my quondam servant,
My fellow prisoner, Pedro?
Cast. He is singing, sir.
Men. What?
Cast. Catches.
Men. He has a fine time on't.
He need not clear his throat for a confession,
He has done that already, and I too;
That trouble's over: and yet call him hither;
But I'll not sing. [*exit Cast.*]—Poor Julio, thou art gone,
And with thy eyes all my delights are clos'd;
My senses vanish too apace.—I was
Too hasty when my duchess lay a dying
To visit her; had I but stay'd one hour,
She had been speechless, and I had been happy,
Without the reach of this unlucky secret.

Re-enter Castellano *with* Pedro.

Ped. Does the house fill? Sir, these are active times;
And if all men had their deserts, the state
Must be at charge to build new tenements
For traitors.
Cast. The times are busy, sir.
Ped. They are, indeed,
Good for all squires of the delinquent body,
And sable twig.[1]
Cast. You are very pleasant, sir.
Ped. You would not smile, I think, so much, if justice
Should take a toy and turn about: it is
Within the hand of fate to fetch a compass
With your own rod, and whip; you know what follows. [*Exit Castellano.*
Men. Is this a time and place convenient, Pedro,
To sing your catches?
Ped. Yes, an please your grace;
And cause my songs are set for three parts, sir,
If it will please your grace to take the tenor,
And get the prince's page, newly committed,
To sing the treble, for the base let me alone.
Men. You can sing that part at first sight.
Ped. I can
Reach double *ef-fa-uth.* — Shall the boy come?
Men. Yes, yes: why should I grieve?
Ped. Why, now you are right.
Let men, that have no hope to get their freedom,
Be sullen, whine like whelps, and break their sleep;
We must be jolly, and drink sack, and sing.

[1] *And* sable twig.] I do not recollect meeting with this expression elsewhere; perhaps it should be *supple twig*. Whatever it be, some instrument of punishment is meant, and not improbably the *rod* mentioned in the next speech.



Men. *We!* why *we?* Is any thing in our condition
Can promise hope, to be enlarg'd before
The rest? Our state, if you consider, Pedro,
Exceeds, in being desperate, other men's,
As we out-sin them in the fact.
Ped. Why, there's your error; we are in for treason, sir,
That's to our comfort.
Men. Comfort! Can there be
A greater charge?
Ped. Oh, our discharge the nearer.
Poor things, whose highest thoughts are pilfering,
Lie by't, and languish sessions after sessions,
'Till they have worn away their clothes, and skins too,
And often are repriev'd; when he that's sent
Hither for treason, quickly comes to the bar,
Pleads his *not guilty,* and is hang'd compendiously.
Men. Yet some, with reverence to your observations,
Are not dispatch'd.
Ped. Then, doubt their causes mainly.
Your grace, I hope, shall not complain for want
Of timely execution; I am thinking
What speech is best to please the people at it.
Men. I shall have cause to name your treachery.
Ped. Why so! there is more argument by that
To stuff out your confession.
Men. Tell me, and tell me truly,
How long since you discover'd this COURT SECRET
To don Piracquo?
Ped. I was tender-hearted, sir,
And knew that I had but a weak memory;
Therefore, the first time that I saw his lordship,
After he came from Portugal, I told him
The punctual story, lest I should forget, sir.
What should a man dissemble, and lose time for?
I did it for your good.

Men. It does appear.
Ped. It was no fault of mine, you came no sooner
To this preferment.
Men. It might have sav'd my Julio's life indeed,
And then, though I had died—
Ped. Yet you were against it still:
These jealousies and fears do seldom prosper.
I knew, by instinct, 'twere better; but, as it is,
'Tis well;
Your death will be more pitied and remarkable.
Men. But what have you got by betraying me?
Ped. The credit to be hang'd for treason, as
I told your grace; besides the benefit
Of being read in chronicles with lords,
And men of worship. I have prepar'd
A business for the present, a provision, sir,
Will serve my turn.[2]
Men. What's that?
Ped. A ballad, sir,
Before I die, to let the people know
How I behav'd myself upon the scaffold;
With other passages, that will delight
The people, when I take my leave of the world,
Made to a pavin tune.[3]—Will you hear it?

Re-enter Castellano *with* Clara.

Men. Away, you knave!
Cast. Sir, your daughter. [*Exit.*
Ped. She comes to condole.
I'll see you another time.—Your grace's servant.
[*Exit.*
Cla. Sir, I beseech you tell me, for I dare not

[2] *Will serve* my *turn.*] The old copy reads, "Will serve *any* turn," which cannot be right.

[3] *Made to a* pavin *tune.*] i. e. grave, solemn; such, perhaps, as sometimes accompanied the formal and stately dance of that name. The sprightliness of Pedro, who knows there is no danger, is really diverting.

Believe the busy noise; they say you have
Confess'd strange things; and he that was receiv'd
These many years prince Carlo, and so lately
Slain, is my brother Julio.
Men. Sad truth, Clara.
Cla. I have heard my mother say, he died an infant.
Men. And I believ'd it too; but at her death
She told me another story, Clara, that
Prince Carlo by some pirates had been stol'n
An infant from our castle; on which loss,
She sent me word to court, my son died suddenly:
At which the king, fearing some danger might
Follow to the prince, her charge, commanded him
To court, instead of whom, she sent thy brother,
Who was believ'd the kingdom's heir, until
Pedro, who waited then nearest thy mother,
And knew the imposture, brake his oath, and told
Piracquo all the secret, by whose charge,
My death and shame must make up the full tragedy.
Cla. [Don] Manuel kill'd my brother then?
Men. He has done't;
And if thou hast a sister's soul, thou must
Join with thy father, to pull curses on him.
Cla. That will not call poor Julio back again:
They say that charity will open heaven.
Men. Charity! Will you not curse your brother's murderer?
Upon my blessing, I command thee curse him.
Cla. That would but wound us more, and not reach him:
Beside, 'twere an intrenchment upon heaven,
So boldly to prescribe our own revenge;
It were a sin might draw another punishment,
Great as the loss of you.
Men. You are a baggage—
But if thou hast a thought to wish him live,
Here I disclaim thee; if thou wert a son,

I would pronounce thee bastard, if thou didst not
Kill him thyself; but, as it is, I shall not
Be satisfied, since my own hands are bound,
If thou attempt not something in his danger.
Cla. Good sir, you speak as you were to expect
No killing sentence from the offended law.
Men. I'll study some revenge myself. [*Exit.*
Cla. He's lost!
And in this storm, like a distracted passenger
Whose bark has struck upon some sand, I look
From the forsaken deck upon the seas;
I find my own despair, which every wave
Swells high, and bids me die for fear of drowning.

Re-enter Castellano.

May I not see don Manuel, your prisoner?
Cast. Yes, madam, if you expect until
Princess Maria, who is come to visit him—
Cla. My affairs concern them both;
Direct me with more haste.
Cast. Then, this way, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Cell of the same; a taper on the table.

Enter Manuel *and* Maria.

Man. Madam, I owe to your charity this light;
And yet this little taper may be useless.
I fear the king will lose part of his sentence
When you go hence, for such a full light waits
About you, when you take away your person,
It will be some day still, as I foresee,
As you appear'd some dawning of the morning.
Mar. I would I could bring comfort to thee, Manuel!
Man. What comfort can you wish me?



Mar. Life and liberty;
With these myself, if fate, and thy consent,
Were to allow the gift.
Man. It is not well,
Unless you doubted, madam, my repentance,
To afflict me with these mockeries.
When will you rather perfect, what your own
Revenge must prompt you to, my death for Carlo,
Your princely brother, madam? I confess
This hand robb'd him of life.
Mar. Yet, in my heart,
I dare pronounce thy pardon, Manuel.
Man. It is not possible.

Enter CLARA.

Is not that Clara?
That's come to take her leave, before I print
My everlasting farewell on her lip?
Which I shall hardly find, if this rain last,
To drown these lovely meadows: thou shalt be
A judge between the princess and poor Manuel;
To enable thee for sentence, take upon thee
Her person, Clara. Be the princess, wilt?
And hear me plead against myself, and her,
Till she repent her love, and leave me to
A quiet death.—I know not how to think,
Maria, you can mean this love to me,
Or that your voice, when it does chime the sweetest,
Is more than preface to my dirge: say that
You have a heart less penetrable than
The scale of dragons, and as many stings,
When they make war, and I'll give faith to you;
For such an enemy as I must not
Be look'd on, but with all your wrath upon me.
Methinks I hear your brother call you, madam;
And hovering, as he scorn'd to touch the earth
Sustains his murderer, is pointing to

The wounds I made, whose fountains are still
weeping.
I feel a purple dew descend upon me,
And I am all a bloody rock already.
Are not you stiff with wonder yet? If once
You had, when I appear'd a man, fair thoughts
Of me, it is too much to love me now,
You must convert them into curses, madam,
And I will call it justice.
Cla. I came not
To hear this comment on my brother's story,
Whom you have kill'd.
Man. Observe her act your person,
And speak now, as if the sorrow were her own,
And she had lost a brother.
Cla. Indeed
I have wept before, and came not now to learn
A grief for him that was so near my blood:
But I've consider'd, too, the ties of nature
Should have no force against the rules of justice.
Although it be a sorrow, to remember
He took his great misfortune from your sword,
You did not murder him, nay, you did not kill him;
You fought in his revenge; and while he came,
Hid in the name and person of a traitor,
It was your virtue made him bleed,—and yet
He was my brother, sir.
Man. Your brother! more,
He was your prince, too, madam, think o' that,
The full-blown expectation of the kingdom,
One that redeem'd my life from banishment,
And yet I killed him. Can you forgive me?
You cannot, must not, madam.
Cla. Yes, and dare
Say I still love you.
Man. She will punish me,
For giving up my interest to Carlo,
If she encourage thus Maria. [*aside.*]—Madam,

Do you consider how few sands are left
In my poor glass? Of time I cannot promise
Three minutes here: law, and the king's decree,
Have turn'd two parts of me to dust already;
I feel the third unsettle, and make fit
To be dissolv'd; but could fate give my life
The period to be wish'd (remember whom
I speak to, Clara,) and I need no more
Accuse myself, my heart was long since given
Away, and you as soon may reconcile
Time and eternity to one growth and age,
As hope my love and your's should ever meet.
Cla. Then it is time to die.
Man. Madam, she faints.
Oh, help! she has forgot her part; this was
Not meant to Clara.
Mar. Madam! madam!
Man. Clara! So, so! she returns,
I should have quickly follow'd else.
Mar. I see
Your loves are sacred, and 'tis sin to attempt
Your separation; though I lov'd thee, Manuel,
I can resign to Clara, whom I hop'd
Her brother's death might have provok'd to leave thee.
Man. Her brother's?
Let me hear Clara speak. Her *brother's* death!
Having so little time to stay with thee
Alive, why didst thou make such haste?
Cla. Did not
You, sir, pronounce it was impossible
That our two loves should meet?
Man. Thou didst not
Represent Clara, then, thou wert the princess.
Cla. I know not; but your last profession,
That our two hearts should never grow together,
Followed so close my brother's death, I thought
The meaning look'd on me.

Man. *Thy* brother's death?
Mar. You have not slain the prince, my brother, Manuel.
But Clara's; this may yet appear a mystery.
Cla. 'Tis too true.
Man. But stay; and can my Clara then forgive me?
No man despair to find mercy in heaven,
There is so great a charity upon earth.
But do not leave me lost i' the wonder, madam;
Although it would be happiness to know
The prince not dead, I cannot hear, without
A wound next his, that I have kill'd thy brother.
It cannot be; although thou would'st forgive me,
I cannot be so miserable.
Mar. How
Their souls agree! 'twere tyranny to part them.—
[*Aside.*
Clara, I envied, now allow, thy happiness,
And will have no more thoughts upon your loves,
But what shall be employ'd in hearty wishes
That Manuel may live still to reward it:
Thou hast deserv'd him better than I have
Antonio.
Cla. If my death
May speak addition to the love I owe thee,
'Tis in my resolution, at that minute
Thy soul takes leave, my own shall wait upon it,
And take a journey through the clouds together:
Who knows but they may fill one star! Farewell,
Till we begin that progress.
Man. Do not make
Death horrid to me, Clara; for to think,
When this unworthy frame must fall to pieces,
Thy soul, a fairer tenant to this building,
Should wander in pursuit of mine—
Mar. No more;

Let me advise your griefs, I have tears for both;
Divide at distance, you may kiss in heart.
Man. With such a groan souls from their bodies part.

Re-enter Castellano, *who lights out the Ladies, and Manuel retires.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Roderigo *and* Isabella.

Isab. How! an impostor! Though the people's tongues,
That catch at every noise, and wave their duty,
As they are prescrib'd by faction or lewd pamphlets,
Do talk this loud—
Rod. Upon my honour, madam.
Isab. I hope your lordship has another knowledge,
And faith, than to disgrace your blood: the prince—
Rod. I say he is no prince; and we are sorry
A lady of your greatness should, i' the height
Of such a glorious expectation, lose
What did invite your person hither.
Isab. Ha!
Then I am lost; that letter has undone me,
Which, full of love and satisfaction, made
Me hasty to destroy myself.
Rod. 'Tis yet
Within your choice to lose no honour, madam,
And, in my sense of what you else might suffer,
I come to tender reparation,
Both to your love and greatness.

Isab. 'Tis not possible.
Rod. If you can find within your heart a will
To entertain my love—I am no impostor;
The king will call me brother. Be kind, madam,
And what is past shall vanish like a dream;
Secure me with a smile.
Isab. My lord, I thank you;
But there will still remain some characters,
By which the world may guess at my sad story.
Rod. There cannot.
Isab. Yes, I find some printed here;
For I did love the person, I confess,
Of him you call the impostor. Did he know
Himself a counterfeit?
Rod. Let me be just,
And quit him from that treason.
Isab. That is something
To plead his innocence to me. I dare not
Yet ask his name, when I remember what
My tongue consented to before the priest
So late; yet 'twill be known.—If he be not
The prince we thought, tell me his other name;
Say, is he basely born?
Rod. He is the duke
Mendoza's son.
Isab. That is a comfort yet;
And in the confidence of this truth, my lord,
I am well again; I thank you.
Rod. If this please you,
Do you remember, madam, he hath wounds
Fatal upon him, that already may
Exclude him from the living?
Isab. 'Twould be impious,
While there is any life remaining, sir,
To make another promise. When you say
He's dead, I may with modest freedom hear
What you too early now prepare me for. [*Exit.*
Rod. You honour me enough.—

I find her judgment
Already meet what I propound; he cannot,
He shall not live to cross me.

Enter PIRACQUO.

'Tis Piracquo;
He can assure me.—You look sad, my lord,
As if with Julio's giving up the ghost,
Your son's life now were forfeit.
Pir. 'Tis too true.
Rod. I'll follow, and acquaint her; yet 'tis safer
She take it from another. [*Aside.*
Pir. All my hopes
Are in your grace; the king is coming hither.
If you will bind an old man's prayers and service,
Second my feeble breath, and mediate
His mercy to my boy. You may be satisfied
In conscience, he had no thoughts to kill him;
The prince's death will not engage you now
To be poor Manuel's enemy. Good, my lord,
Forgive what past in my rash language.
Rod. Does not
Your lordship call to mind there was a sum
Of fifty thousand ducats?
Pir. They shall be sent to your grace's secretary; nay,
I'll make them fifty thousand more, and think
It cheap to save his life; now you are merciful.
Rod. The bargain would do well; but you are cozen'd.
I will not [*pay*] *a maravedi, not I;*
If upon other honourable terms
I may possess your favour, I shall meet
Your just commands. Have you forgot, my lord?
Some men do keep records; but I am charitable,
And will not rack your patience.
Pir. You are gracious.

Rod. Ten millions of ducats shall not ransom
Your darling from the scaffold. You observe?
You know yourself, your fortune, and upon
What strength you must depend; now I have said—
Pir. Will your grace hear?
My son shall live then, and not lose one hair,
If you would pawn your soul to have it otherwise:
I have said too.
Rod. So peremptory!
Pir. Your grace must pardon me the truth; I have
A scurvy sullen humour where I meet
A worse, and cannot hold, though I should hang for't,
And so good bye to your grace; we are alone.
Rod. Be merry with your head on—time may come—
Pir. I would take boldness, once more, to entreat
That the young man may live till the next spring,
And then your grace may purge—
Rod. So, sir!
I shall find ways to stay your vomiting.
The king.

Enter King *and* Lords.

1 *Lord.* Good sir, be comforted.
King. Good sir, give me reasons.
I had a son till now, yet long since lost him.
Rod. Now you may take revenge.
King. 'Tis well remember'd.
Mendoza is the traitor; he shall bleed
For Carlo's loss.
Rod. And he deserves, that would
Have cozen'd the whole kingdom.
King. Send for him;
I'll ask him in what wilderness the boy
Has hid himself; command him hither presently;

And if he give me not a satisfaction,
It will be justice then to send his soul
About the world to find him out.
1 *Lord.* The prince Antonio, sir.

Enter ANTONIO *and* MARIA.

Ant. If at a time, when sorrow
Hath exercised his sting, you can admit
To hear me happy in Maria's love,
Let me begin to call you father; and
Till Carlo find your blessing, think you have
One to supply his duty.
King. It is some
Allay to Carlo's loss, Maria has
Not left her father.
Mar. I shall ever live
Within your precept to express a daughter,
As unto him a wife.
King. Both to my heart!
Sit down. Where is your sister Isabella?
Rod. She not despairs
To be a bride to one, that may repair
My nephew's loss; and if she smile on me,
It will not draw, I hope, your frown upon it.

Enter ISABELLA, JULIO, *and* PIRACQUO.

Ant. Is not that Isabella?
Isab. And this he,
Who, if you call me sister, must be worth
Your noblest friendship and embrace.
Rod. Alive?
Jul. Your pardon, sir; they knew me innocent
Made me usurp prince Carlo's name for Julio's.
Rod. Confusion!

Enter MANUEL *and* CLARA.

Pir. I appeal, sir, to your justice, and have brought
My son, to hear your breath pronounce his pardon.
King. Thus all meet happiness, but I. Receive
Him free, Piracquo, only I must mourn
The loss of mine.

Enter MENDOZA *and* PEDRO.

Jul. I am no prince, don Manuel,
My fate has been unriddled.
Cla. My brother living!
We are all safe.
Men. Ha! my Julio?
Jul. Your blessing now.
Men. Take it, and with it all my tears; I scorn
To shed one other drop; my joys are mighty,
My heart is all one bonfire.
King. Plead no more:
Mendoza dies, the sentence is irrevocable.
Ped. There is a cooler, sir, after your bonfire.
Jul. Sister, I'll kiss these sorrows off.
Cla. You cannot, while my father's doom'd to death.
Rod. Why does Mendoza live?
Pir. Because he must not die yet.—Pedro.
Ped. My lord.
[*Pir. and Ped. talk aside with the King.*
Men. I'll give thee Clara first: here, take her, Manuel,
I see she loves thee; lose no tears for me,
My taper has burnt dim this many years.
King. Antonio! Maria! Isabella!
Mendoza! witness all.—Proceed, Piracquo.
Pir. I was that pirate, sir, that stole your son,

And being desperate, meant by this surprise
To make my peace.
Ped. I was in the confederacy,
And must affirm this truth.
Pir. But just when I had fitted my design,
And did expect t' have brought don Carlo home,
I heard he was at court, no loss deplor'd;
For, by the duchess of Mendoza's art,
Julio supplied the prince's name and person.
Men. And sent me word to court my son was dead? Ha!
Pir. This made me think my kinsman had deceiv'd me,
And then resolv'd my stay in Portugal,
Where, as my own, I bred and call'd him Manuel;
Till, after many years, your grace redeem'd us,
And I at my return, confirm'd i' the story
By Pedro, hitherto protracted time,
With hope to serve don Julio for our freedom.
I have your pardon, sir, for all.
King. Thou hast.
Ped. I am included. Trust me with a secret, sir,
Another time: I knew 'twould come to this
At last, and with some justice did but punish
Your fears and jealousies. Is not this better
Than sending me to the wars, or shipping me
For t' other world before my time?
Men. Thou'rt my best servant.
Pir. And my heir again.
Car. Depose me from this glorious title, sir,
Unless my Clara may divide the honour.
King. Providence meant her thine; both call me father.
Rod. There is no remedy. [*aside.*]—Nephew, welcome home,
And niece; we shall be kindred now, Mendoza.—
Piracquo, we are friends too, and I'll try
How I can love you heartily.

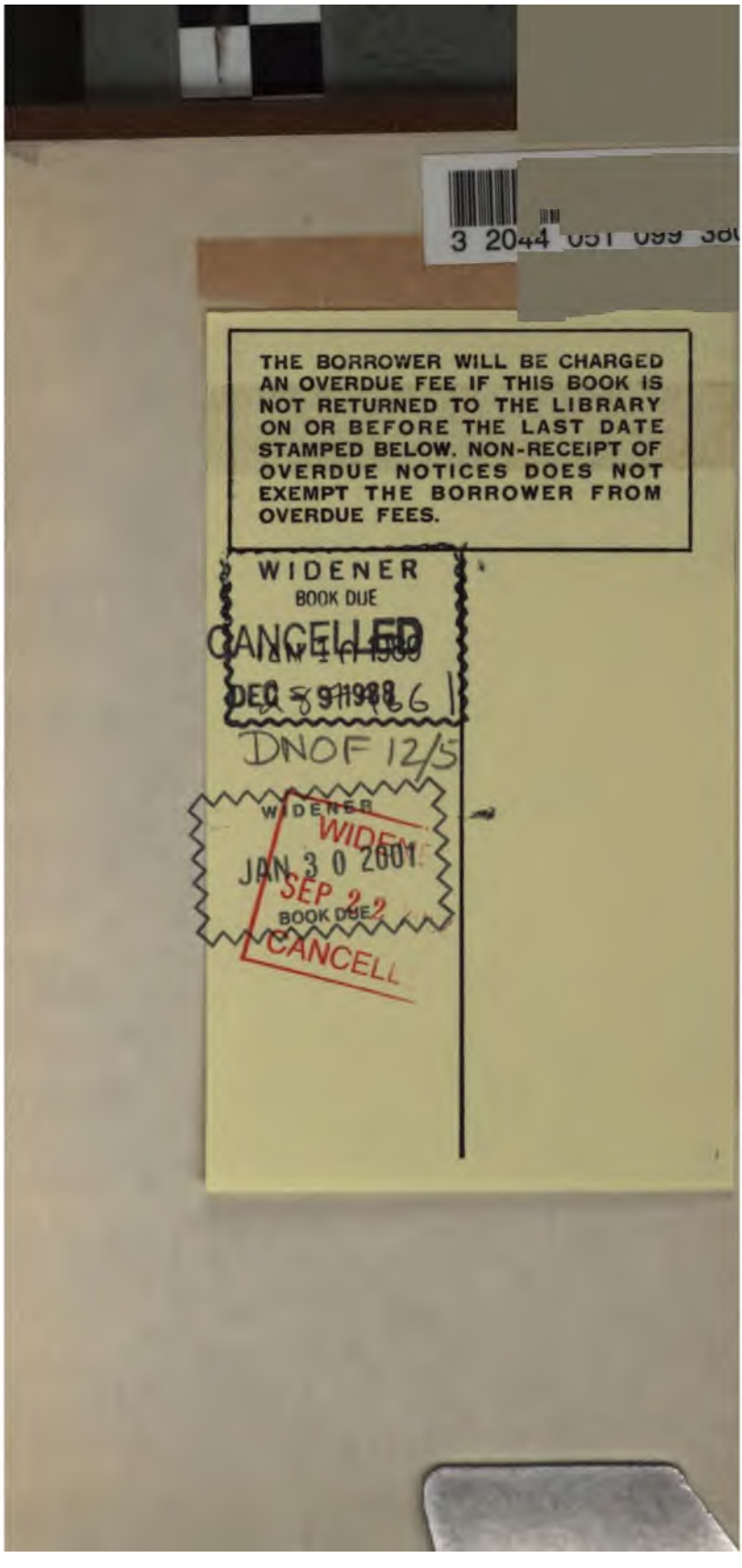
King. I hear
The altar call; make haste, the triumph will
Attend too long: the clouds are chas'd away;
Night ne'er was mother to so bright a day.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF VOL. V.

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